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Larry Flynt presents a $100,000 donation for black causes to his friend and adviser Dick Gregory.

U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, Springfield, Mo., Dec. 21, 1983—

My friend and health adviser, comedian and political activist Dick Gregory, once told me that if a cause is not worth going to jail for, it is not much of a cause. I cannot agree more with Brother Greg, and I will remain here in prison until Hell freezes over before I will give up the right of every other American, that is the right to free expression, an inherent right basic to the fundamental constitutional privileges of this country.

While I am here I intend to fast during the holidays in protest of world hunger, "the real obscenity." I encourage my supporters to do the same. Give your holiday dinner to a poor family in your neighborhood, it will make you feel better and it will be the strongest and most important political statement that you can make. A statement, hopefully, that will be heard around the world. If we can end hunger in the world it will be a positive step toward achieving world peace. For the Lion will only truly be able to lie down with the Lamb when the empty bellies around the world are full. For then and only then, will we have a chance for peace on earth.

Larry Flynt

Editor and Publisher

The Rebel

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The newsweekly with a cause

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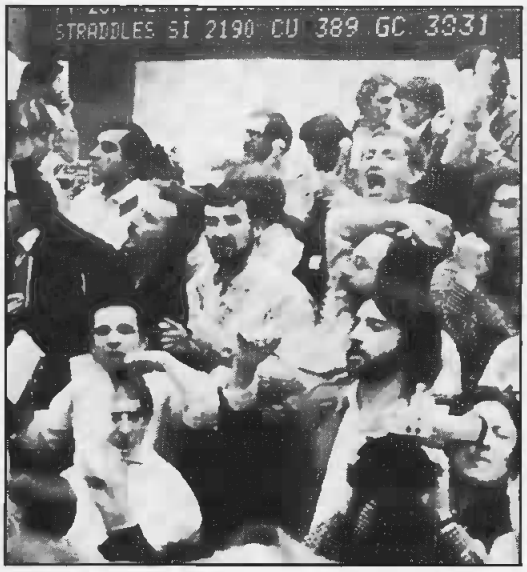

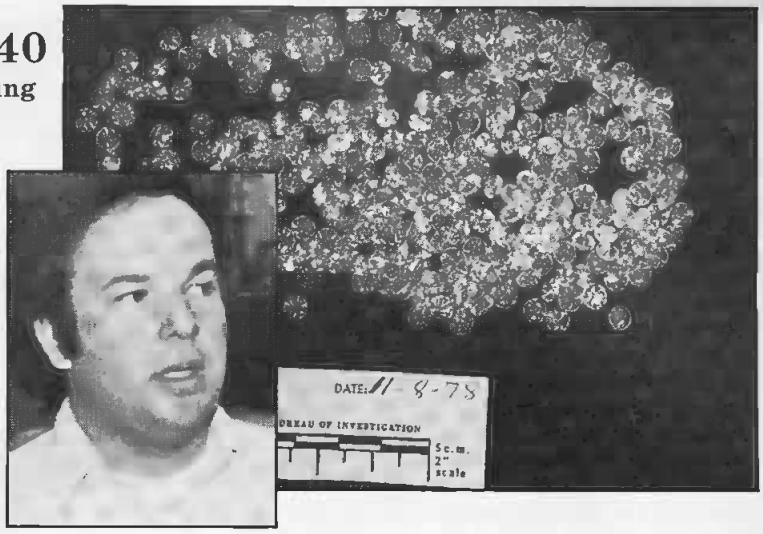

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Sudden Impact

Starring Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke Directed by Clint Eastwood Warner Bros.

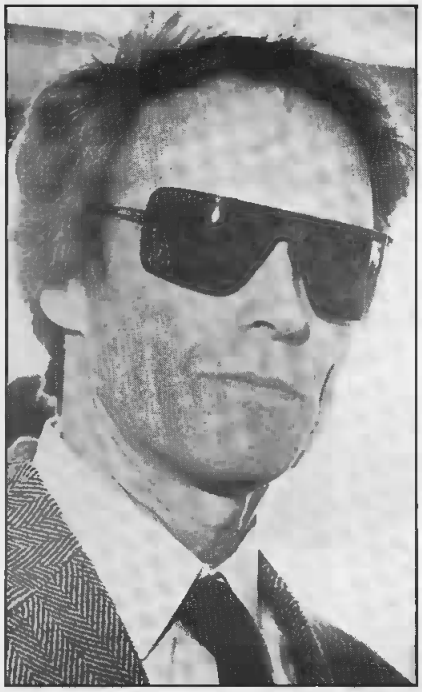
It's just before dawn. Below us is a car parked on a dirt road in a lush park that juts out over the Pacific Ocean. There's just enough light to see the Golden Gate Bridge looming in the distance. Inside the car, a jowly 50-ish john is pawing a stunning blonde. His hungry eyes ravage her body as she helps to unzip his pants. She delicately reaches over to her purse and pulls out a pearl-handled .38 caliber pistol. Cut to a wide shot of the car below us and the Golden Gate Bridge in the background. We see a muzzle flash through the rear window and hear the shot muffled inside the car. Another shot, and the blonde steps out of the car, pistol in hand, walks over to the edge of the cliff and stares out across the ocean.

That's the beginning of *Sudden Impact*, the fourth and latest adventure in the career of soft-spoken Inspector Harry Callahan, the coldest and most righteous of vengeance-seeking killer cops, aka Dirty Harry, aka Clint Eastwood.

When he first appeared in the original 1971 *Dirty Harry*, directed by Don Siegel, Eastwood's Callahan had a refreshing bite to it. It was a time when cops were smarting from years of being called "pigs." Authority of every stripe was on the moral defensive. Dirty Harry's violent debut on the screen was an unexpected challenge to the educated, liberal, "enlightened" cops who had become the norm in police thrillers.

Dirty Harry was one mean asshole of a cop, bent on setting things straight no matter who got bruised. He personified the good cop gone berserk with frustration at the criminal-justice system's inefficiency in dealing with predators who prey upon the public. He was a black sheep in the image-minded San Francisco P.D., and his superiors hauled him on the carpet every time the bullets flew. But Harry never gave a shit for the department's image. If people were going to shoot at him, he was going to shoot back. And shoot he did, littering the screen with more bodies than anyone but Charles Bronson.

But Dirty Harry was always *forced* into violence, that cold quiet rage building gradually as the bad guys—cops and criminals alike—take advantage of the fact that Harry has no political clout, no friends,



Clint Eastwood as Harry Callahan

that he can never quite grasp how to work within the system. Harry is pushed around by superiors, ridiculed by judges who throw out his cases, exiled to humiliating assignments just to get him out of the way. He never complains, but his face breathes a contempt that defies the humiliations and fuels that quiet rage until it builds to the breaking point—to retribution, vindication and shotgun justice.

Audiences howled for more—and Eastwood was ready to accommodate them. But Harry's return in *Magnum Force* (1973) was for less magnetic, and *The Enforcer* (1976) was a disaster. In the meantime, Clint Eastwood has established a reputation as a director in his own right. So it was with some degree of hope that Eastwood fans looked forward to *Sudden Impact*, with the star doubling this time as director. Unfortunately, *Sudden Impact* is a disappointment. The only driving force is Sondra Locke's performance as Jennifer Spencer, a beautiful blonde painter turned vigilante who runs around perforating the genitals and foreheads of everyone who had anything to do with a gang rape that turned her little sister into a vegetable. And the only gratifying plot twist is Harry's dilemma when he discovers that the psychopath he is looking for is in fact the painter he is having an affair with. I say perhaps, because the courtship and sex scenes are as icy as Eastwood's gaze down that barrel before his finger pulls the trigger.

Despite the fact that by film's end there are 20 bodies, and Harry has accounted for more than his share of them, Eastwood seems to have trouble bringing his villains alive before he knocks them off: they pop up like cardboard cut-outs on a police practice range waiting to be plugged.

But there *are* a few wonderful scenes in *Sudden Impact*. In one sequence, after he has surprised three robbers in a coffee shop and killed two of them, Harry is in the middle of a stand-off with the third, who has taken a hostage. Pointing his gun at the robber's head, Harry calmly tells him, "Go ahead, make my day." It's a moment from the old days, when Harry could master his environment with just that kind of cynicism.

But Callahan is getting old, and there is a quality to *Sudden Impact* that resembles the trundling out of Sean Connery as James Bond in *Never Say Never Again*. Harry and Bond are both dinosaurs. In *Sudden Impact*, the killing has gone stale, and even the fire-belching .45 revolver that is Harry's trademark seems to have lost its roar. ■

George Paul Csicsery

Scarface

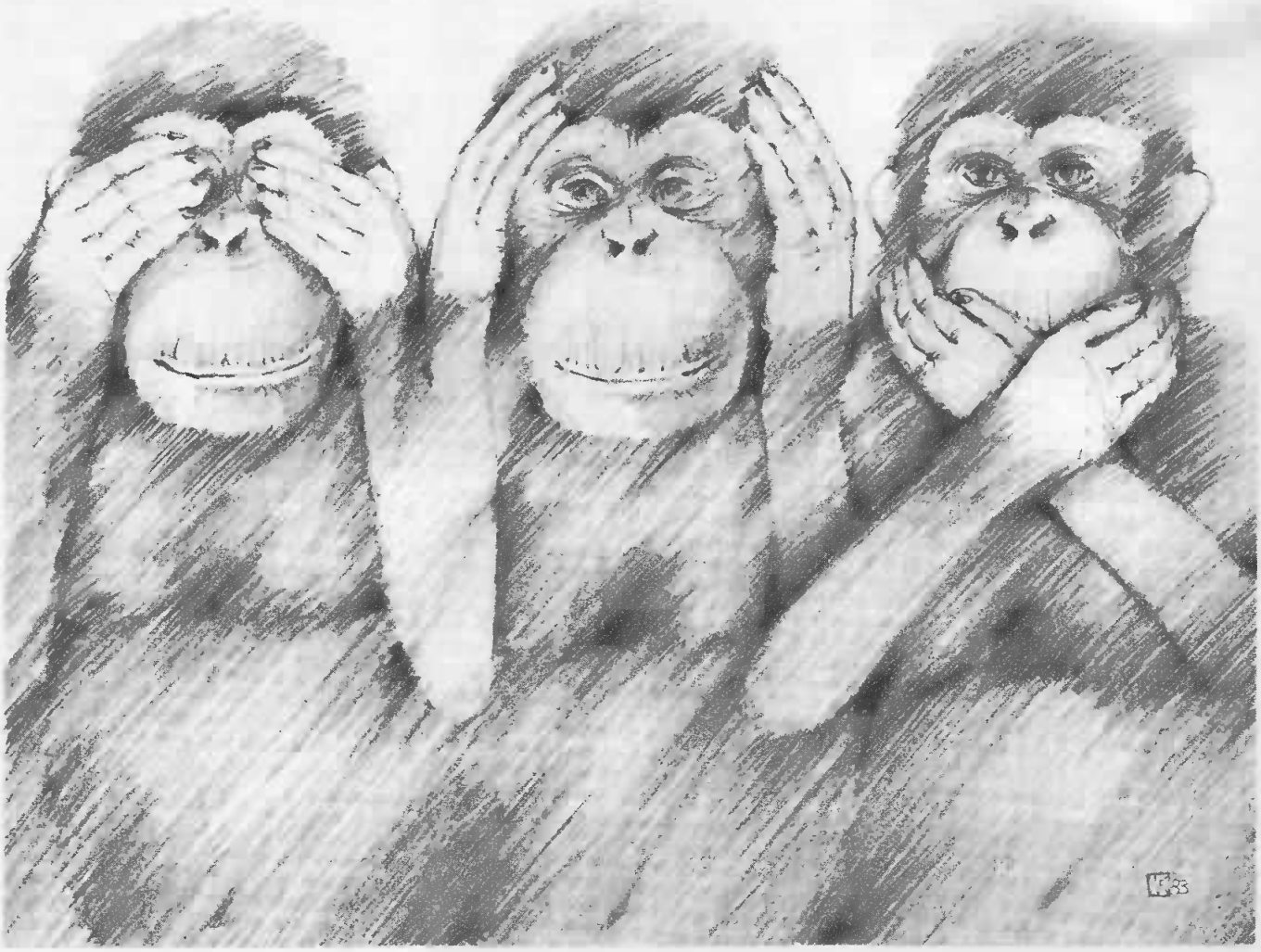
Starring Al Pacino Directed by Brian DePalma Universal Pictures

With *Scarface*, director Brian DePalma temporarily puts aside the psychological thriller à la Hitchcock to take a shot at the gangster film, a genre generally neglected since the ample one-two punch delivered by Francis Ford Coppola's *Godfather* epic. And because genre films, at their best, reflect real life in fiction, the success of *Scarface* asserts itself both by extending the limits of the form and by providing a barometric reading of the way we perceive criminal activity in the Age of Reagan.

DePalma and writer Oliver Stone (*Midnight Express*, *The Hand*) have made a movie that, with equal doses of excitement and smarm, bring the Al Capone figure into the '80s. As a remake of Howard Hawks/Howard Hughes's 1932 classic starring Paul Muni, it fills in the relationships and impetus for what in the earlier film happens through brisk, relentless bursts of violence. With a camera style that, like Muhammed Ali, floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee, this successfully excessive film is perfect for a time when too much is usually perceived as not enough.

Al Pacino plays Tony Montana, one of the 125,000 Cubans who arrived in Miami in May 1980 to join kith and kin. As with the United States' first citizenry, it soon became apparent that the expatriates' mother country had taken the opportunity to deport a portion of its criminal population as well. Montana is first seen as a petty thug lying about his criminal record to larger-than-life immigration officials, and firmly implanting himself in the history of the American crime movie: "Where'd you learn English, Tony?" asks

TIME Newsweek U.S.NEWS



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Larry Flynt

Editor and Publisher

(Subscription coupon on page 80)

one of them. "I watch the movies, y'know?" he replies. "Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney. I like them. I always know I come to America one day."

As played by Pacino in his acterly style—with the exception of the *Godfathers*, this is the only Pacino picture that hasn't failed for me by virtue of the actor's offensiveness alone—Tony Montana is a grating weasel of a hood who, like most immigrants, feels that with perseverance and hard work he can wrest gold from out of the new world's streets. It isn't long, thanks to a political assassination pulled off while he is still encamped, before Montana positions himself (green card and all) on the right hand of drug dealer Frank Lopez (Robert Loggia).

The first half of the film establishes the rules and regulations Montana must abide by in order to function within the heady atmosphere of high-stakes drug peddling. Along with his best friend and righthandman Manny Ray (Steven Bauer), Montana pulls off ever-riskier deals, all of which seem to involve particularly brutal violence. Drug dealing, however, is primarily a system of commerce like any other, and Montana is always in search of a cheaper source. This takes him to Bolivia, where he works out an extremely profitable arrangement with the charming Alejandros Sosa (Paul Shenar), whose life, complete with home and family, seems quite appealing to the up-and-coming entrepreneur.

For in spite of the extremity of his methods— a powerful Ingram-10 machine pistol takes the place of a calculator in this line of work—Montana desires little more than your average businessman, nothing more than the Corleones—home, wife, children, respect; in short, the American Dream.

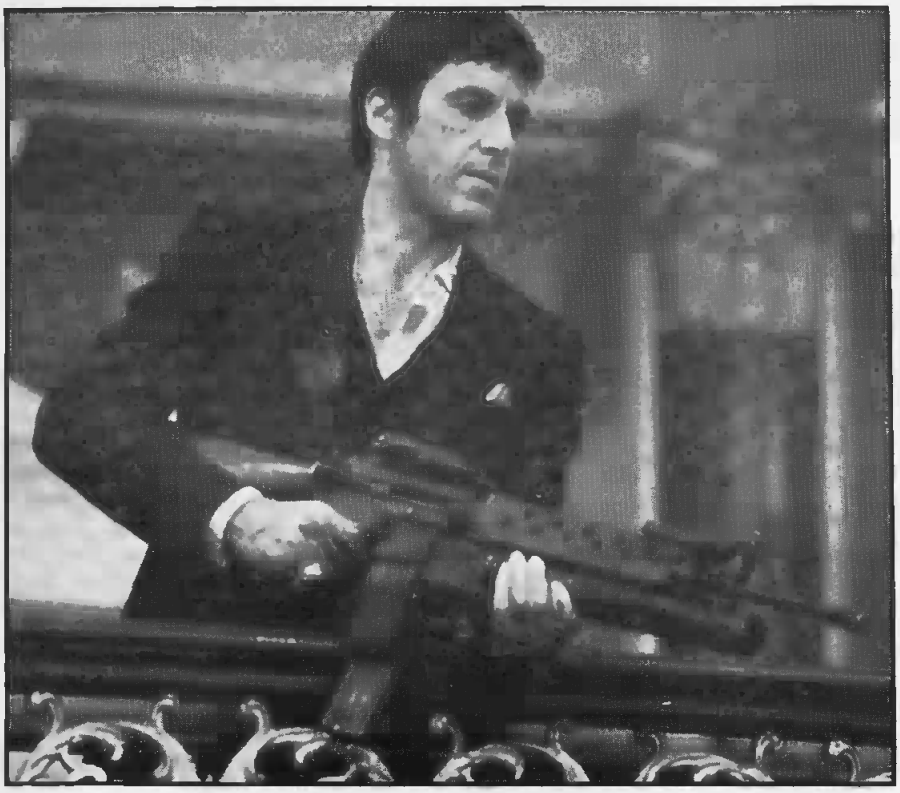
Things fall apart in the second half of *Scarface*, though, once it appears that Montana has all he could want. He marries the girlfriend (Michelle Pfeiffer) of his former employer (though she is a cocaine addict), moves into a palatial residence (which must be heavily guarded at all times), and millions of dollars roll in on a regular basis (all of which must be laundered; drug dealing may be illegal, but tax evasion is a truly heinous activity). More than simply believing in the work ethic, Montana is convinced that he can have it *all*. "THE WORLD IS YOURS" reads the electronic advertisement for Pan American Airlines he reads on a Goodyear blimp flying overhead.

His appetite for power and cocaine make Montana a *haza* (the yiddish word for pig) which Frank Lopez had told him early on means "a guy he's got more'n what he needs, so he don't fly straight anymore." Montana's greed manifests itself in every level of his existence and leads to his personal downfall.

As in real life, though, it is ultimately money that causes Montana's demise. A three-to-five-year term on tax-evasion charges looks inevitable; his lawyer may be the best there is, "but when you got a million undeclared dollars staring into a videotape camera, honeybaby, it's hard to convince a jury you found it in a cab." Montana may have broken many laws, but his damning transgression is that he refuses to accept the token punishment he deserves.

By a *diabolus ex machina* that defies credibility, Montana is given the opportunity to be cleared of all his charges. All he must do is aid in the assassination of an outspoken crusader against the international politics of drug distribution. In this variant of the Silkwood case, though, it is the killer who will ultimately die. Montana's cocaine-amplified private morality prevents him from killing a wife and children along with his intended victim, thus setting himself up as the syndicate's target. Montana bucks the system and is gunned down during a long, bloody battle in his mansion.

Scarface is a disturbing, explosive analogy of free enterprise taken to its limits. The stronger you are, the more laws you can break, it seems to say; but when caught, you must pay. Indeed, greed is probably an integral facet of the entrepreneurial personality when it's held within accepted bounds. *Scarface* reflects the post-Watergate capitalist morality, and has thus been condemned for its excesses. But as Montana's wife Elvira puts it when criticized for her own habits, "Nothing exceeds like excess." ■ ***Richard Gehr***



Al Pacino as Tony Montana

UNCOMMON VALOR

Starring Gene Hackman and Robert Stack
Directed by Ted Kotcheff
Paramount Pictures

Just before the credits of *Uncommon Valor*, we see a slowmotion firefight in a Vietnam rice paddy. As the chopper manages to pull away, we see the GIs it was forced to leave behind. We see the Viet Cong advance upon those GIs. From the receding chopper, the VC look like so many cockroaches.

One of those unlucky GIs is young, photogenic Frank Rhodes. His father, a retired colonel (Gene Hackman), believes his MIA son is still alive, held captive in northern Laos. After exhausting official channels, he decides to take matters into his own hands. Armed with a bankroll by Southern Rim financier MacGregor (Robert Stack) and his own iron determination, he recruits from among old army buddies a mercenary brigade. Their mission: free the MIAs.

***Gene Hackman (center) stars as the Marine colonel leading a rescue mission into Vietnam in* Uncommon Valor**

The recruiting is much like that in *The Magnificent Seven*, or the *Seven Samurai*. First is the blonde, muscular explosives expert Blaster (Reb Brown), now a surfer. Second is the dark, muscular tunnel rat Wilkes (Fred Ward), now a sculptor. Next comes Sailor, the dumb hippie (Randall "Tex" Cobb). Then Johnson, the black (Harold Sylvester.) Some of them have wives, careers, or other impediments to courage, but the colonel knows how to recruit men. "While the politicians sit on their asses," he intones, "I'm gonna ask you to lay yours on the line—again!" When, despite obligatory doubts, they all show up on the appointed day, the colonel tells them, "I knew you could come! 'Cause you men have got what it takes!" (Meanwhile the CIA is wiretapping MacGregor's phone. You can tell its the CIA by the copy of *Penthouse* next to the tape recorder.)

Now comes the training, a la *The Dirty Dozen*. (One of *Uncommon Valor*'s misfortunes is its ability to evoke films more memorable than itself.) In and around a mock Laotian prison camp, the raiders train hard, learning to handle guns, trees, radios. More importantly, of course, they learn teamwork. They are tutored by a young militarian (Patrick Swayze) who has never seen combat. The raiders, of course, taunt him. His blue eyes fill up with tears. Colonel Rhodes pulls him aside and says, "You have to *earn* their respect!"

After much Godardian mock-combat—the 'dead' wear cardboard placards with legends like "Ex-Rookie," "Wiped Out," and "History"—they go to Thailand, where they are joined by an anti-Communist Thai (Kwan Hi Lim) who explains, "I'm tired of this life of uselessness!" He brings with him his two loyal, curvaceous daughters. Then the reactionary CIA, obsessed as always with public opinion, tries to scuttle the mission. As the CIA guy (James Edgecomb) confiscates their weapons, he comments, "Dammit, this scheme of yours is crazy! Be on the next plane!" But the boys are not so easily deterred. (Meanwhile again, back in the USA, the liberal senator [Charles Aidman] tries to get MacGregor to recall the colonel and his team. The senator threatens IRS audits and the like. MacGregor snaps back, "Fuck you!")

On the road to Laos, the raiders pass a boneyard, pause to deliver some opinions about Yellow Rain. Next the brave, voluptuous Mai Ling (Debi Parker) is slain by Laotian border guards. Hackman removes his hat. Then they discover that the radio has been damaged—it can send, but not receive!

Onward, into enemy teritory.

Now the colonel stares obsessively into the middle distance, dark thoughts lurking just behind the eyeballs. (It's a gaze—and a plotline—that recalls John Wayne in *The Searchers*, after niece Natalie Wood is captured and held prisoner by The Commaanche.) Wilkes, the tortured sculptor, is claustrophobic, just like Charles Bronson in *The Great Escape*. But *someone* has to crawl into that tunnel. Wilkes volunteers. There's a snake in the tunnel (*Raiders of the Lost Ark*) Blaster, the surfin' demolitions expert, has to rig the bridge leading to the camp (*River Kwai*) but doesn't have enough plastique to do the job right. And can the black doctor Johnson and the intellectual, Charts (Tim Thomerson), start the choppers in time? If only they could radio the other boys—but there's no turning back now though (*Apocalypse Now*). It's 0600 hours. The camp is just over that hill. And you can bet the pyrotechnic fuel dump is waiting, too, right next to the machine-gun tower, manned by the bravest of stunt men. . . . Get the picture?

Some films—like the Korean War dramas of Samuel Fuller—are as full of jingo as *Uncommon Valor*. But there's a difference. In those films, the downside of the hero's obsessiveness is foregrounded, so that it becomes hard to accept his murderous intent uncritically. Wayne, like stubbly, cigar-chomping Gene Evans in *The Steel Helmet*, is clearly round the bend—and what makes his kind so swell as combatants is what makes them so miserable as human beings. But with *Valor* we're never permitted, much less encouraged, to explore this tension. There's no way to "read" *Valor* other than as militarist, racist, blindly patriotic. There's more room for irony in *Sgt. Fury and his Howling Commandos*. Gayton's script has no surprises. It's a pastiche of clichés. The "characters" are there to mouth those cliches, and shoot their guns, and sometimes die. In short, the script for *Valor* is repellent; and director Kotcheff has served it up straight.

Co-producer John (*Conan*) Milius has a certain genius. As a writer, he's responsible for the succinct and immensely satisfying macho posturing of *Dirty Harry*. As a writer-director, he's given us the brilliantly revisionist *Dillinger*, the smarmy, lovable epic *The Wind and the Lion*; and the poignant surfing saga *Big Wednesday*. What Milius has brought to this picture, though, is his love of the red-white-and-blue, and his extensive knowledge of weapons, but none of his talent. ■

Howard A. Rodman

All Things Considered?

At National Public Radio's popular 90-minute news and information program, *All Things Considered*—8 million listeners, carried on 281 stations—there is a saying that staffers like to cite from time to time, particularly when adversity strikes: "It's not just a radio program, it's a way of life." This kind of sentiment is at the heart of *ATC*'s unique appeal: It bills itself as a radio show that is not only the *complete* source for what's happening in the world, but also a place where people *care*. After the three 30-minute segments of masterfully blended hard and soft news features on everything from tropical parrots to Christmas recipes, lovingly presided over by erudite co-hosts Susan Stamberg and Noah Adams, the listener can't help but feel truly informed, infused with the *human* dimension of the news lacking in most newspapers and television broadcasting.

Everything about *ATC* is designed to make us feel that way. Stamberg and Adams are avuncular, conversational, professionally charming. It's no accident that CBS' Charles "On the Road" Kuralt was asked to contribute an introduction to *Every Night at Five: Susan Stamberg's All Things Considered* Book (Pantheon), because most *ATC* staffers sound like they've been studying at the Kuralt School of Broadcasting. "Make it sound like you care about the little guy," one can hear Kuralt saying in those dulcet, self-impressed, pompous tones of his, "even if you think they're all a bunch of unwashed S.O.Bs who drink beer for breakfast." According to Kuralt's introduction, *ATC* is important not only because it is "informative," but because "it makes (people) feel better."

In a gloppy, fawning profile of Susan Stamberg in the December issue of *New Age Journal*, writer Randy Sue Coburn plays up the "moral" dimension of the program as if the show was presided over by Baba Ram Dass and the Maharishi. Stamberg is described as "getting to the heart of the news," and she piously informs us that "I love talking about ideas, about values and moral issues." (She doesn't mention the fact that she earns $45,000 a year for doing so.) *ATC* staffers are described as having "the denim and corduroy look of alternative media," and Noah Adams is seen as such a lovable guy that he doesn't even tie his tie properly. A morning staff meeting reads like a replay from *The Big Chill* as weary *ATC* folks clump "blearily into the room, anchor themselves to reality with strong coffee, and sit together trying to pull even a shred of sense from the world's great perplexity." It's nice to know that these committed people are there to explain this complicated world for us, and we should be grateful for it.

Not everyone is charmed by *All Things Considered*, however, and some media analysts are beginning to question the "human dimension" of a program that's beginning to sound like a "cute" version of the *Voice of America*. "The whole thing about them being some sort of an alternative is a complete myth," said Tony Cavin, a Washington reporter for Pacifica Radio. "A lot of what they do seems geared solely by the criteria of what would sound good on the radio. The form is more important than the content, and everything declines into a kind of well-produced mush." Worse, Cavin points out, the left-liberal *ATC* image is almost totally undeserved. "They were never really that much of an alternative anyway, but they reacted in a very scared manner when Reagan came in. They've been going in a rightward direction for some time now. You can notice it when they start to use terms like 'we' when talking about some military strike the U.S. has just pulled off."

Indeed, a detailed listen to *ATC* does not yield much that Reagan would object to, and even Jerry Falwell could handle it pretty easily. A case in point is *ATC*'s December 14th program. Discussing presidential aide Edwin Meese's unbelievable remarks about the cheats who supposedly grab free food at soup kitchens when they could easily pay for a meal, NPR's Wendy Kaufman was careful not to sound critical of Meese. In doing so, she gave ample space to remarks by Reagan defending Meese and of Meese defending himself. Finally, critical comment by the Food Research and Action Center was heard, but not before the organization had been denigrated as a "self-described public interest group." Reagan and Meese were given *twice* the amount of airtime to explain their side of the story.

Later, when the program turned to Lebanon, we got an even better indication of the manner in which the show relies on official spokesmen to define the parameters of the news. In a report from Jim Engel, President Reagan is quoted justifying U.S. agression, State Department spokesman Allan Romberg is heard calling the action a "defensive mode," whatever that is supposed to mean. That's it, end of report. No attempt was made to hear from a critic of the administration; the Voice of America's reporting that day must have been almost identical.

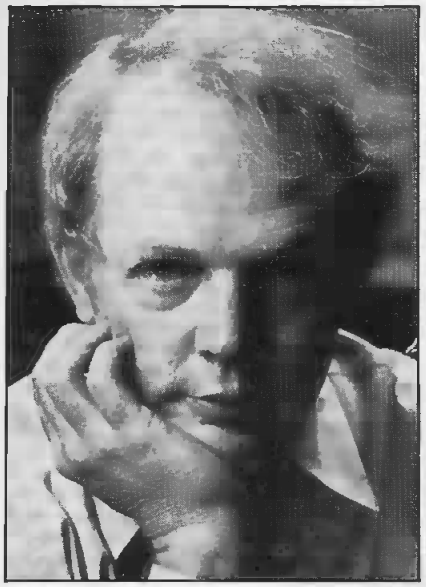
The low point of the program's already questionable output, however, was a Stamberg interview with Ed Swaboda of the Congressional Budget Office. The purpose of the conversation seemed to be to ascertain if taxpayers were getting their money's worth with these latest military actions in Grenada and Lebanon. Completely ignoring the moral dimension of whether or not the U.S. should be intervening in these places in the first place, Stamberg coyly seconded everything Swaboda had to say, even chiming in that the Lebanon action was valuable because it was giving these "folks" (the U.S. military) combat experience.

BARBARA BORDNICK

Susan Stamberg

In an even more revealing segment later in the program, Allen Burlow reported on cruise missile deployment in Europe. After telling us that "relatively few" missiles will be stationed on European soil (464 of them), Burlow brought on his experts to explain why the missiles are necessary. In order of appearance, he quoted unnamed "Pentagon officials;" a Defense Department Cruise Missile Project spokesman; Air Force Secretary Verne Orr; Maj. Donald Brownley, an Air Force spokesman for the missile; Fred Ikle, Undersecretary of Defense; Stan Norris of the Center for Defense Information; Pentagon Naval Intelligence Director John Butts; and Richard Betts of the Brookings Institution. Of these, only Norris presumed to question the wisdom of deployment. Betts, on the other hand, stated that he's not concerned about the cruise-missile race because "they create more stability than instability." The net effect of this segment was to make us "feel good" about the missiles.

ATC producers concede that recent budget cuts demanded by this year's fiscal crisis have affected the programming. Up until recently, in fact, some media analysts were even pessimistic that NPR would continue at all. At a routine meeting in May, station managers Sharon Rockefeller, the chairman of the Corporation for



Noah Adams

Public Broadcasting (the organization which doles out federal funds to NPR), announced that the NPR deficit had grown to more than $6 million. "Only desperate and tough choices at NPR will see all of us through this difficult period," she said. The difficult choices have, for the most part, involved laying off staff and cutting back across the board. The deficit (which was eventually revealed to be over $9 million) has since been pared down by sharp cuts in allocations for all NPR programs, including *ATC*. The budget for *ATC* and its morning counterpart *Morning Edition* has been slashed to $4.5 million from its original $5.3 million for the fiscal 1984 budget. This has resulted in the layoff of a total of 140 NPR employees, including 20 staffers and seven reporters who worked on the two news programs. Since each reporter averaged about 10 four-and-a-half minute stories per month, the on-air sound had to be affected.

"We have not been able to send reporters out to cover the world the way we used to," said *ATC* producer Richard Harris. "The member stations sometimes help us out with reports, but sometimes their reporters are too green for our needs. We can't do as much solid reporting of world events as we used to." Harris said *ATC* has been able to keep a correspondent in London, but otherwise has had to rely only on the BBC and a handful of oversees stringers for foreign coverage. The result, he admits, is sometimes a little more Washington-oriented than he would prefer.

According to Walter Allen, news director of WBGO-FM, an NPR affiliate that covers the New York metropolitan area, "Since the Frank Mank massacre (the budget cutbacks ordered by then-NPR President Frank Mankiewicz), they've had to cut back a large part of their acquisitions budget," he said. "It's become Washington Public Radio, not National Public Radio." Allen also complains that the program's "laid-back" atmosphere is inappropriate for a metropolitan area such as New York. "It would be fine if you lived in Dubuque," he said. "What we need here is something more serious and hard-news oriented." And the last half-hour of the program, Allen said, is "practically worthless" because it's laden with lifestyle.

Noted media critic Ben Bagdikian is even stronger in his criticism of *ATC*. "Since the big change, they've gone terribly soft in their reporting," he said. "There's a heavy emphasis on upbeat features. Perhaps it's because with all the layoffs they don't have the kind of expertise they used to, but there's a tendency to avoid putting the news in a sharp context. They've lost considerable quality since the funding cuts."

As he has pointed out in his recent book *The Media Monopoly*, Bagdikian says there is a tendency to avoid controversy when such a large part of a media outlet's budget comes from the government and large corporations. Corporate contributions during 1983 to NPR amounted to some $3.4 million, and more than $11 million came from the federal government, out of a total expenditure of some $26 million. Although the federal share of the NPR tab has been dropping, it still amounted to just about half of the 1983 budget. "It's almost inevitable that this kind of source of funding will affect programming," Bagdikian noted. "There's always the temptation to tend toward programming that won't put your source of money in trouble."

ATC producer Harris strongly objects to the suggestion that his program's content is affected by the White House, and he charged that the criticism of *ATC*'s coverage of the cruise missile story had been taken out of context. "If this network has not done the best job on covering the nuclear freeze movement, I'd like to know who has done a better one," he asserted. "We've had on Petra Kelly (of the West German Green Party) many times, we've had on Helen Caldicott. It's absurd to think that this network has given short shrift to the freeze." Burlow's missile story relied heavily on the Pentagon, he said, because it was intended to focus on the question, "Is the cruise missile what it's cracked up to be?" "On a story like this," he asked, "who else could you talk to except someone at the Pentagon?" Some critics point out, however, that the question is not whether the cruise missile will hit what it's aimed at, but whether or not it's a dangerously destabilizing weapon that could lead to nuclear war. It's this point that was touched on all too briefly in the *ATC* segment.

Harris concedes that, with the advent of the Reagan Administration, the atmosphere in Washington has changed. Because Washington-based journalists are "covering more conservative activities now, this may in some subtle way affect our news organization. This is a very conservative town now."

Former *ATC* producer Steve Reiner, now at NBC's *Today* Show, also admits that the financial crisis has caused a trend toward soft features and lifestyle reports, but he maintains that "there was never any policy judgment that we should go lighter on the hard news." On the contrary, Reiner said that "in the last five years there has been *more* analytical material. I think that some of the reliance on the world of Washington officialdom is necessary, but I think that more than any other news organization, *All Things Considered* avoids that trap."

Carol Rissman, the news director of Boston NPR affiliate WBUR-FM, also defends *ATC*. "Things are done with good taste and intelligence at *All Things Considered*," she said. "I wouldn't want them to not interview government spokesmen—there's a need to hear all opposing viewpoints, and I think they do that. I find their reporting to be very factual."

Both critics and defenders are agreed that a true radio alternative is needed in this country. With most radio station news consisting of "rip and read" straight from the newswire broadcasts, it's refreshing to hear a radio program that will take 10 minutes on a story, talk to numerous different people, get a lot of different angles. There are times when *ATC* can be superb with this kind of coverage, when a properly selected interviewee can put a story in better perspective than all the rapid-fire pictures thrown at us on the three TV networks' nightly newscasts. The danger, however, is that, in the "conservative town" Richard Harris spoke of, such truly independent reporting may be dangerous for a network that must eat at the federal trough in order to survive. "It sounds like you're getting an alternative when you listen to *All Things Considered*," said Pacifica's Tony Cavin. "There are all those academics, and it seems like in-depth coverage. But the reality is that they're interviewing a lot of right-wing academics—and taking them seriously."

With listeners identifying so heavily with the show's personable co-anchors, it's also plain that approval from Stamberg and Adams can make a difference in how an interviewee is perceived. Anyone who has heard Stamberg respectfully question the national head of the John Birch Society and be nasty to leftist media analyst Alexander Cockburn of the *Village Voice* (both of whom were featured in recent segments) has to wonder if things are not totally the way they seem at *All Things Considered. The Big Chill* seems to have affected more than just a bunch of movie actors. ■

John Motovalli

Books

Going All the Way:

Christian Warlords, Israeli Adventurers and the War in Lebanon

By Jonathan C. Randal
Viking Press, $16.75

Menachem Begin insisted that Lebanon sign a peace treaty with Israel resembling the Camp David accords

Although the summer 1982 Israeli onslaught into Lebanon has spawned a number of intriguing books—among them Jacobo Timerman's *The Longest War* and Michael Jansen's *The Battle of Beirut*—Jonathan C. Randal's *Going All the Way* is perhaps the first major effort by a well-known Western writer to chronicle the full sweep of events that have brought "the land of the Cedars" to the dismal point it has now reached. Given Lebanon's ancient enmities, shifting power alliances, and seemingly contradictory and self-destructive leaders, this is a formidable undertaking, and it is to Randal's credit that he has pulled off such a coherent book.

As the *Washington Post*'s senior foreign correspondent, Randal covered the murderous 1975–76 Lebanese civil war, frequently visited the country between 1977 and 1981, and also reported from Beirut as it came under Israeli siege one year later. Unlike many western correspondents (especially those representing the television networks), Randal has taken the time to familiarize himself with the background of the country he is studying, avoiding the easy clichés and myths that pass for truth in so much of the American media's coverage of the Middle East.

Summing up the conflict that has been fatuously described so often as a Christian-Moslem civil war (with the altruistic Christians and their Israeli allies merely fending off a murderous Moslem onslaught), Randal notes that Lebanon's Christians have spent as much time fighting each other as they have battling the Palestinians, Syrians and assorted Moslem factions. He easily discredits the choir-boy image bestowed on Bashir Gemayel by the Western media, noting that the Phalangist militia leader had prevailed primarily because of his willingness to collaborate with his country's invaders and because of his extreme ruthlessness (carrying out massacres of rival Christian groups that shocked even his father Pierre, the pro-Nazi Phalangist patriarch).

Bashir's greatest error, Randal asserts, was his belief that the Israelis could be manipulated into allowing him to rule Lebanon unchallenged. The *pax Hebraica*, he soon found, required him to sign a concessionary pact with Israel that would not only essentially legalize the Israeli takeover of much of southern Lebanon's economy, but would also forever brand him as a traitor and a sellout in the eyes of the majority of his country's population. In a secret meeting Bashir held with Menachem Begin in September 1982, less than a month before the new president was to be sworn in, the Israeli leader insisted that Saad Haddad be made defense minister in the new government, and that Lebanon sign a peace treaty with Israel resembling the Camp David accords. "Gemayel at one point held out both arms and said, 'Put the handcuffs on!', " Randal recounts. "Then he shouted, 'I am not your vassal!' "

The tragedy of Lebanon's Christians, Randal writes, has been their continuing inability to face political reality. "At home in their Westernized ghetto, cut off from the Moslem majority, the Christians of Marounistan (the Christian enclave north of Beirut) have become ever more persuaded of the justice of their cause. Muscling aside the state they had sworn to defend, robbing it of its revenues and humiliating its army, instituting military training for high school boys in their purview, the ghetto Christians struck heroic poses and talked with great determination of 'liberating' the rest of the country. Never mind that they had done so much to bring tragedy to Lebanon, that they refused any responsibility and kept pointing their fingers at others."

Rejecting their own origins in Syria,the Maronite Christians constantly looked to the West—to France and then the U.S.—for allies. Consistently failing to understand why the American military didn't ride to their rescue in the civil war, the Christians ultimately turned to the Israelis for military support, with the result that partition of Lebanon—with Israelis and Haddad's forces permanently ensconced in the south—seems inevitable.

Randal's powers of observation are brought most vividly alive in his chapter on the civil war, much of it based on eyewitness reporting. Seldom has the bizarre series of events of 1975–76 been put into such clear perspective. Writing of the January 1976 Phalangist seige of Karantina, then held by Palestinians, Randal says his most indelible impression was of "young children, hands in the air, being pushed around by the Phalangists. I happened to be with a Phalangist friend, and said to him that I was reminded of the famous photograph of terrified Jewish children surrounded by German troops taken during the Nazi destruction of the Warsaw Ghetto . . . . My friend looked at me as if I were mad." Six-and-a-half years later, Israeli soldiers would be at the Phalangists' side as they "finished the job" at Sabra and Chatilla, and the irony of Randal's observation would become even more apparent.

Like many visitors charmed by the beauty of Beirut before the civil war, Randal found much to admire in the old Lebanese order. Its free press, profusion of nationalities and religions, and cosmopolitan air made it unique among Arab capitals. Yet the spreading corruption, and the ultimately fatal consequences inherent in a Christian minority lording it over a Moslem majority, were plain to see even before the fighting that would destroy Beirut broke out in 1975.

Admitting that various Moslem factions had helped hasten Lebanon's downfall, Sheikh Mohamed Mehdi Chamseddine of the Shia Higher Council noted in the fall of 1982, "We are all guilty one way or another of having created the atmosphere that maintained the crisis whose culmination was the Israeli invasion." Randal concludes: "Had I heard anything vaguely similar coming from a Lebanese Christian of similar political displacement, I might be more sanguine about a country that I alternately love and despair of."■

John Motovalli

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Books

Femininity

By Susan Brownmiller. Published by Linden Press/ Simon & Schuster, New York, 1984, $14.95.

What do we mean by femininity or, for that matter, by masculinity in the United States in the year 1984? Difficult questions, but ones that intrigue us all. So it was with hopeful anticipation that we approached Susan Brownmiller's new book, *Femininity*, her first since the much-praised *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape* was published nine years ago. As that book proved, she has an original mind and is not afraid to express her views forcefully. And now, once again, she has chosen a daring subject.

What makes the subject daring is that it's so devilishly hard to pin down. You're shooting at a moving target. The past two decades have been times of enormous change for American women, and that change is continuing. We need to understand the economic, political, and psychological implications of the new freedoms available to women.

But Brownmiller has not met this need. Instead she has produced a bewildering work, a sort of catalog, a book of lists, crammed with odd facts about the female sex: "Cher is taller than Sonny"; Catherine de Medici devised the sidesaddle; "Japanese peasant women covered their faces when they worked in the fields to preserve a light complexion"; male and female gibbons mature at approximately the same age; "hyenas were thought to be hermaphroditic, homosexual, orgiastic and lewd"; "a mighty 80,000 calories sustains a pregnancy to term." Interspersed through this miscellany are intimate confidences about Brownmiller's own life and appearance: Her breasts are small; her skin is unusually pale and bruises easily; as a matter of principle, she does not shave under her arms. All this information is neatly arranged in chapters headed Body, Hair, Clothes, Voice, Skin, Movement, Emotion, and Ambition.

Some of these bits and pieces strike us as new and interesting; some commonplace and boring. But they don't take us anywhere; they don't develop; they don't lead to any conclusion. Their ultimate effect is to numb the reader with their sheer number. Brownmiller has approached a subject of immense significance, but what she has produced is merely immense. Clearly something has gone terribly wrong.

Brownmiller is apparently attempting to describe that package of unwritten rules by which each society tells the female of the species how she must behave and look if she wants to be considered womanly. Some of these rules are cruelly restrictive and hobble the freedom of women. Others are trivial and at worst time-consuming.

NANCY CRAMPTON

Author Susan Brownmiller

Noting that some men preached to women that "if you wish to be our equals, stop using make-up and nail-polish," the French philosopher and author Simone de Beauvoir commented: "This piece of advice is nonsensical." In other words, minor matters—such as customs of hair style—are not worth arguing over. In any event, many women derive pleasure from looking attractive. Yet, inexplicably, it is these trivial rules that Brownmiller agonizes over the most.

Of course the rules for femininity are not the same for every society and, within societies like our own, there may be sharp ethnic, religious and class differences. But Brownmiller largely overlooks this diversity. Most serious of all, her book is curiously timeless. She presents femininity as though it were immutable and universal. But one has only to look at a study of women from an earlier era in America to immediately become aware of how much the concept has changed.

Take, for example, *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex* by Lundberg and Farnham, published in 1947. When this book came out shortly after World War II, the peacetime economy required the retirement of Rosie the Riveter from her factory job to a suburban house with three children. In keeping with this priority, the authors asserted that a woman's femininity is determined by her "acceptance and assertion of the reproduction function." That is, motherhood and femininity were one and the same thing! The same book noted with alarm the "widespread preoccupation" of women with obtaining pleasure from clitoral stimulation and declared that such women are guilty of "a denial of femininity."

Similarly, Brownmiller's unhistorical perspective has led her to ignore the sexual revolution. Not long ago, a requirement of femininity was premarital chastity; today, it is perfectly acceptable for a single woman to have a sex life outside marriage. Rather than celebrate this hard-won victory and examine its implications, Brownmiller dwells on how difficult it is for an independent woman to find suitable men.

"The ratios of sexual preference seem to have gone awry," she complains, "and vast numbers of homosexual men and straight single women are roaming the range in search of love, sex and meaningful relations." There is a "pitched battle of females" for access to the dwindling supply of heterosexual males, she asserts, and advises the use of whatever furbelows of femininity may be effective in attracting them. But readers of *Cosmopolitan* have known about the competition for men for some time now, and have hardly been waiting for Brownmiller's green light to gussy themselves up for the fray.

Nowhere is the book's failure to root itself in a particular time and place more evident than in the chapter on ambition, which Brownmiller indicates is central to her inquiry. She tells us how the demands of femininity have discouraged women's ambition at every turn. We read on with disbelief. Is this an accurate picture of 1984? Law schools and medical schools have increasing ratios of female students every year; more and more mayors, judges and other elected officials are female; is it really true, as she asserts, that it's customary for a young woman nowadays to be directed toward a life-goal of motherhood and discouraged from wider ambitions?

How can it be that the real world of contemporary American women seems so alien to this book? The fault lies in the author's mind and method. Neither current politics nor economics inform her work. Instead she fashions herself as Everywoman and leads us on a tour through a museum. In the end we have seen some fascinating sights, but our feet hurt and we are no wiser for the outing. ■

—Walter and Miriam Schneir

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Theater

A Private View

By Vaclav Havel
A trilogy of one-act plays
Directed by Lee Grant
New York Public Theater

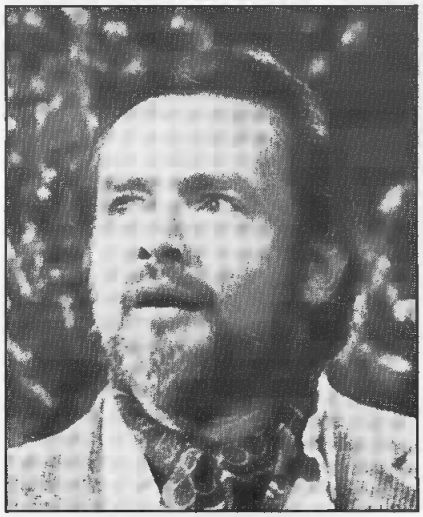
It was late August 1968 when the Army arrived in Chicago. Anti-Vietnam War demonstrators awoke that morning to find tanks patrolling Michigan Avenue while ominous-looking vehicles dubbed "people catchers," their front ends festooned with rolls of barbed wire, were parked at the ready. Thousands of young Americans who had journeyed to the Democratic National Convention for a political protest suddenly faced the frightening experience of living in a city under military occupation. They responded spontaneously. Everywhere hand-drawn signs were posted on walls and buildings, announcing: "Welcome to Prague."

The words were scrawled in bitter irony. Five thousand miles away in Eastern Europe, Soviet tanks were rolling through the streets of the Czech capital. The "Prague spring," a brief, vibrant period when censorship eased, was over. While it lasted, Czech film and theater flourished. Writers like Pavel Kohout agitated for "socialism with a human face." In this heady atmosphere, the sly satirical works of Czech dramatist Vaclav Havel were produced in his own country. Today, sadly, they cannot be seen by Czech audiences but are staged frequently in Western Europe, where Havel is justly regarded as a playwright of the first rank.

The American premiere of several of Havel's tragi-comic one-act plays at New York's Public Theater, under the title *A Private View*, is therefore an important event. Critics have hailed Joseph Papp's production, intelligently directed by Lee Grant. What is most surprising for American audiences about these spare but inventive plays is the discovery that, far from being literary travelogues about an utterly foreign society, they speak to us with embarrassing familiarity about the secret adjustments by which we accommodate our lives to the powers that be.

After the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the reform government of Alexander Dubcek was replaced by a repressive regime. Some dissidents eventually made peace with the new conditions; others stubbornly continued the struggle. Havel was one of the latter. A leader in the Czech human rights movement Charter 77, he has been jailed several times, the last of which for four years.

Each of the three one-act plays by Havel staged in New York presents the same semi-autobiographical hero, Vanek. Like Havel, Vanek is a one-time writer whose life has been drastically transformed by his outspoken stand as a political dissident. In the first two plays, written in 1975, Vanek is earning his living as a brewery worker. In the third, from 1978, he has just been released after serving a prison term for human-rights activities.



***Richard Jordan in* A Private View**

"Private View," the second and most fully realized of the one-acters, is a devastating but nonetheless hilarious satire of the domestic arrangements of that class of Czech intellectuals who have bought ease and prosperity for themselves at the cost of political silence and acquiescence. Havel pins down and proceeds to dissect two specimens of the species: a married couple named Vera and Michael. These two are former "best friends" of Vanek's and are desperately eager to gain his approval of their affluent lifestyle, and to win him over to it.

They enthusiastically display to him their apartment, newly furnished with useless decorative objects from every corner of the globe; their baby, a "miracle" who, they say, has changed their outlook on life entirely; their recordings of American rock music and bottle of Kentucky bourbon acquired during a recent trip to the States; and the labor-intensive gourmet hors d'oeuvres that Vera learned to make in cooking school and that are so esoteric that Vanek must be instructed how to go about eating them.

Vera and Michael boast of their own health, vitality, and youthful good looks—unflatteringly comparing Vanek and his wife (who is not present) to themselves. In fact, both *are* attractive and splendidly attired. They tell him that they visit a sauna regularly. And they proudly describe the proficiency, frequency, and imaginativeness with which they make love. In a typically absurdist invention, they invite Vanek to *watch* them have sex so that he can judge for himself the finesse of their performance. Moreover, Michael asks Vera then and there to bare her breasts, so that Vanek can appreciate them.

In a society where social conscience is a liability, people frequently shun public affairs and retreat into a life of wholly personal concerns. Havel's incisive portrayal of individuals involved only with themselves leaves audiences squirming in self-recognition. Although Havel's aim is deadly, his Vanek in all three plays refuses to judge his fellow human beings. This is a change from Havel's earlier work *The Memorandum* (published in English by Grove Press in 1967 and produced by Joseph Papp in New York the following year), in which the biting ridicule of bureaucracy was unrelieved by compassion. The self-designated "humanist" in that play was revealed as totally weak and dehumanized himself.

These one-act plays require few performers and little scenery and so would seem a natural for regional, community, and university theater groups. As originally written, each of the plays lasts an hour or more. They were cut considerably for the New York production.

"Interview," the first play, takes place in a brewery where Vanek holds an undesirable outdoor job. During a meeting with the head maltster, who is inordinately fond of his own product, Vanek learns that the man must report on Vanek's activities regularly to the secret police. Toward that end, he solicits Vanek's assistance in exchange for the favor of a nice warm office in which to work. Vanek asserts earnestly that it is against his principles to inform on himself. The marvel is how deeply this seemingly little work reaches into the character of each man.

The program closes with "Protest," a drama in which Vanek is briefly reunited with an erstwhile friend and colleague—a formerly serious novelist, now a successful TV hack. They discuss, among other topics, the current regime and the rights protestors. The TV writer tells how the sordid deals and compromises he must make daily leave him feeling constantly sick to his stomach. It is clear that his lack of moral or physical courage have up until then prevented him from acting otherwise. Now compelling circumstances have arisen which may move him to sign a public protest. After much torturous soul-searching, he finally declines. Vanek reacts with unaccustomed anger, throwing down the cash contribution to the cause with which the TV writer tried to salve his conscience. But Vanek soon recovers his sense of humor, and the money, and goes off whistling.

Director Lee Grant, who was blacklisted in Hollywood in the '50s, has said that from this experience she is familiar with the kind of people portrayed by Havel, as well as with the moral choices they must make. It is with such choices that the playwright confronts us—and makes us confront ourselves. ■

Walter and Miriam Schneir

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Rebel Round-Up

FEDERAL DISTRICT Judge Harry E. Claiborne of Las Vegas has been indicted by a federal grand jury for bribery, tax evasion, obstruction of justice, and filing a false declaration of his financial affairs. The two chief witnesses in the case are Joseph Conforte, operator of the Mustang Ranch brothel near Reno, and his former lawyer, Stanley Brown Sr. The indictment charges that Claiborne, who was a criminal defense lawyer before President Carter elevated him to the bench in 1978, solicited bribes from Conforte to quash charges of vote fraud and tax violations against the brothel owner, and counseled Brown to commit perjury before a grand jury in 1982. The indictment climaxes a struggle between Claiborne and Las Vegas FBI chief Joseph Yablonsky, who has led highly successful investigations of corruption and mob infiltration of Las Vegas since 1980. Claiborne's defenders include *Las Vegas Sun* publisher Hank Greenspun (former p.r. man for mob gambling kingpin Moe Dalitz) and Sen. Paul Laxalt, whose own friendships with underworld gamblers and union racketeers have raised questions about his integrity. (*New York Times*)

UPI

Mustang Ranch owner Joseph Conforte alleges Judge Claiborne solicited bribes

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MERRILL LYNCH, the preeminent brokerage house, has come under Labor Department scrutiny for possibly compromising its independence in evaluating the assets of an insurance company owned by slain Teamster adviser Allen Dorfman, a longtime associate of organized crime figures. The brokerage firm advised the Teamster health and welfare fund, which wanted to buy out Dorfman's insurance claims processing firm, that its assets were worth $10.75 million. The Justice Department insists they are worth no more than $1 million. The Teamster fund chose Merrill Lynch on the recommendation of Chicago attorney Albert Jenner—who also happened to be Dorfman's attorney. The fact that Jenner already had approached an old college friend at Merrill Lynch to evaluate the insurance firm's assets suggests that the whole operation was tainted by conflicts of interest. (*Wall Street Journal*)

NEO-NAZIS in West Germany have been banned by Interior Minister Friedrich Zimmermann, who said "Right-wing extremist actions can no longer be passively accepted." The prohibition affects the 270-member Action Front National Socialist-National Activists, led by a 28-year-old former army lieutenant. West Germany now counts some 1,400 active neo-Nazis, and blames them for acts of arson, murder, and other violence, particularly against foreign "guest workers." (*Oakland Tribune*)

AUSTRALIA's PRIME Minister Bob Hawke met U.S. mafia figure Sal Amarena in San Francisco in 1978, according to suppressed evidence amassed by a Royal Commission in Australia. Amarena, a former associate of the Trafficante and Marcello crime organizations in the Southeast, was then a close West Coast Associate of Teamster boss Rudy Tham, convicted in 1979 of embezzlement charges. Hawke met Amarena through the intervention of Peter Thompson, an executive of an American subsidiary of an Australian transport company that has since been linked in court testimony to payoffs to East Coast mobsters to buy labor peace. Amarena was also an associate of Australian drug trafficker Murray Riley, and of California mafia hit man Jimmy Fratianno, who is now a federal protected witness. Tham has since been released from prison. (*Melbourne Age; National Times* Australia)

WEST GERMAN Economics Minister Otto Lambsdorff has been charged with bribery along with four others by the Bonn public prosecutor's office following a two-year investigation of the "Watergate on the Rhine"—allegations that the Friedrich Flick heavy industrial group bribed government officials to get favorable tax rulings. Lambsdorff is a key member of the Christian Democratic government, and his downfall could threaten its survival at a critical period in the controversy over the deployment of Pershing II missiles on German soil. Other figures charged include the chief executive officer of Dresdner Bank, Germany's second largest, two former Flick officers, and a former state economics minister, but many other politicians are also under investigation. Flick allegedly made the bribes in order to gain tax exemptions on its proceeds from the sale of Daimler-Benz stock in 1975, some $400 million of which went to purchase a 29 percent share of W.R. Grace & Co. in New York. That deal raised controversy because of Flick's connection with Nazi war crimes. (*Wall Street Journal*)

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West German Economics Minister Otto Lambsdorff has been charged with bribery by the Bonn public prosecutor's office

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J. PETER GRACE, the chairman and chief executive officer of W.R. Grace and Co., and President Reagan's choice to head a survey on governmental cost-cutting, has himself come under heavy criticism over his ties to a Nazi war criminal. Dr. Otto Ambros, convicted at Nuremberg of mass murder and slavery, provided the German Chemical combine I.G. Farben with 200,000 laborers from the Auschwitz concentration camp and helped develop the Zyklon-B poison gas used in the actual extermination of millions of Jews. Peter Grace helped Ambros obtain a visa to visit the United States, professing his admiration "not only for Ambros' ability, but—more important—for his character, in terms of truthfulness and integrity." Ambros, now retired and living in West Germany, was for many years employed by Grace as an adviser to the international chemical company. (*Los Angeles Times; Wall Street Journal*)

ALEXANDER HAIG, former Secretary of State, NATO commander, and Nixon White House chief of staff, joined Amway Corp. on January 1 as a consultant on international business affairs. The international household-products company will

need the advice; it pleaded guilty in November to charges of defrauding the Canadian government of more than $22 million in customs duties over 15 years. Amway has agreed to repay the money in what may be the largest fine ever imposed in a criminal prosecution of a company in North America. (*Oakland Tribune*; *San Jose Mercury News*)

FORMER KENTUCKY GOVERNOR John Y. Brown Jr., whose term ended December 13 and who made his fortune in Kentucky Fried Chicken, is the subject of two federal grand jury investigations that will dim his ambitions for the Senate or presidency. The FBI has questioned him

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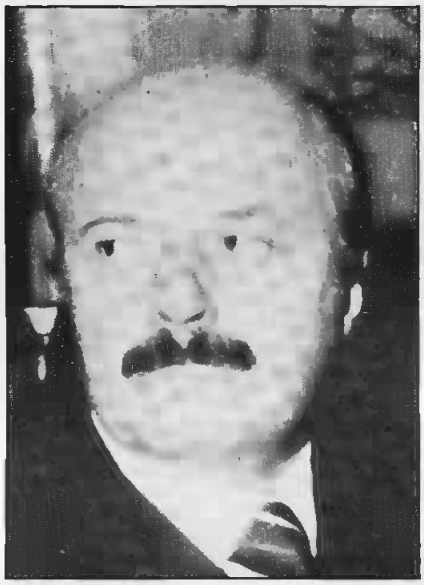
Gov. John Brown Jr. is the subject of two federal grand jury investigations

about his longstanding ties to James P. Lambert, a suspected cocaine trafficker. Officials are also looking into his record of gambling and his unexplained cash withdrawals of $1.3 million from a Miami bank that has ties to an accountant for the late mob kingpin Meyer Lansky. Brown was chairman of the Democratic party's national telethon broadcast from Los Angeles in May, which raised $21 million. (*Los Angeles Times*)

VATICAN OFFICIALS have signalled their willingness to pay at least some of the $1.3 billion debt left by the collapse of Italy's largest private bank, the Banco Ambrosiano. The Vatican earlier disclaimed all responsibility, even though it had issued "letters of patronage" acknowledging control over Ambrosiano subsidiaries in Panama through which the missing millions were siphoned. At the same time, Italian police arrested six former officials of the bank, including its general manager Roberto Rosone, who was the target of an unsuccessful underworld hit. Rosone's former boss, Roberto Calvi—known as "God's banker"—was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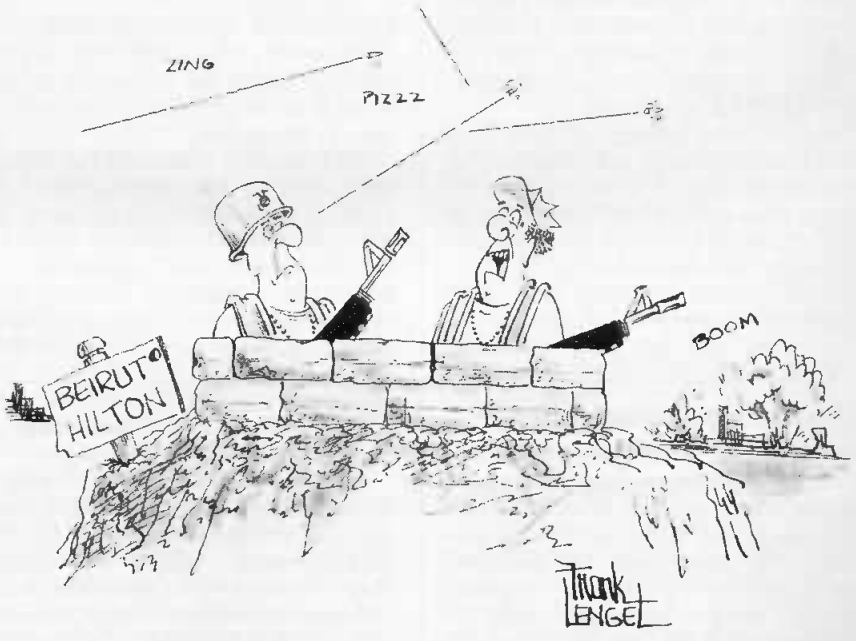
Roberto Calvi was found hanging under Blackfriar's Bridge in 1982

found hanging from the neck under Blackfriar's Bridge in London in June 1982. After two inquests a British jury was unable to decide whether he was the victim of suicide or murder.

In a related development, Calvi's widow, Clara, has fled Italy in fear for her life. She recently discovered a strongbox, which her husband had kept in the Bahamas, containing possibly "explosive" information which she thinks may prove that the banker was murdered to keep him quiet. A British newspaper quoted her as saying that the new evidence may implicate senior Vatican officials, Italian politicians, and leading members of the P2 Freemason Society in the death of her husband. (*Wall Street Journal; Chicago Tribune*)

RECORD BRIBES of $500,000 were reportedly made to an IRS agent in West Palm Beach, Florida by two businessmen promoting a multi-million dollar tax shelter authorities suspect is fraudulent. The Georgia cattle ranch run by Virgil Lovell, one of the arrested businessmen, faces potential tax liabilities of $6 million as well as interest and penalties for fraud. Lovell approached the agent through an intermediary in order to kill an IRS investigation of his operation. (*Oakland Tribune*)

PALESTINE LIBERATION Organization guerrillas apparently shared vital intelligence with the CIA in Lebanon and protected U.S. installations there despite official U.S. unwillingness to recognize them, according to an authoritative account. The clandestine contact went back as far as the Nixon Administration, and provided the CIA with its only reliable source of information on terrorist organizations and Moslem splinter groups until the PLO was forced out of Beirut in August 1982, following the Israeli invasion of Lebanon. That intelligence, plus the death of most CIA officials in Lebanon in the bombing of the U.S Embassy in Beirut, left the United States bereft of good intelligence. It certainly contributed to the surprise attack on the Marines on October 23, which cost the lives of 239 soldiers. (*New York Times*)



If this isn't a war, why is Bob Hope here?

ACLU to fight White House political visa curbs

Hortensia Allende, Tomas Borge, Roberto D'Aubuisson, Dario Fo, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, a retired Italian general and two Cuban jurists all have one thing in common. All were denied permission to come to the United States by the Reagan Administration. They were barred on the grounds that their presence might not be in the public interest. Although past administrations have used the same law, none has used it as often as the current administration.

Now, the American Civil Liberties Union is charging the administration with violating both the law and the Constitution in its visa denials.

On December 15, the ACLU filed three suits on behalf of those who had invited Nicaraguan Interior Minister Tomas Borge, Hortensia Allende, the widow of Salvador Allende, and the two Cubans. The civil liberties group contends that the law is aimed at those whose actions might hurt the government's interest, not at those whose words are considered dangerous.

ACLU attorney Chuck Sims charged at a Washington press conference that the administration denied visas on the basis of what it expected the applicants to say. President Reagan is among the defendants named in the Borge suit, because press reports named the chief executive as the official who decided to keep Borge out of the country. A number of congressmembers have joined the suits as well.

Rep. Charles Schumer (D-New York) told reporters that he can't represent his constituents without access to views different from his own and those of the administration on a question as important as Nicaragua. Schumer added that the administration doesn't just deny entrance to those whose views it doesn't like. He ventured that ultra-right wing Salvadoran politician D'Aubuisson, who has been linked to that country's death squads, would embarrass the administration if the American public heard him speak. People would be "so revolted," said Schumer, that they would force a change in U.S. policy toward El Salvador. Schumer's colleague in the House, Barney Frank (D-Massachusetts) has already introduced

WIDE WORLD

Maj. Roberto D' Aubuisson

legislation that would curb the administration's power to block visas. He says the Judiciary Committee is pledged to hold hearings on the matter when Congress returns to Washington.

ACLU attorney Sims noted that the law being used by the administration was passed at the height of the McCarthy era and said that administrative decisions made shortly afterward indicate that the Reagan Administration is violating what has been accepted as Congress' intent in passing the law. —**T.C.**

Government stockpiles opium for nuclear war

The U.S. government owns the world's largest supply of opiate drugs. At secret locations in New York, Colorado and Kentucky, the government has assembled over 340,000 pounds of morphine sulphate and pure opium gum, under the management of the General Services Administration.

The opiates, acquired under the strategic materials stockpile program, constitute the nation's main provision for medical treatment in the event of a "national emergency." That is: a nuclear war. The drugs are powerful pain-killers which can cause addiction under prolonged use.

According to Sandy Farrell, a spokesperson for the Federal Emergency Management Administration (FEMA), the stockpile would "answer our medical needs in a three-year conventional war." The morphine sulphate supplies, she adds, "are calculated not only for a conventional war but also for a nuclear emergency." Neither Farrell nor any other government official involved with the stockpile program would define what might constitute a "nuclear emergency."

The morphine sulphate and opium gum now owned by the government would yield approximately 2 billion medical doses. FEMA plans to increase its stockpile to provide 3.7 billion doses in the next few years. Put another way, the completed stockpile would provide 16 doses of opiate drugs for every man, woman and child in the U.S.

The government has also stockpiled 703 pounds of opium poppy seeds—enough to plant 2,812 acres of poppies, which would yield a sufficient crop of opium gum to meet the nation's medicinal needs should an emergency prevent the U.S. from importing foreign-produced opium and morphine. The seeds are stored at the National Seed Storage lab in Fort Collins, Colorado, under the Strategic Storage of Medicinal Crop Seeds program of the Department of Agriculture—which is separate from the FEMA/GSA program. According to Dr. Louis Bass, the lab director, seeds are stored for "plant breeding purposes, not for food production." His lab is the largest such establishment in the U.S., possibly the world, with 200,000 different seed lots representing over 1,500 different plant species.

The seeds might not be worth much (under existing international agreements, governments swap them for free), but the opiate drugs in the FEMA/GSA program have an assigned value of $26.2 million. Other, more realistic estimates, based on opium and morphine prices gathered by the Drug Enforcement Administration, show that the government's stockpile may be worth $162,050,000. Further, if an unscrupulous government chemist set up a heroin lab and went to work on these opiates, the heroin produced could have a street value of $5,833,800,000.

The stockpiled opiates were purchased from foreign governments and authorized dealers by the General Services Administration. There are conflicting reports about the precise origin of the opiates. Some sources say the opium and morphine stocks were purchased from Turkey, India, Yugoslavia and Poland, adding that a portion of the seed stock was obtained from the Soviet Union and Poland. Certainly there would be nothing unusual in this. According to the United Nations' International Narcotics Control Board, India, Turkey, the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia and Poland all rank among the world's top 10 legal opium-producing countries. However, GSA officials, speaking for the record, say the opiates were purchased only from India, Turkey and Iran. Agriculture Department scientists working in the seed storage program say that while some Russian stock may be included, most of the seeds were produced domestically, using species originally brought to the Midwest as medicinal herbs by European settlers.

Carroll Jones, commissioner of the GSA's Federal Property Resources Ser-

vice, which actually stores the drugs, says that no new opiate purchases for the stockpile have been made since 1958. But the GSA has apparently acted as agent and overseer on other drug transactions—including at least one massive upgrading (i.e., refining) of its own opiate stocks.

In 1966, the GSA had 656,000 pounds of opium (including 564,144 pounds from Iran) processed into 71,523 pounds of morphine sulphate by Mallinckrodt Inc. of St. Louis, one of three processing companies Jones said were legally allowed to do so. The government paid for the processing by giving Mallinckrodt 37,280 pounds of morphine sulphate for resale to authorized users. In 1976, the GSA sold 520,000 pounds of opium to the processing companies because of a hospital shortage of morphine. Much of this opium (502,063 pounds) came from Turkey, with lesser amounts from Iran and India.

According to David C. Morrison, a research analyst with the Center for Defense Information, FEMA had opiates sufficient to make 143,556 pounds of morphine sulphate, double the present stockpile, at the height of the Vietnam War. But President Nixon ordered most of the drugs sold off to pharmaceutical companies during the brief period of detente with the Russians.

Under Presidents Ford and Carter, stockpiles were rebuilt, with a goal of 75,000 pounds of morphine sulphate equivalent set in 1975. The present supply includes 39,508 pounds of morphine sulphate powder and approximately 300,000 pounds of opium gum which would yield 31,795 pounds of morphine sulphate. Both the opium and the morphine would have to be processed further before they could be administered for medicinal purposes.

Carroll Jones said the morphine sulphate is already stored in several states of refinement. The refined analgesics (pain killers) include: codeine phosphate, codeine sulfate, papaverine HC_1 ethylmorphine HC_1 and dihydromorphinone HC_1, as well as sizeable stocks of morphone sulphate.

The size of the stockpile reflects the fact that the United States is the world's largest consumer of opiate drugs. Legal users—pharmaceutical companies which use opiates to manufacture a wide range of medicines—processed over 50,000 pounds of refined opiates last year. The nation's drug addicts consumed an additional 8,000 pounds of pure heroin (which required 80,000 pounds of opium to make).

Under war conditions, civilian and military demand for opiate-based pain killers could triple. But neither the present stockpile nor the Reagan Administration goal—130,000 pounds of morphine, or 1.3 million pounds of opium gum—would be sufficient to meet that demand.

Plans to purchase 10,000 pounds of morphine sulphate in the spring of 1983 were reportedly blocked by former National Security Adviser (now Interior Secretary) William Clarke. The GSA's Carroll Jones says the decision to cancel purchase orders was made "because of budgetary and other reasons that weren't explained to me in full."

In fact, sources close to the administration say this was done for public relations purposes. Clarke felt that news of the purchases might increase public fears about the administration's aggressive foreign and military policies. He may also have blocked the purchase because the government would have been seen buying opiates while First Lady Nancy Reagan was out campaigning against drug addiction.

Clarke emerges as a key figure in the opiate stockpile policy. The stockpile goal was set by FEMA, on the advice of Clarke's own National Security Council, after it made a "reanalysis of nuclear requirements." However, it is doubtful that the real medical requirements anticipated in a war could be met, because of faulty planning.

The drugs at secret locations, often stored for undefined purposes, lack a realistic distribution system. David Morrison at the Center for Defense Information observed that in an emergency, "the public would have to have syringes or opium pipes to get relief. It's patently absurd."

The Reagan Administration's insistence on secrecy may cause the most harm. For example, FEMA's Sandy Farrell said that while the Department of Health helped develop the emergency plans, it "does not know where the supplies are kept."

"It would be foolhardy to tell where valuable commodities are kept," adds Farell. "It is in the public interest that information about any commodity of value should be kept restricted."

Despite doubts expressed by experts, the Reagan Administration still believes that their program is workable. According to a source at FEMA: "As a national security emergency developed, the stockpiled materials would be moved to processing facilities for conversion into individual doses under the auspices of the Department of Commerce. Subsequently, the doses would be distributed as appropriate to the armed forces or the public health services for their distribution to local health authorities."

However, officials in GSA and other agencies involved in the distribution process insist that there is no coordinated plan in existence. Carroll Jones, the GSA commissioner whose agency stores the drugs, said: "I do not know how they propose to dispense the material, if at all."

Even if such a plan existed, many doubt the drugs would ever get outside the storage rooms, for, as Jones pointed out: "Nothing can be released from a stockpile without a presidential directive. It has to come from the President."

Opiates constitute only a small part of the federal government's spectacular stockpile of strategic materials. According to the most recent Federal Emergency Management Administration (FEMA) Stockpile Report, the stored goods are worth over $11 billion. Most of the materials are basic metals, like aluminum, copper and nickel. However, there are some unexpected riches, too. The stockpile includes over 38 million carats of diamonds, worth $432.4 million; 16 million carats of sapphires and rubies; and 137 million troy ounces of fine silver, worth $1,460 million.

The federal government has been stockpiling strategic materials since World War I, but most of the present National Defense Stockpile, under which the government has stored over 60 strategic materials, was acquired by various federal agencies since 1950. Its present operations are regulated by the Strategic and Critical Materials Stock Piling Act of 1979, which placed the National Defense Stockpile under the direction of FEMA. Day-to-day operations are handled by the Federal Property Resources Service of the General Services Administration.

Congress, in the Strategic and Critical Materials Stock Piling Act, was acting to reduce "a dangerous and costly dependence" by the U.S. and its defense establishment, "upon foreign sources for supplies of such materials in times of national emergency."

The Act authorizes the President to buy those materials he deems critical on the basis of three principles: First, that the stockpile is for national defense, and is not to be used for economic or budgetary purposes; second, the quantities of materials should sustain the U.S. "for a period of not less than three years in the event of a national emergency;" and third, that Congress must be notified of any changes in the quantities being stored.

Ironically, the stockpile does not include food or fuel stores. Those items are domestically produced and amassed by the Departments of Agriculture and Energy. But the fact that they aren't included in a National Defense Stockpile implies that in a contemplated "national emergency," food and fuel may be irrelevant. —**J.M.**

Genetic Godzilla

On the nearly mile-high plain of the windswept Klamath Basin, in the tiny hamlet of Tulelake, California, 200 families have spent the last half century living in accord with the farming seasons. They sow in spring, harvest in autumn and spend the winter watching blizzards pour down from the rugged peaks of the Cascade Range. This is, in short, the last place anybody would have expected to become

the starting point of a bolt into the future that is likely to realign the very structure of life by the end of this century and beyond.

Last spring, Dr. Steven Lindow, a gene splicer from the University of California at Berkeley, gained permission from the federal government to spray genetically altered bacteria over a patch of potatoes at the university's agricultural research station 500 yards north of town. Lindow's bugs are variations of a common bacteria called Pseudomonas syringae which forms frost on plants. Lindow isolated and snipped one gene from Pseudomonas' genetic code, ridding the bug's ability to form frost. The result, Lindow theorizes, will dramatically reduce the $2- to $4-billion loss American farmers now suffer from frost damage.

The actual release of the microbes will take 20 minutes. But the significance is likely to be immeasureable, for it will mark the first time that genetically engineered living organisms have been deliberately released into the environment. Tulelake may eventually be regarded as a historic outpost on the national journey to a new frontier—the biotechnological age.

While Tulelake's residents greet the new wave with apparent indifference, Lindow's bugs are at the center of a feverish scientific, social and political debate taking place in dozens of cities and hundreds of laboratories across the country.

In order to appreciate the level of concern, Lindow's bugs have been compared to the release of plants, animals and insects that are not native to an environment.

Some scientists have been concerned about releasing any genetically engineered organisms into the environment without careful investigation of their potential ecological hazards. Says David Pimentel, professor of Insect Ecology and Agricultural Science at Cornell University: "The reason for my concern is the historical record of severe problems resulting from newly introduced organisms into new environments. The list of problems from new introductions is extremely long." Pimentel points to the spread of Japanese beetles through the U.S. farm belt, Dutch Elm disease wiping out the Americal elm, boll weevils devestating cotton crops, German carp infesting American rivers—the list is endless.

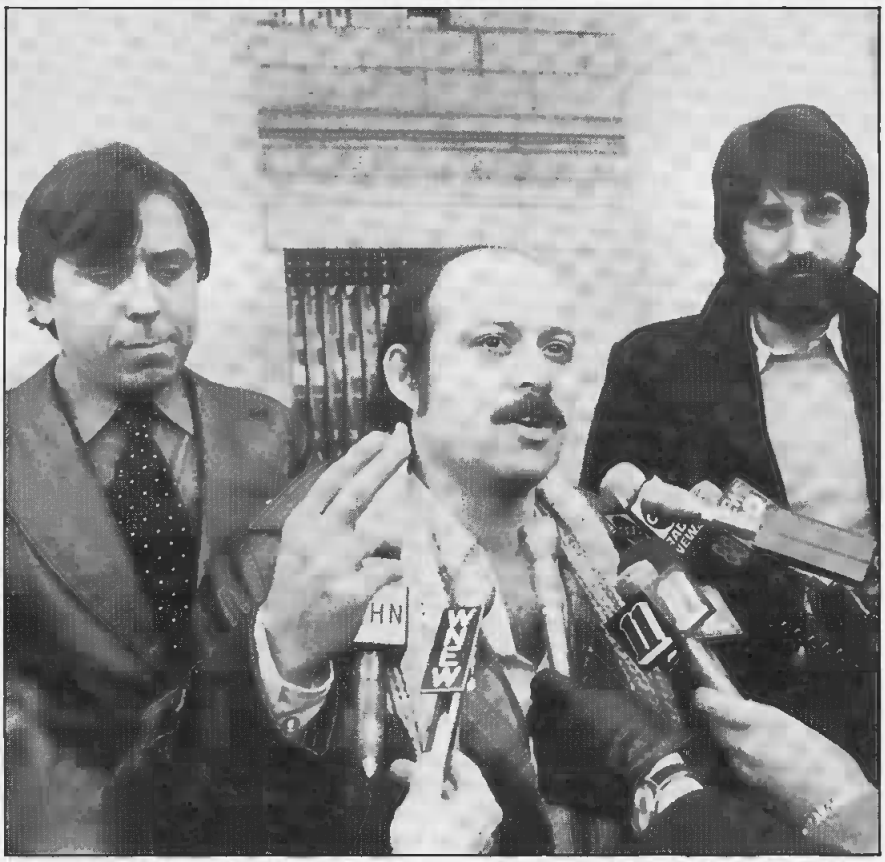
Where the discussions will lead is not yet clear but officials of some of the nation's roughly 200 independent genetic engineering research and manufacturing firms predict that one outcome will be more rigorous federal legislation and regulation of the industry.

The mounting debate comes at a time when many genetic engineering laboratories are asking the Recombinant DNA Advisory Committee (RAC) at the National Institutes of Health for approval to bring their microbes out of the laboratory and into the field for trials. The path to approval, though, is a troubled one. In recent months, the RAC, which now monitors most of the nation's genetic engineering research, has been criticized for alleged conflicts of interest and for approving research without thoroughly studying the projects.

In October, Dr. Richard M. Krause, director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, investigated the conflict of interest allegations and found them to be "unfounded." Krause also maintained that each application that is considered by the RAC is thoroughly reviewed before any decision is made.

Just as important, critics of the RAC have repeatedly asked why none of the 25 scientists who sit on the committee have specialties in ecology, entomology, botany, plant biology or population genetics, all important disciplines when considering releasing microbes into the environment. The NIH, according to several officials, is considering changes in the makeup of the committee.

Moreover, the federal guidelines administered by RAC, say laboratory officials, do not adequately address potential environmental difficulties posed by microbe releases. "This one peripheral area of genetic research, where the purpose is to put stuff into the environment, is an area that needs further study," says Dr. Bernard Talbot, deputy director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases.



WIDE WORLD

Jeremy Rifkin (center) wants the EPA to formulate new laws governing genetic engineering

Federal officials have called on the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency for help in formulating regulations for protecting the public and the environment against potential problems from allowing releases of the new bugs.

EPA officials say they have two working groups in the Office of Pesticide Programs and in the Office of Toxic Substances formulating regulations for genetic engineering. But the regulations are being tied to the federal pesticide and toxic chemical laws—lax laws that are responsible for the public health and environmental emergency caused by extensive use of hazardous substances. Should living organisms be regulated by these laws, say critics, the result could be an environmental catastrophe. "At least with petrochemicals,"says Jeremy Rifkin, president of the Washington-based Foundation on Economic Trends, "they can't reproduce. One bad bug could be all it takes."

Rifkin and other observers have called on the EPA to formulate entirely new laws for genetically engineered microbes.

What has become clear in the burgeon-

ing debate, say both federal officials and researchers, is that scientific breakthroughs are outpacing the federal government's ability to respond. Thus, the courts have become an important arena for exploring the revolutionary issues posed by a science capable of redesigning living organisms and to engineer wholly new ones genetically.

Last September Rifkin challenged the planned release at Tulelake and two other authorized experiments by filing suit against the NIH in U.S. District Court in Washington. Rifkin charges that the RAC committee did not have the authority or the expertise to adequately review the three projects. For example, said Rifkin, Dr. Lindow's genetically altered microbes could reproduce in the wild, push naturally occurring Pseudomonas off the map, damage fauna and flora, and disrupt climatic changes since naturally occurring Pseudomonas bacteria are at the center of most rain drops and snowflakes.

"This case will set a precedent for how this industry is going to be regulated," says Rifkin. "We're at the beginning of a long, long journey. Many people envision great benefits from this new technology.

—K.S.

Under-reporting unemployment

Recent reports showing a sharp drop in unemployment are creating a misleading picture of economic recovery, according to an analysis of labor statistics from various government agencies.

On the surface, official employment figures positively glow. Projections based on figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics show that the number of employed Americans grew from 101 million to 105 million in 1983, while the number of unemployed shrank from 12 million to 9.3 million. The only trouble is, the figures don't add up.

A quick glance at Department of Labor projections shows that 4 million jobs were added to the economy in 1983. The actual total varies, depending on whether one uses the household survey or the payroll survey—the government's two methods of counting jobs. The projections using household surveys (which include self-employed workers) show 4.7 million new jobs, whereas the payroll surveys show only 3.3 million new jobs created during the year. But the real total is far less. If one deducts the 4 million Americans who entered the workforce in 1983 (allowing for retirement and death), there was only a slight decrease—or possibly a net increase—in real unemployment.

The real unemployment rate, measuring worker utilization, may be far higher than the figure claimed by the Reagan Administration. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, up to a fifth of all workers now rely on part-time jobs. Of the 18 million part-timers, 6 million do so involuntarily.

Critics point out that the Bureau of Labor Statistics' unemployment figures fail to accurately measure the number of distressed or discouraged workers. For example, the BLS reports that the number of jobless now stands at about 9.3 million, or 8.2 percent of the official workforce. However, men and women who stopped collecting unemployment benefits, and stopped actively seeking a job, have been dropped from the BLS tally of the unemployed.

Recent reports from the National Planning Association and the National Coalition for the Homeless see little hope for those already unemployed. According to the National Planning Association's report, millions of American workers can expect to face chronic unemployment or poverty wages throughout the decade.

The American labor movement has been the biggest loser. Many of those who lost jobs in the recession were union members employed in the nation's hard-hit basic industries. Few of those workers have been rehired; their corporate employers have turned to automation and non-unionized worksites to reduce labor costs. Most current job openings call for unskilled blue-collar workers (as in fast-food businesses), or white-collar positions requiring a college degree. Industrial skills aren't in demand.

According to BLS, the overwhelming majority of the new job holders are white male heads of households. Unemployment rates in key sectors—black teenagers, single women, and industrial workers—remain embarrassingly high. For these groups, the recovery has yet to begin.

—J.M.

007 claims—U.S. will ask for compensation for victims

WASHINGTON—Four months after Korean Air Lines Flight 007 was shot down by Soviet military planes over the Sea of Japan on Sept. 1, 1983, the riddle of why and how the ill-fated 747 veered into Russian airspace prior to its downing remains unsolved. Yet, behind the scenes, the State Department is quietly and firmly pressing claims for compensation against the Soviets on behalf of the relatives of 61 United States citizens who perished aboard the plane. Foremost among the victims was Rep. Larry McDonald, a conservative Georgia Democrat and national chief of the John Birch Society who was enroute to a conference in Korea sponsored by the anti-communist organization he headed, the Western Goals Foundation.

A host of conflicting theories have been proffered to answer the myriad questions stemming from the incident. They range from allegations that Flight 007 was engaged in a spy mission to the claim by McDonald's widow that the Russians knew he was aboard and destroyed the plane and its 269 passengers solely to kill him. As far as the State Department is concerned, everything is irrelevant except for one fact: at the instant KAL 007 was actually struck by an air-to-air missile, it had left Soviet airspace and was flying over international waters. Therefore, the U.S. government contends the attack on the plane was a violation of international law and the Soviets are liable.

In the first hours after Flight 007 disappeared from radar screens, the Soviets denied any knowledge of the plane or its whereabouts. Later they argued that the plane had intruded into sensitive areas where vital Russian defense facilities were located and was flying without navigational lights. Finally, the Soviets simply denied any legal responsibility for the incident and flatly refused to admit any obligation to compensate anyone.

According to internal documents, the State Department still hopes to either negotiate a claims settlement directly with the Soviet Union or submit demands for reparations to the International Court of Justice at the Hague or some other international tribunal for adjudication. Though the effort is continuing apace, one official glumly acknowledged, "We're not getting anywhere right now. Russia's not speaking to us."

Last November, the State Department sent a specially-prepared 19-page questionnaire to some 75 Americans who had friends or relatives aboard Flight 007. The form is designed to ensure that a comprehensive and uniform assessment can be made of the net worth and possible future earnings of each of the 61 U.S. citizens killed in the incident.

The questionnaire requests detailed statements about the decedents' general health, educational background, marital status, military service, employment history, income records, property ownership and outstanding debts. The form also asks relatives of the slain passengers to provide copies of critical documents (including airline tickets for Flight 007) and the names of any others "who suffered extensive grief as a result of decedent's death."

Thomas Huang, the assistant legal advisor to Secretary of State George Schultz for international claims, explained that the questionnaire was sent quickly to the relatives of Flight 007 victims "to preserve the information while memories are still fresh." State Department officials hope to have all the forms returned to them by this month (January 1984) so a preliminary calculation can be made of how much the United States can demand in reparations from the Soviets.

"The next step is to keep pressing them," vowed Huang, who's prepared for a long litigation battle. "It could take years."

—H.R.

Inside The American Nazi Party

A Nazi defector helps a *Rebel* journalist infiltrate the radical right

By Peter Lake

First there had been the mysterious calls. No first names, come in after closing hours, don't ask questions. Then, the security precautions. Now, paranoia filled every corner of the room. Mike could barely sit still. He licked his lips constantly and his huge hands shook every time he lit a Camel (unfiltered). Above his wrists swirled elaborate blue tattoos: a woman with flowing hair, a peacock, a studded bracelet. They very nearly covered the scars from the hundreds of needles he had stuck into himself.

"One slipup—just one—and these people will kill us," he said. "They're crazy. I know them. I know what they'll do. They'll kill us both, if they find out what we're doing, but I want to tell everybody what kind of sick, degenerate assholes they are."

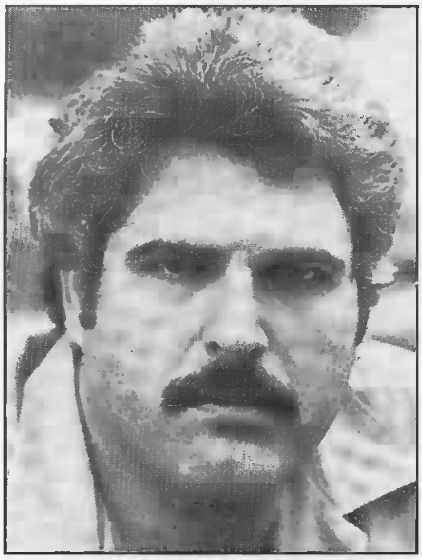
Mike Canale—Nazi leader, temple arsonist, burglar, drug addict, ex-con—wanted to make amends with a world that hated him by telling his story of life in the Nazi-lane.

"I'll get you in with them and then you write the story and then . . . I don't know what will happen." He took a long pause. "We'll see what happens. The Jewish Mafia and the Feds—Alcohol, Firearms, Tobacco—tried to get me killed already. They want me dead and they got a contract on me. So I don't know what they'll try to do to you. You got a good insurance policy?" He laughed warmly.

Nazis? Jewish Mafia? Feds? Contracts? The first sentences out of his mouth could have been lifted from a detective novel. Mike lit another Camel from the one he was smoking. The tall, silent friend who had arranged the meeting puffed on his cigar. The room filled with the smell of smoke and sweat and my head swirled. In just five minutes with Mike I was so dizzy I could barely think.

At six-foot-five, 285 pounds, Mike shouldn't have to worry about people pushing him around. And he must have learned how to handle himself in prison. "I just got out two months ago for burning a synagogue in Temple City during Chanukah. It was in all the papers. I did over two years for it and nobody from the movement did nothing to help me while I was in there."

He looked at his new girlfriend for confirmation. She gave his arm a squeeze. "My friend, Jackie, here is Jewish. Her kids go to that same temple that I torched.



Mike Canale

I've decided to pay attention to people that treat me right—not those degenerates like Stan Wittig who thinks he runs the Nazis. I'm the leader around here and people in the movement respect me for what I did."

What he did was to break into the Temple Beth-David in December of 1980 with a friend, Don Nielson, who poured several gallons of gasoline on the altar, the walls, and the sacred Torahs. "Get near the door," Mike said, then struck a match. Two matches, actually, before the whole building erupted. "Red and orange flames everywhere. It went up with a big 'whoosh' and I fell down and ran through the fire. I looked back and said to Nielson, 'There goes the house of Satan up in flames.' "

Even in that act of desecration, however, a strange sense of compassion prevented him from committing even greater destruction. "Nielson opened all the gas jets in the kitchen, but I turned them off. He wanted to let the gas build up before we lit the fire, but I didn't want to blow up the building. There were houses all around.

"We drove off and had a cup of coffee. When we came out we saw a fire truck that had been in an accident with a drunk black guy. We stopped and then heard the call on the radio, 'Structural fire in progress,' so we went back to the synagogue and watched to make sure it burned."

A sheriff's deputy recognized Mike as a Nazi, took his name, and a few days later, Canale was back in custody for arson and several house burglaries.

"I want to put all that shit behind me now," he said. "I don't ever want to go back to prison again. 'Course, they'll probably kill us when they find out what we're doing, anyway, so it won't matter." His girlfriend smiled thinly and put her head on his shoulder. My friend exhaled a cloud of cigar smoke. Mike lit another Camel. I thought I was going to get sick.

"How's it sound to you?" Mike asked.

"Great," I said.

"Can you get me one of those things that starts your car by remote control?" my friend asked.

Mike decided to introduce me to the Ku Klux Klan for starters. My assignment was to photograph the Klan as they demonstrated in Sunland, a small town in the north San Fernando Valley. The Klan wanted pictures in case they were attacked by the Jews or the Commies or the cops. Or all three at once. I dressed in khaki, hoping to develop my stormtrooper image. After all, Mike was a Nazi so I, as his friend, would become a Nazi, too. My black Mercedes sedan would reinforce the Nazi image and counter the always present fear of the Radical Right that a new recruit may be a federal agent. The cops and the Feds usually don't send infiltrators off in 450SELs, although, as I came to learn, no scenario is ever too impossible or too fantastic to be dismissed out of hand by the Radical Right.

My own fanstasies were of legions of white-hooded rednecks carrying crosses and baiting blacks while an outraged police force drove away counter-demonstrators at bayonet-point. Apparently I remembered the 60s too vividly.

When we rendezvoused with the Klan, I was immediately exposed to all the important traits that seem common to every extreme rightist I've since met. They smoke a lot, they're paranoid beyond belief, they're friendly, they're poor, and they hate Jews more than all other racial and ethnic groups combined.

Paranoia reigns as the ultimate and overriding emotion, able at any instant to transform any discussion, any conversation, any attempt at communication into a frustrating exercise in unfounded fear. "The enemy is everywhere," I would hear again and again. "They will do anything to get the goods on us." "Of course, our phones are tapped. The JDL gets our numbers from people inside the phone company." "You know the FBI is watching us all the time." And so it goes, on and on.

Some of the time their fears are justified, but most often, it's just wishful thinking. If their phones are tapped, they must be doing something important. If there are no phone taps, they are being ignored and therefore regarded as impotent by the Jewish-dominated government. To be ignored by phone-tappers would be to suffer ignominy. Every, repeat every, person in a Radical Right organization thinks his phone is tapped.

Wiretapping on the order everyone presumes would take whole squadrons of monitors, banks of tape recorders, millions of dollars, and the patience of Job. The information gained would most often be illegally obtained and, therefore, of questionable legal value. Not only the Radical Right, but also the JDL adamantly believes widespread eavesdropping is routinely used.

The reasons for such widespread belief in government's ability and willingness to snoop on subversives springs from the 60s, when J. Edgar Hoover's COINTELPRO (counter-intelligence program) penetrated Robert Shelton's United Klans of America and Robert DePugh's Minutemen. For years the FBI used extra-legal means to harass and constrict growth in Radical Right organizations and no one has forgotten. Those days may or may not be over, but the fear of infiltration and subversion sits on everyone's mind like an oily sludge.

The second most common trait of the Radical Right is severe nicotine addiction. Almost all the men I met smoke heavily, and most of the preferred brands are unfiltered. Most of the smokers expressed disdain about the possibility of the movement being ravaged by lung cancer. "We'll never live that long." "Hell, that's the least of our concerns. Bullets will get us first." (Coupled with heavy smoking is an almost complete avoidance of liquor and drugs.)

When Mike and I saw Frank Silva and Randy Evans waiting in the middle of a public park, they were swivelling their heads and smoking. Mike and I ignored them and sat down at a bench. Mike lit a Camel. I looked for "the enemy."

"Who am I looking for?" I asked Mike.

"The Jews, you dummy," he said. With his dark moustache, glowering gaze, and huge frame he looked like a bear protecting a honey pot, ready to devour anyone that threatened us. "The Jews and the Commies. The JDL is here. See those guys right there . . . JDL."

He pointed to two strong-looking young men carrying poles. They avoided our stares as they looked at goods being sold at a craft fair. For the next 15 minutes, one of them turned the same leather pocketbook over and over.

"See that car. Those are the Commies. They're John Browners. And that car over there. Also Commies."

In both cases, he proved absolutely correct. I pride myself in being able to detect plainclothes police, but Mike was even better at detecting the Left.

"This is a terrible place for a demonstration. The JDL could come in here and kill us and nobody would see them."

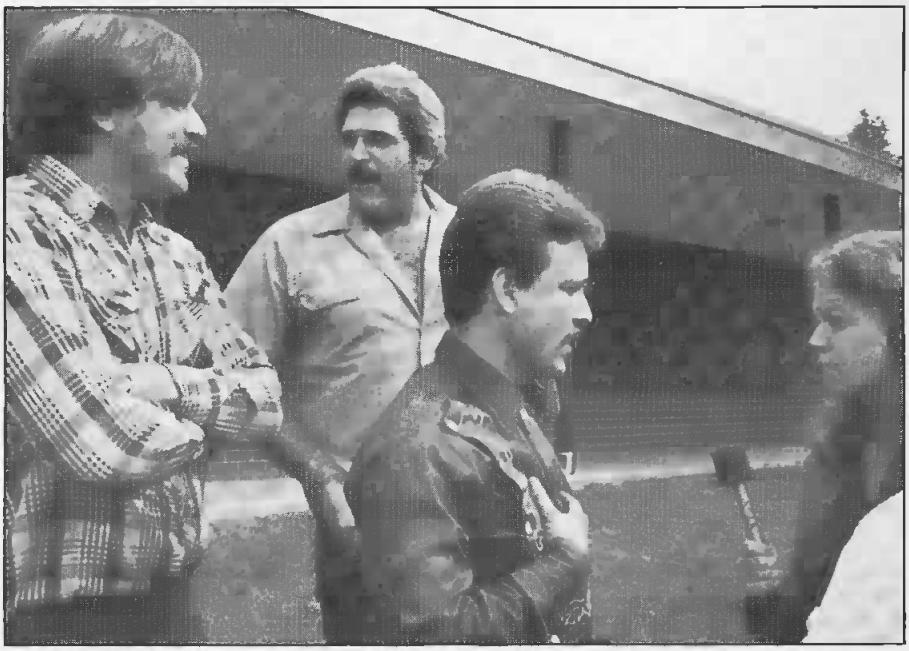
We walked over to what I thought were merely scouts for a whole white-robed Klan brigade. They were, in fact, the whole Klan contingent—five young men, all wearing blue jeans. Not a white robe in sight. One of them, Frank Silva, leads the Klan in Los Angeles, although he's not as well known as Tom Metzger, who ran for Congress in suburban San Diego. (Metzger won the Democratic primary, was disavowed by Democratic leaders, and lost badly in the general election, polling some 35,000 votes.)

Silva, 25, blue-eyed and wavy-haired handsome, greeted us in an even, determined voice. About five-foot-five, he displayed a modest demeanor, neither offensive nor defensive. He was standing his ground and his body language meant, "Just don't fuck with me." The top of his cowboy hat came up to Mike's chin, but they spoke on an equal basis, the bear and the ferret.

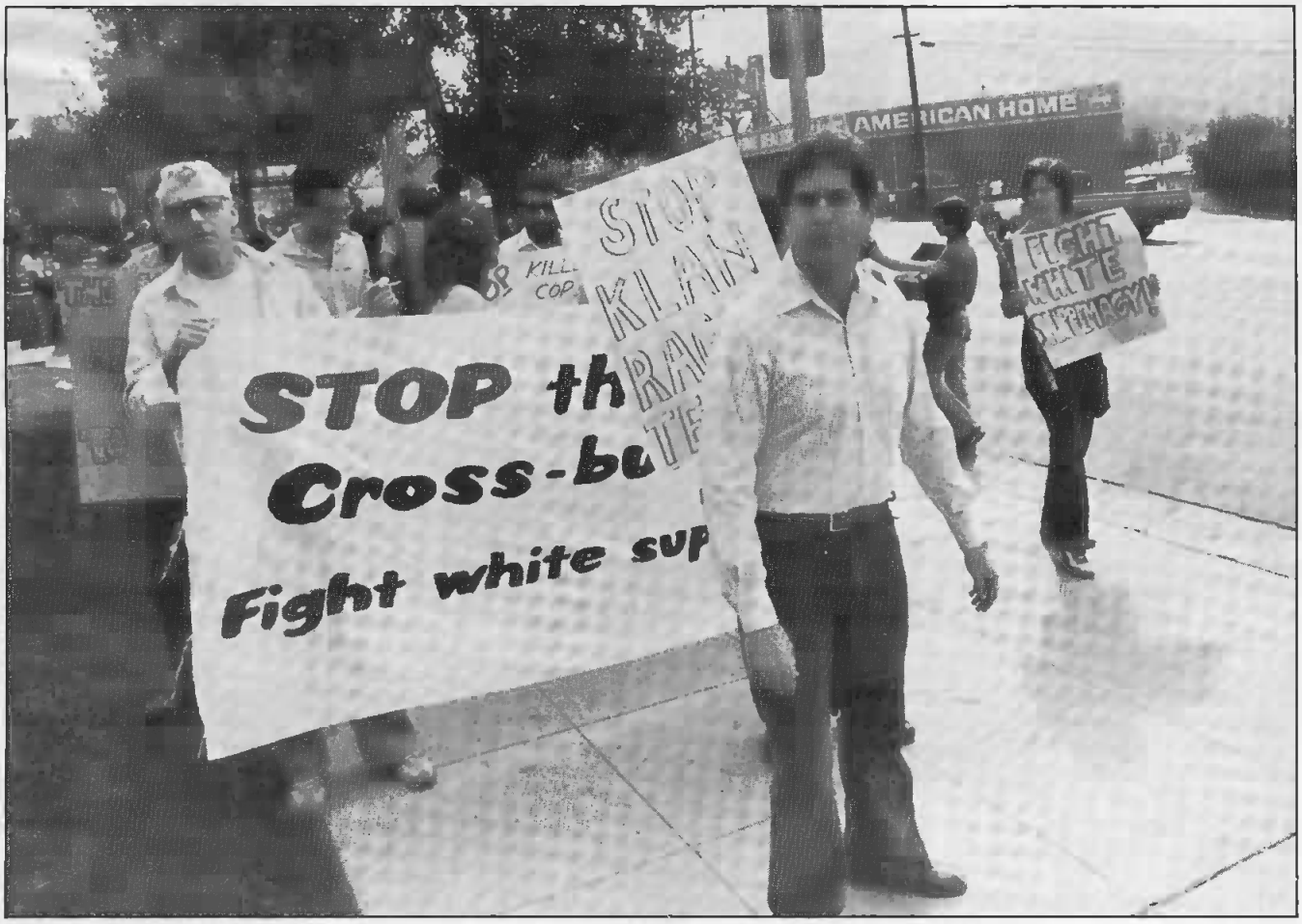
Randy Evans, 28, the other important Klan leader in Southern California, was worrying while Frank was thinking. Randy shuffled around in circles, wondering aloud if the JDL was going to attack us right there.

"This is not the place," Frank said.

Irv Rubin and the JDL at Sunland demonstration



Fritz, Canale and Frank Silva being interviewed by local radio station KPFK



JDL confronts the Klan at Sunland demonstration

"Something's wrong. Let's go up the street." Mike and I followed their pick-up truck into a grocery store parking lot. Just a block away, 30 picketers marched back and forth on the sidewalk in front of a small county office. They carried signs that read "Death to the Klan" and "Kill the KKK." Irv Rubin lead the JDL contingent.

"Death to the Nazis, Death to the Klan!" the JDL troops shouted. Across the street, plainclothes police watched and photographed.

"Death to the Klan! Death to the Klan!"

Then, a new counterpoint chant rose up, "JDL is KKK! JDL is KKK!" That made no sense at first. But, of course, it was the John Y. Brown League—the Communists. Just as the Radical Right believes the Jews and Commies are in bed together, the Radical Left believes the Jews and the Klan are in bed together. The balance of mutations.

Scuffling broke out and the police appeared. It was just like the 60s, but I had to moderate my experience photographing dozens of anti-war demonstrations and play the well-meaning fool. The Klan and Nazis would see the pictures and if they were too professional looking, I'd be suspected of being a journalist. And according to Mike, he, at least, would be killed. I took very mediocre pictures.

After the demonstration, we retired to the house of a Klan member named Fritz, a mechanic who lives a life-style southerners would uncharitably call "po' white trash." Drive down a dirt road, past a rusted-out car hulk, step over the sleeping dog, watch out for the horse shit, swat the flies, say hello to the pregnant, pretty teen-age wife. Faulkner land, Valley style. I had purchased Lowenbrau for the occasion, even though it was brewed a few miles away in another part of the San Fernando Valley, not Germany. Neo-German meets neo-South.

Like good Klan members, we posed behind the Klan flag, with guns, after a couple of beers. None of the barrels were pointed at Mike or me. We were relieved to get out alive.

The owner of a photo lab I picked out of the phonebook said he'd rush the photos for me. When I arrived and found he was black, I offered him a beer and told him the story. "You're the official photo lab of the KKK now," I told him. "Thanks, but try to keep it quiet," he said. Everyone liked the pictures, although Frank said, "You could have gotten a little closer."

Later, Mike warned me, "Don't make those pictures any better. I don't want to get killed." Mike told me to call Irv Rubin and say hello. I was afraid his phone might be tapped.

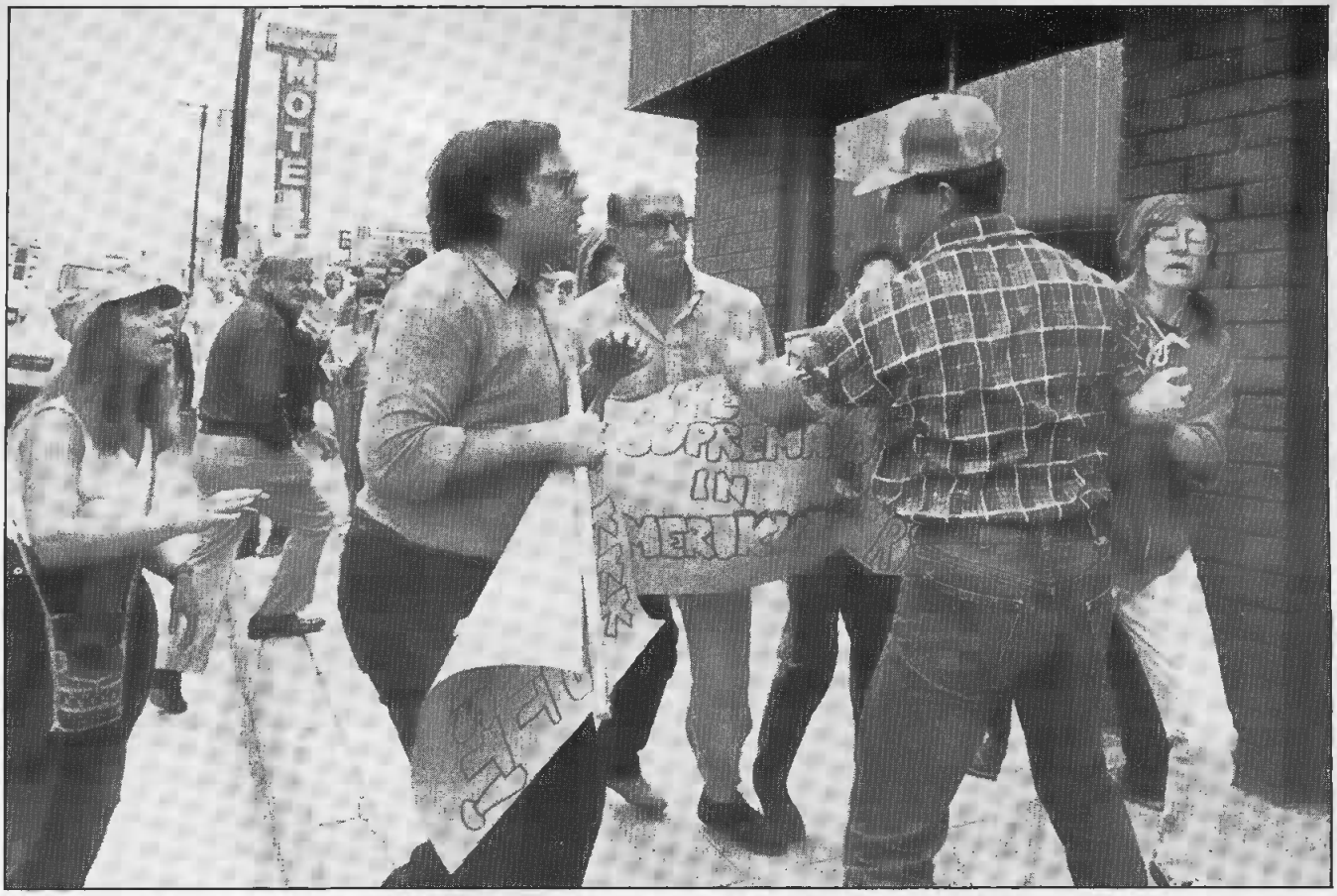
Mike also thought I should meet the boys in the Bund as soon as possible and show them the pictures of the Klan rally. We began our Fourth Reich odyssey at the local Nazi museum, the house of Carter Loven.

The Confederate Stars and Bars fly night and day from the chimney of Carter's one-bedroom, one-story house in a seedy part of Hollywood populated mostly by Chicanos and Orientals. Iron bars protect the windows on all sides and a heavy wrought-iron door insures against surprise visitors.

Mike warned me in front of Carter about the JDL. "The JDL knows about this place and they come by all the time. They'll get your license plate if you park out in front." "Screw them," I said and parked out in front. Carter smiled. Mike and I were developing our teamwork.

Carter let his cat in, then welcomed us warmly. He's a great Nazi: six-feet-plus, square-jawed, wide-shouldered, and clear-eyed. He doesn't smoke or drink and works out regularly. (He does go in for light S & M bondage, however, but so do lots of other middle-class Americans. So I'm told.)

The interior of the house would bring tears to the eyes of (and a salute from) any SS officer. I almost clicked my heels myself when I came through the door and saw Adolf Hitler, right there in Hollywood. A



John Brown League and the JDL face-off

Klan leaders Frank Silva (center) and Randy Evans (right) pose with Canale and others at Fritz's house (left)

Paul, Adolf Hitler and Carter Loven at Loven's house

On the sofa in Loven's living room are Lake, Stan Wittig, and Carter Loven

Paul, Herman der Mannikan and author Lake

portrait of Der Feuhrer himself hangs over Carter's sofa, proudly flanked by two large swastika banners. From the ceiling hangs another large banner. "Hitler's personal standard. I paid $1,500 for it. Beautiful, isn't it?" Carter said.

To a collector of Nazi memorabilia, the whole house is a treasure trove. The German SS (SchutzStaffeln—Protection Squads) occupies a special place in Carter's heart as, it turns out, it does in the hearts of many other neo-Nazis. The SS, after all, represented the elite legions of Germany's finest men. They were physically the strongest, racially the purest, emotionally the toughest, and they wore the best-looking uniforms. The traits we Americans admire most in our soldiers and heroes were found in abundance among the SS.

John Keegan's history of the Waffen SS says, "The SS man's basic attitude must be that of a fighter for fighting's sake; he must be unquestionably obedient and become emotionally hard; he must have contempt for all 'racial inferiors' and for those who do not belong to order; he must feel the strongest bonds of comradeship with those who do belong, particularly his fellow soldiers, and he must think nothing impossible."

Except for the part about "contempt for racial inferiors," that might as well be a description of the U.S. Marine Corps. Of course, you can't just forget about that "racial inferiors" part, because that little catch-phrase always leads to The Big Problem.

For Hitler, The Big Problem came in several sizes: Jews, Marxist-Communists, liberals, Freemasons. He simplified the selection by cutting them from one basic pattern. "The Jew is opposed to us in his essence . . . he is the abcess on the body of the sick folkhood . . . He has the same function that the poison bacillus has in the human organism: either to help mobilize the resistance of the healthy powers or to help a living being who is destined to die more quickly and silently."

To his Big Problem, of course, Hitler offered The Big Solution. Surrounded by swastikas, SS uniforms, models of Luftwaffe aircraft, Nazi badges, Nazi books, and, most importantly, Nazis, you get to thinking about that Big Solution—the "ultimate solution" to Germany's troubles. Or if you want to remain calm in a shrine to a nation that went off the deep end, you forget about that "ultimate solution" and talk about the tanks and airplanes. You replace thoughts of horrors with talk of hardware, just like a professional soldier.

Nazi-leader Stan Wittig joined us in Carter's living room just as we began watching a tape of Wittig's appearance on a local talk show. "There never was any murder of six million jews," Wittig said. "That's a Jewish lie. Do you know how many Americans died in World War II? You never hear

At the Chino Air Museum, Canale (right) poses in front of the ME-109

Conversion of a Nazi

Of his 36 years, Mike Canale has spent 16 locked in jail. All his troubles came from crimes committed under the thrall of drugs or alcohol. His was the classic story of juvenile problems compounding into a lifestyle of crime. At 13 he was arrested for delinquency—a result perhaps of being unable to get along with his criminal father. At 21 he went to prison for nearly two years for being caught with three joints—it was 1966 when he was busted and marijuana was next door to heroin in the eyes of society.

In 1970 Mike passed through the door to heroin abuse. As a sideline, he also began using massive amounts of barbituates, marijuana, and alcohol. Like the stereotypical criminal, he supported his drug habits with heavy burglaries. In 1972 the law grabbed him again and sent him first to Chino, then Soledad State Prison.

Released in August of 1976, Mike lasted only 68 days on the street before he was caught burglarizing a house in San Dimas. Back in Soledad, he saw a televised demonstration of Jewish Defense League members protesting the Academy Awards show where Vanessa Redgrave won an Oscar for *Julia.* Redgrave took the opportunity to condemn the JDL and its local leader, Irv Rubin, thereby further inflaming passions. During a melee which erupted outside the ceremony, an unidentified JDL picketer struck a counterprotesting National Socialist White Peoples' Party member—a Nazi—with a pipe, knocking the Nazi unconscious and nearly killing him.

When the victim, Dick Rogers, was in the hospital recuperating from life-saving brain surgery, Mike sent a get-well card expressing concern and regret for the incident and volunteering his support for Rogers' Nazi group. Mike regarded the Nazis as valuable counterparts in "the world" to the white gangs he encountered in prison. Rogers introduced Mike to Stan Wittig, the most vocal and visible Nazi in Los Angeles, and probably the entire West Coast.

A Soledad Prison gang offered some solution for a lonely man who felt put upon by the world. The Aryan Brotherhood, a particularly feared and violent prison gang, looks after the interests of some white inmates. Formed in response to black and brown prison gangs, the A.B.s influence can be felt far beyond the many prison walls that house its thousands of followers. As Mike's parole agent warned us, "If you betray the A.B., they won't just kill you. They'll break your knees and torture you so you die slowly for a day and a half." Few law enforcement officers dispute that claim.

In January of 1980, out of prison for 13 months, Mike met Stan Wittig, a baby-faced bank robber also known by the name of John Hart. Then 47, Wittig claimed to have spent 20 years in hard-time places like Leavenworth, Joliet, Folsom, and Vacaville.

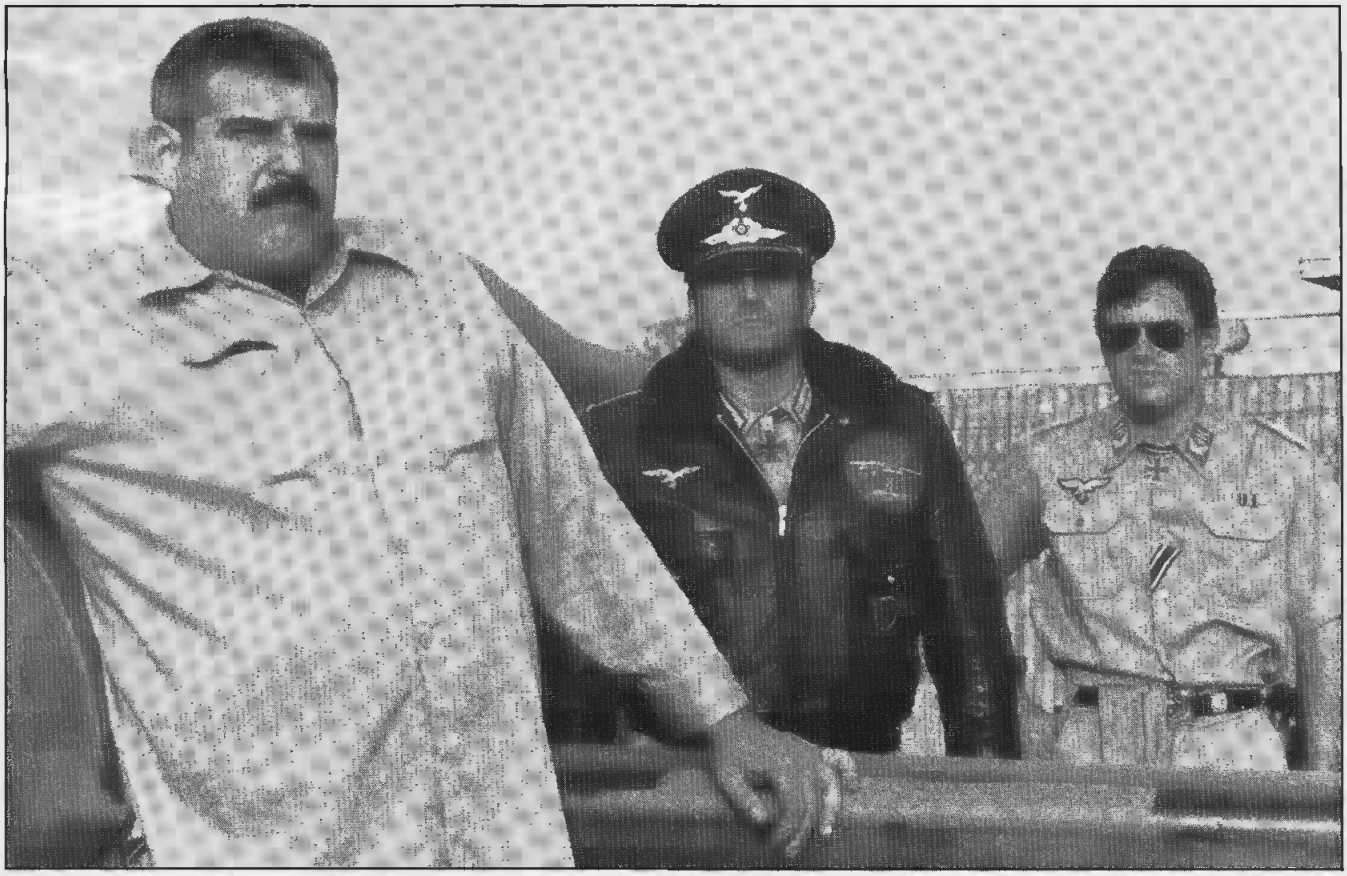
Compared to the present times, those were salad days for the Nazis. Nightly news showed the U.S. being humiliated by Iran, recession had firmly gripped the country, boat people and illegal immigrants were racing over the borders, and a wave of flag-waving jingoism was sweeping Ronald Reagan into the White House.

Mike claims it was Wittig who incited him to burn the synagogue in Temple City, but he was so inebriated and so high on pills that night, any one of a dozen things could have set him off.

Back in prison, Mike renewed his dedication to Naziism and began a correspondence with Aryan Nations, a white-supremist church in Idaho, as well as other Radical Right groups all over the world. But his own group of Nazis did little for him other than send letters. They didn't stick up for his mother, who got many threatening calls from the JDL, and they never helped Mike legally or financially.

The last straw came when Stan Wittig and Dick Rogers picked Mike up after he was released from Chino in August, 1983. Wittig charged him for gasoline. An interview published in the June 1981 *Hustler* had pitted Mike Canale, Nazi, against Irv Rubin, Jewish Defense League leader. Mike liked what Irv had said, he had met some friendly Jews in prison, and he wanted to make amends for his life.

He called Irv Rubin as soon as he got home and arranged a meeting. They've been friends ever since. ■



Carter (center) in authentic Luftwaffe fighter jacket with Dave Macis in Wehrmacht summer uniform

Loven poses beside V-1 ramjet cowling

that figure do you?"

The host was incredulous about Wittig denying the holocaust, but Wittig wouldn't budge. Just like that. It never happened.

I remembered Mike's first, soothing words, "They'll kill us if they know what we're doing." I sat down under Hitler's picture and smiled like I believed The Big Lie about The Big Solution to The Big Problem. "Of course," I said. "The Jews made up the whole thing."

"You got it, the Jewish bacillus (that word of Hitler's again) created the whole myth. It never happened."

Carter liked the photos enough that we all arranged to take some pictures of him and some friends at the Chino Air Museum, a few miles from Mike's prison alma mater. Carter, Dave Macis, "Paul", "Terry", a young man whose name I didn't know, Mike, and I took turns posing in front of a Messerschmidt ME-109 and an ME-262.

Back at Carter's I took more photos of us in uniform. I posed in a particularly attractive SS uniform. One of the young men I didn't know stood close by me.

Harold Covington, a well-known Nazi in North Carolina, writes in one of his books, "Right now this movement is plagued with little self-appointed SS groups who spend huge bucks in assembling SS paraphernalia and putting it on for secret photographic sessions that almost smack of queers coming out of the closet—indeed, in some cases, that's what it is . . . this movement has a tendency to attract faggots because of the leather-macho image that the System Jew media imparts to the SS uniform. I cannot count the times that people have sent me pictures of themselves dressed up in SS regalia."

He also admits, "I confess to a weakness for a good-looking uniform myself."

After leaving the session, Mike told me, "We've got to get up to Hayden Lake. That's where Pastor Butler and the real Nazis are. Those guys back there are a bunch of fruits. Wittig didn't want you to have your picture taken with that faggot because Stan thinks you might be a candidate for Congress or something on the Nazi ticket some day and he doesn't want that to come back and haunt you."

So I did look good in uniform.

Mike interrupted my delight at being a dashing SS officer. "And when we go up there to Idaho don't take so many fucking pictures or they'll smell you out and kill us both."

I made our reservations the next day. I bought several rolls of film, several boxes of bullets, and a black leather SS belt that had a swastika and "Gott Mit Uns" inscription on the buckle. I wanted to fit right in with God, Nazis, and the uniform-lovers. ■ *(To be continued)*

Peter Lake belongs to the ACLU, and the National Rifle Association. He is an authority on Teutonic mythology and Richard Wagner's Ring of the Niebelungen.

Loven and Lake with V-1 warhead

Author Lake with Herman der Mannikan

Peter Lake's Alias

Getting a new identity is not much of a problem, but it takes time. The old "dead baby" routine—taking the identity of a dead child—has been used by criminals and radicals for years and still works in some states. The second most-favored method in California involves the wholesale photographic reproduction of drivers' licenses. With a license, one can do anything. Without one, a post office box cannot be rented, a bank account cannot be opened, a check cannot be cashed.

I had no time to find a "dead baby"—preferably from out-of-state—and adopt his identity, so I had to do as well as I could on my own. Because my license plate bears my initials, I also had to find a name that shared the same letters. "Peter A. Lawrence" became easy enough to remember, Aryan-sounding, and vaguely redolent of Peter O'Toole's famous role as Lawrence of Arabia, whose work could be considered to have been anti-Israeli. But without a driver's license bearing that name, I had to take the next best course of action: depend on the abhorrence the Radical Right has for government's conventions and rely on the best I.D. God could give me—a Bible with my alias on it.

My own well-worn Bible bore my own name on the inscription page, so I found a "Christian bookstore," bought a Modern English Bible (pocket size) and had my alias stamped tastefully on the cover. Because it looked and smelled new, I baked it in a microwave oven, dulled the gloss with shoe polish, bent back the pages, and lightly sanded the sides of the leather covers. Inside I wrote an inscription. (Although the King James is the official Bible of the Radical Right, I like the modern translation better. For an atheist like myself who has studied the scriptures extensively, it's an easier read.)

To provide some sort of identification, I pursuaded the phone company to give me a new phone under my alias. Equipped with call-forwarding, I could switch it to my regular number and not have to worry about who I was when I answered. A private post-box rental address became my alias' address. Although post office boxes are the rule rather than the exception in the Radical Right, a private box address avoids the "look" of having a P.O. Box number.

Thus armed with name, number, and address, I needed an occupation; the import business seemed to offer a mysterious, safe harbor. My local print shop made up cards for me in a day, stationery in three days. I became "Lawrence Imports," purveyors of rare marine items for a nautical-conscious world. I decided that I knew more about shells, fish, and brass than anyone I was likely to meet, although that belief almost proved disastrous. Carter Loven works as a diver and, I am certain, has seen me in a film called "Blue Water, White Death," an account of a shark-hunting saga I participated in. Apparently he was watching the sharks and never remembered me.

I once appeared on *To Tell the Truth*—as "the real Peter Lake," parachutist and jungle explorer. For the better part of a day I was coached on lying techniques and truth-telling techniques. The most important and difficult part of lying involves keeping the story straight and believable. The less lying, the better. At first, changing one's identity is nerve-wracking and exhausting. Every word, every statement must be filtered through the lie. That need to listen to oneself explains why a lying person cannot be spontaneous if questions are asked quickly and unexpectedly. Of all the people who were not meant to know my identity, I believe I fooled Nazi leader Stan Wittig the least. After he made a probing interrogation of me one day, I went back to my planning board and better prepared myself.

When the people whom I spent time with as Peter Lawrence read this, I expect all of them to say, "I knew he was a phony," because they have suspicions about everyone in their movement. Every person at one time or another falls under suspicion. Then too, I think many of them suspended disbelief because they truly thought that I shared their value system. We did, after all, get along well and they were, more than most people one might run into, generous, polite, and kind.

Irony trails one's every footstep in a job like this. If I qualified their kindness by saying, "Hitler loved children, too," then the Radical Right would probably take that as a true, even complimentary statement. Not only do Nazis place no stigma in being associated with Hitler, they take such comparisons as high compliments. Although I never could bring myself to compliment Der Feuhrer, once, only once, I thought I might criticize him and see what happened.

"Hitler might have won the war if he hadn't tried to fight on two fronts," I told Gino, a young Aryan Nationalist. "If he hadn't tried to override brilliant generals like Guderian, he probably would have done better." (General Heinz Guderian was an acknowledged master of tank warfare who, like Rommel, was ordered by Hitler to change his tactics.) That was as far as I dared go. In return for my impertinence, I received a 15-minute lecture about military history from a revisionist not yet old enough to buy beer. I stopped criticizing Hitler. After all, he liked children. If they were white Christians. ■

"It really is an ugly mess, more than anyone will ever know."
—Vicki Morgan, Aug. 13, 1982

Who Killed Vicki Morgan?

By William Turner

(PART II)
The Girl Who Knew Too Much

The bottom line on Vicki Morgan is that she was a girl who knew too much, and that simple fact provides the most powerful motive of all for her murder. Almost from the moment she met Alfred Bloomingdale at the Old World Restaurant in Los Angeles in 1970, she became privy to secrets of state and society that were never even hinted at in the gossip columns. After 12 years at his side she was a walking national archives, but no executive order could lock away her secrets for 75 years. Only "executive action," as the CIA quaintly alludes to assassination.

A *Rebel* investigation by Donald Freed, Lake Headley and William Turner

As her fitful relationship with Bloomingdale illustrates, Vicki was irresistibly attracted to dominant men. Her mother recalls that the trait was evident from her earliest days. "She would be crying when she was 6-months-old and when a male picked her up, she'd stop crying. She sensed it somehow," Mrs. Laney recalls. Victoria Lynn Morgan was born Aug. 9, 1952 in Colorado Springs, Colorado, the daughter of Air Force recruiter Delbert Morgan and his English-born wife Constance. While Vicki was still an infant Delbert deserted the family, leaving Constance penniless and embittered. Four years later Constance married Ralph Laney, a tool and die maker, but several years later he keeled over and died one day after his life insurance policy had lapsed. Constance was left stranded in Montclair, a small community east of Los Angeles. She went to work to feed the family of five.

Vicki attended Montclair High, an average student high on modeling and music. Tall and slender, she was alluring enough to be chosen to model at the local shopping center. She went steady with the most handsome boy in the class, and the future looked bright. For Vicki the future was acting. Established actress Ann Gee Byrd, who came to know Vicki well after she arrived on the Hollywood scene, believes her career might have blossomed had not Bloomingdale monopolized her time. "Vicki had warmth, wit, talent, and real insight," Byrd says. "She might have been a kind of sensitive and intelligent Marilyn Monroe."

Once she became Alfred's mistress, however, her life began to read like a pulp novel. Around 1974, when she was turned off by Bloomingdale's S-M sexual preferences and consorting with Bernie Cornfeld, Vicki began spreading her own wings. According to a now-retired federal undercover agent interviewed by *The Rebel*, she took on modeling assignments for the top-drawer Ford agency. The ex-federal agent, who used the prosaic code name Charlie Brown (a loose takeoff on his real name), says that Vicki and another striking model who is now Christine DeLorean were flown to farflung assignments in a Cornfeld private jet piloted by William Hetrick. He is, Brown says, the same William Hetrick who in 1982 was charged along with John DeLorean in the FBI narcotics sting. Hetrick's airborne smuggling operations were the original target of the Bureau's investigation. Hetrick has pleaded guilty and is cooperating with the government.

Brown provides another glimpse at Vicki's shadow life at this stage. He asserts that he met her at the now-defunct Rotunda Restaurant on Washington's Capitol Hill, an elegant watering hole for an eclectic clientele of congressmen, government officials, call girls, and mob types. One of Brown's assignments was to hang around the Rotunda, which his superiors considered a big-bird intelligence nest. Brown asserts that Vicki, whom he found to be warm and friendly, was part of a sexpionage ring operating out of the restaurant.

The establishment was presided over by an Iranian charmer of a maitre d' named Alexei Goodarzi. The important thing to know about Goodarzi is that he was a high-class pimp whose trick book contained names that would have made Wilbur Mills look like a village alderman, and was a dual agent of the Shah's secret police SAVARK and the CIA. Brown recounts that one day when he was in the Woodward & Lothrop department store in Washington he bumped into Vicki just as she was planting a goodbye kiss on Goodarzi's cheek. Vicki introduced a second, distinguished-looking man as "my father," but Brown subsequently learned that he was Alfred

Bloomingdale (Bloomingdale often introduced Vicki as "my daughter"). Some three years later Goodarzi was shot three times in the back of the head as he sat in his Porsche. Police found the trick book and other potential blackmail materials in his luxurious apartment, but were never able to crack the case.

The Goodarzi connection demonstrates that Vicki was getting in deep with high-stakes people whose death might be only a phone call away. Her position was not unlike that of Judith Exner Campbell, a one-time Hollywood party girl who carried on secret amours with a President at the same time she was dating mobsters. The President was of course John Kennedy ("Our first sexually viable President," Mort Sahl exulted) and the bad guys were Mafia chieftan Sam Giancana and his lieutenant Johnnie Roselli, who at the time were moonlighting with the CIA on a project to snuff Fidel Castro. Campbell had been introduced to JFK in 1960 by Frank Sinatra, a charter member of the famed Kennedy "Rat Pack." What closes the circle on this social set is the fact that Alfred Bloomingdale had been a theatrical agent for Sinatra during the crooner's salad days, and a close associate of Roselli since the late 1940s. And what portended evil for Vicki was the fact that three of its principals died violent non-accidental deaths. Kennedy was gunned down at Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963. Giancana was shot point-blank in the head in 1975 shortly before his scheduled testimony before the Senate Intelligence Committee probing the Mafia-CIA joint venture against Castro. Roselli's body was found stuffed into an oil drum floating in Dumbfoundling Bay near Miami in 1976 shortly after he did testify before a House panel investigating the JFK assassination. Only Exner and Sinatra, who directed Ronald Reagan's Inaugural Gala in 1981, remain alive.

With the installation of the Reagan Administration, Vicki's exposure to pillow-talk fallout reached a level that was hazardous to her health. After serving on Reagan's behind-the-scenes transition team, Bloomingdale was given a post on the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, which oversees covert operations and other highly classified business. What he might have told her about the nation's spook activities has not been recorded, but he did not seem to have been too inhibited in talking about the inner secrets of the White House. "Alfred continuously confided in me by telling me his private opinions about influential and important people with whom he was intimately involved, such as Ronald and Nancy Reagan," Vicki related, "and he told me about his involvement in secret and delicate matters such as campaign contributions for Mr. Reagan."

When he realized he might not have long to live, Bloomingdale took steps to provide Vicki with both financial and physi-

S. JURCAN

Bloomingdale paid Vicki $10,000 a month while she was ensconced at 1611 Tower Grove Drive

This is a copy of Bloomingdale's letter agreeing to pay Vicki $10,000 per month.

ALFRED BLOOMINGDALE

1888 CENTURY PARK EAST, SUITE 1018
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90067

February 12, 1982

Miss Vicki Morgan
1611 Tower Grove
Beverly Hills, Ca. 90210

Dear Vicki:

I agree to pay you $10,000 a month for two years beginning March 1, 1982. This money will be paid to you by the 28th of each month from the proceeds of my profit from Marina Bay, etc.

Bill McComas has been authorized to do this.

Regards,

Alfred Bloomingdale

cc: William McComas
David Rousso
Barry Rubin

WITNESS

WITNESS

Exhibit B

cal security. He knew that the assets of his estate, including the Bloomingdale's department store property, would be inseparably tied up in the Bloomingdale Family Trust, an ***inter vivos*** arrangement from which she would be perforce excluded. So, on Feb. 12, 1982, he drafted a letter to Vicki at 1611 Tower Grove Drive in Beverly Hills, a posh home where she was then ensconsed, agreeing to pay her $10,000 a month for two years. "This money will be paid to you by the 28th of each month from the proceeds of my profit from Marina Bay, etc.," he declared, referring to the Marina Bay Hotel in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. On the same date he addressed another letter to William McComas, the general partner of the Marina Bay Hotel, instructing him that Vicki was to receive one half of his interest in Show Biz Pizza. "Her name should be included in all contracts so that this cannot be taken away from her, in the event of my incapacitation or absence," he stated.

For life insurance Bloomingdale supplied Vicki with the sex tapes, probably never realizing they could cut two ways. In the end Vicki was a double loser. In September 1982, shortly after Bloomingdale's death, Judge Christian E. Markey tossed out the bulk of her palimony suit by ruling that her relationship with Alfred was "no more than that of a wealthy, older, married paramour and young, well-paid mistress." With this pronouncement, the judge reduced Vicki to no more than a prostitute who had been paid by the trick.

And on the early morning of July 7, 1983 someone cancelled her life insurance policy.

The Case of the Spotless Baseball Bat

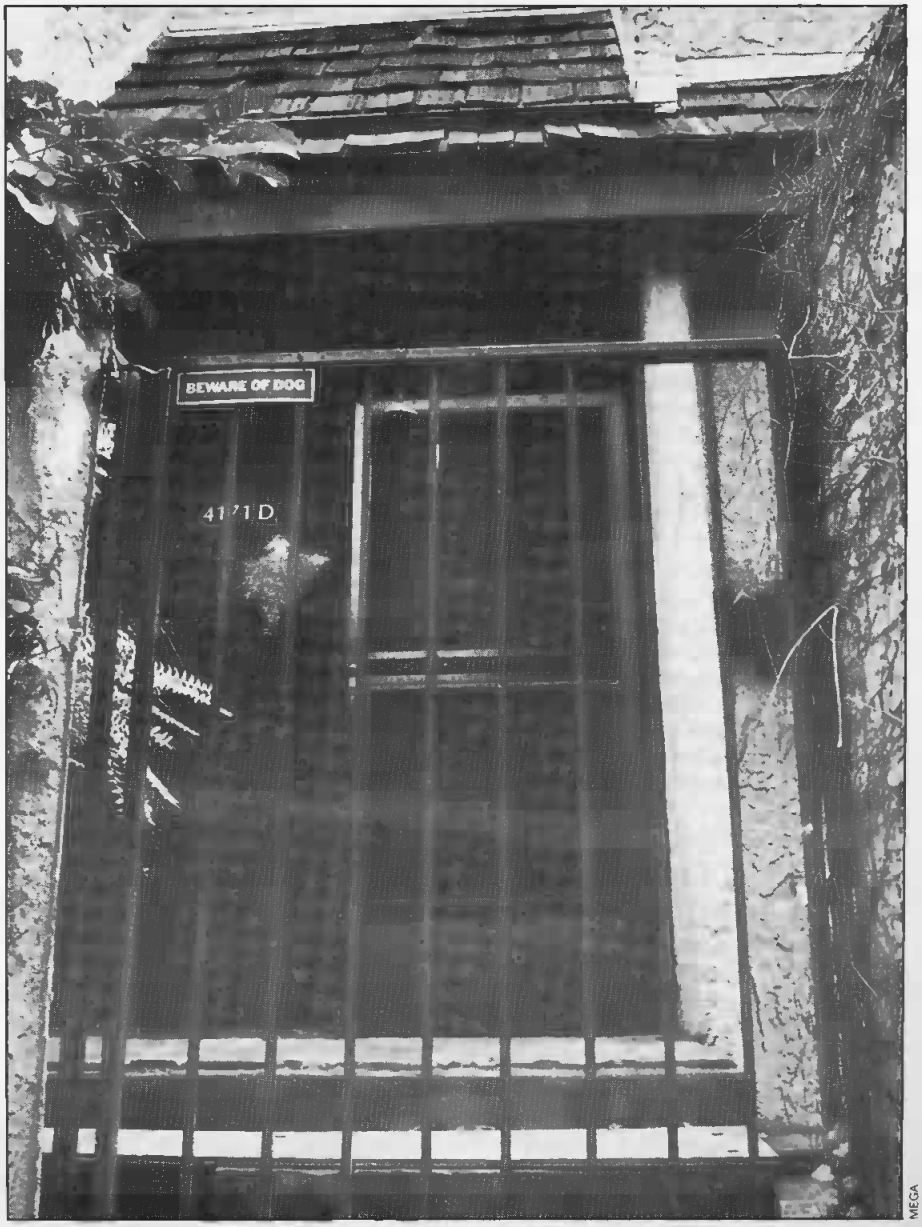
Los Angeles police officer Kenneth Henckle heard the dog barking inside, just as he had been warned when he left the North Hollywood station a few minutes earlier. Henckle was responding to a report of a homicide at 4171 Colfax #D in Studio City, not far from the huge Paramount and Universal movie lots. The door to the condo was unlocked, just as he had been told. The living room was a litter of packing boxes. Henckle went upstairs to the master bedroom. A woman in a blood-stained yellow shirt was lying askew on the bed, face down. Her right arm was tangled in the bedsheets. A light-colored wooden baseball bat was resting on her body. A Doberman pinscher was lying next to the bed.

Henckle placed the bat against the wall and felt the young woman's wrist. "Did you feel a pulse?" he was later asked in court. "No, I didn't," he replied.

The citizen who reported the homicide was Vicki's gay roommate, Marvin Pancoast. At 3:20 that early morning the tall blondish man had walked into the North Hollywood station and announced to desk officer Keith Wong, "I want to talk to someone in homicide." Wong asked if he

S. JURCAN

"I just killed someone at 4171 Colfax apartment D in the rear: she's upstairs on the bed"



MEGA

was a witness. "No, I just killed someone. She's at 4171 Colfax, apartment D in the rear. I killed her with a baseball bat. She's upstairs in the bedroom on the bed. I left the door open. Look out for the Doberman." Wong handcuffed Pancoast to a bench and dispatched Henckle to the scene. Henckle arrived at approximately 3:30 a.m. and within minutes radioed the station that an apparent homicide victim had been found. The chief of the station's homicide detail, William Welch, was summoned. When he arrived at the station around 4:00 a.m. Pancoast yelled at him, "I did it. I did it. I killed Vicki. I hit her with a baseball bat."

In a hurry to get to the crime scene, Welch left interrogation of the suspect to Det. Jay Rush. In his 18 years on the LAPD, Welch had investigated hundreds of homicides. When he entered the master bedroom, boxes and cartons were strewn around and zipper bags and drawers open as if the place had been ransacked. On a nightstand was a "quantity of drugs and pill cases," as he later testified, but he left them there. He also observed videotape equipment and possibly 20 videotape cassettes in a cabinet against the wall. He looked at a couple of the cassettes—one was labeled "Excalibur" and another "Lily Tomlin at the Greek"—but he did not inspect the rest of them. "And did you play any of those tapes?" he was asked by Pancoast's attorney at the preliminary hearing. "No, I did not," he responded. "And what happened to those tapes?" the attorney inquired. "Again, they were left in the residence," Welch answered.

Welch did take the baseball bat: he initialed it "WW" and stuck it in a plastic garbage bag he found on the premises. But when asked, "Officer, did you either personally or did you request anyone to check for fingerprints in any part of the condominium on any surfaces?" he said "No, I did not."

Dr. Robert Bucklin, the coroner's pathologist called to the scene, noted that Vicki was clad in bikini panties and the yellow shirt, that multiple blows had been struck on the right side and back of her head, that there were bruises and fractures on both hands that were not inconsistent with her attempting to ward off the blows, that she had a bruise below the right eye that might have been previously inflicted, that toxicology tests showed she had a blood alcohol content of .05 percent (well below what is considered an intoxication level), and that there was hair on the baseball bat. He stated that Vicki's body temperature indicated she had died no earlier than 2:00 a.m.

Pancoast was booked into the county jail on suspicion of murder and, for the first day, was kept strapped to his bed to prevent a suicide attempt. The next day he dug himself in deeper with a "confession" to reporter Andy Furillo of the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*. "I remember I had a baseball bat in my car," he said. "I went outside and got it, then I went upstairs and turned the water on in the bathroom—noise factor, I guess. Then I started hitting her. She raised up in the bed when I hit her the first time. It scared me, but I just kept hitting her again and again and again. I don't know how many times."

MEGA

"Anyone connected with Vicki Morgan doesn't want any further investigation"

Pancoast gave Furillo an almost whimsical explanation of why he viciously bludgeoned the girl with whom he had been friends for three years: "The way she talked to her mother when she was over . . . Her mother came over and packed all her things, and she just sat there like the Queen of Sheba . . . She needled me and she wouldn't quit . . . And she was going on and on. And when I started hitting her, I couldn't stop . . . I was drained, tired."

Vicki's mother, Mrs. Constance Laney, had in fact been over that day assisting in the packing—Vicki and Marvin had to move out by the next day—and he may have thought that Vicki, who had been depressed over her financial squeeze and the failure to sell *Alfred's Mistress*, was not doing enough to help in the packing. But that was not much of a motive for murder. And he hardly had killed Vicki impulsively because she was needling him, since she was upstairs in bed.

There were others with far more compelling reasons to see Vicki dead. When Bill Welch picked up the tape cassettes for a cursory look he may well have held the real motive in his hands.

The Unanswered Questions

Usually the police case against a suspect is at its best the day he is charged, and weakens from then on. *People vs. Pancoast* is no exception. The first blow to Bill Welch's open-and-shut case came

when the crime lab reported it could find no fingerprints, not even fragmentary ones, on the baseball bat. A police spokesman explained that "fingerprints are difficult to lift from that type of surface," but in fact ball bats have surfaces smooth enough that some players use pine tar to get a better grip. The lab had used three different techniques, one, the advanced Super Glue test that picks up prints on surfaces much more porous than wood.

The lack of prints not only robbed the police of any chance to put the bat in Pancoast's hands by physical evidence, it raised the possibility that whoever did wield it wore gloves or wiped off their prints. Certainly Pancoast would have done neither, since he voluntarily turned himself in and couldn't wait to confess. Nor would Pancoast have any reason to ransack the bedroom, since he had legitimate access to it. There is also the matter of the running water in the bathroom he mentioned to Furillo. Neither Welch nor Henckle reported the water was running when they arrived, although Welch at least was in the bathroom because he found a bathrobe sash in there.

Another question stems from the death certificate, which shows that the death was reported at 4:08 a.m. by an informant (the standard word on death certificates) named Sally Talbert. There is no indication that Talbert, one of Vicki's oldest and closest friends, was at the condo that night. Talbert had supplied a declaration in Vicki's palimony suit stating she was present at the La Costa resort when Bloomingdale promised Vicki her hefty allowance, and again in Los Angeles when he said he would put down $150,000 on the purchase of the home of her choice as well as take care of the monthly payments. (Bloomingdale limited her choice to relatively crime-free areas, and in fact bought her the Doberman because he was concerned for her safety.) Talbert could undoubtedly shed considerable light on events surrounding the case, but she is incommunicado. As one insider put it, citing the pall of fear hanging over the case because it reaches into such powerful circles, "Anyone connected with Vicki Morgan doesn't want any further investigation."

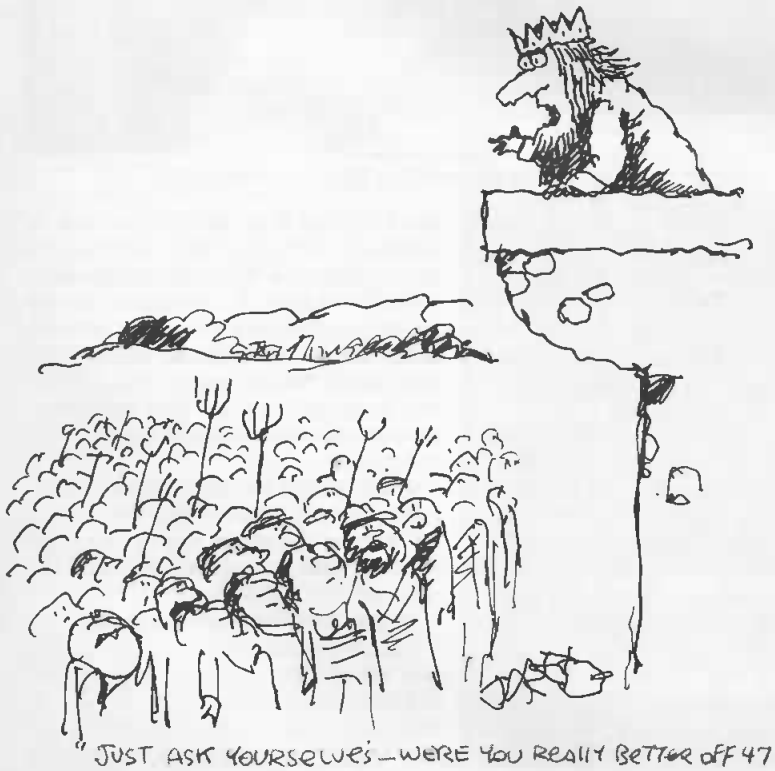
A second blow to the police case was delivered when Pancoast recanted his confession and retained Arthur Barens and Charles (Ted) Matthews to defend him. The two are the odd couple of the Los Angeles legal corps. Barens is a spiffy dresser, glib, foxy, and quick on the verbal draw, with a well-heeled clientele. In contrast Matthews is a kind of good old boy, a genial ex-assistant DA who sports calluses and a bit of a paunch.

Barens was brought into the case by Pancoast's mother, Christine Pancoast, a well-to-do real estate broker for whom he has lawyered for years. Barens says bluntly: "Pancoast is an innocent man." As for the confession, Barens scoffs that "if Marvin told me it was raining outside, I'd check for myself." He put it more legally at the preliminary hearing when he challenged "whether or not his statement even against himself can be reliably made based on information that we have as to Mr. Pancoast's credibility and ability to discern objective truth." Barens was referring to Pancoast's troubled mental history. He had been in and out of psychiatric care for years. In the mid-1970s he threatened to jump off the roof of the Hyatt Hotel on the Sunset Strip but was coaxed out of it by police. His mother periodically gave him sizeable chunks of money, but he invariably blew it on a new Mercedes or other expensive whims. According to Barens, "Pancoast was seeing a psychiatrist four to five times a week at St. John's Hospital, and he may have been on different prescription drugs that may have contra-indicated each other." Ironically, on the day prior to the murder, the psychiatrist decided it was all right for his patient to resume a normal life.

What clearly emerges from the psychiatric profile is a man who was a menace only to himself. As Ann Louise Bardach reported in the *L.A. Weekly*, "Pancoast is known to have been involved in the masochistic side of several S & M relationships," a testament to his passivity. Bardach quotes one of Pancoast's friends as saying, "There is no question he was very high-strung and troubled . . . but I wouldn't say he was any crazier than a lot of other people walking around." The friend was profoundly shocked when Pancoast was accused of the murder: "I couldn't imagine Pancoast doing anything to hurt anyone but himself. He was harmless."

Undoubtedly the defense will paint Pancoast as a person who is incapable of murder but entirely capable of confessing to one. This trait is so prevalent among the mentally disturbed that Dr. Paul Reich wrote a landmark book about it titled *The Compulsion to Confess.* In fact, Barens claims that his client "confessed" to friends that he was involved in the Manson Family murders years ago. The courtroom scenario then, would go something like this: Strung out on prescription psychiatric drugs, Pancoast awoke in the middle of the night, saw Vicki's battered body on the bed, thought he had done it, and rushed to the nearest police station to turn himself in. It would do no injury to this theory to point out that the baseball bat was suggestively positioned on top of Vicki's body rather than tossed aside in a panic.

With the psychiatric testimony, Barens undoubtedly hopes to convince a jury that even if they believe Pancoast committed the crime, he was in such a deranged mental state that he was legally unaccountable for his act. But this has been increasingly difficult to do in California, with the glaring exception of the Dan White case. Barens' most promising line of defense is that his client did not do it. The print-free bat helps, and so do a number of discrepancies in his confession to the police. He gave them the wrong place where he left the bat after the murder. And although Pancoast said he drove his blue Oldsmobile to the police station, Welch found it parked in the condo's garage. In his view, that established Pancoast's presence at the condo, which he was struggling to do because he had no fingerprints. But it left unanswered how Pancoast got to the sta-



Six days before the murder, Vicki confided to her maid that she had "a very bad fight with Gordon the night before"

tion, which is a number of miles away.

To be persuasive, however, Barens must present to the jury plausible alternatives. In his favor is the flimsy explanation Pancoast gave for doing in Vicki, as opposed to the powerful motives certain others would have. The sex tapes, if they did turn up, would graphically demonstrate why Vicki had to be killed and Pancoast set up as the killer. Vicki had shown the tapes to Pancoast, and explained to her politically-innocent roommate that those were "Reagan's friends" he was watching. How far the knowledge of Vicki's possession of the tapes had spread is anybody's guess, but Barens is trying to find out. He has issued subpoenas to the CIA, FBI, Secret Service and LAPD for any and all video tapes and surveillance material having to do with Vicki Morgan, Alfred Bloomingdale, "and Presidential Advisor Edwin Meese or any other government official." In justification the subpoena states: "These documents are necessary to help prove that Marvin Pancoast is innocent and that others had a motive to want to kill Vicki Morgan. This in turn will enable us to investigate those others with a motive."

Along with Meese, who reportedly stars in one of the films with Morgan and Bloomingdale, the subpoenas named one Gordon Basichis as someone on whom information was sought. Vicki had met him when she was searching for a writing collaborator on *Alfred's Mistress*; they were introduced by a Hollywood producer with whom she had a romantic interlude. Basichis had some credentials as a free-lance TV writer. Her attorney, Michael Dave, drew up a contract between them that was to terminate Aug. 1, 1983 (three weeks after she was murdered) unless she decided to renew it.

One of Vicki's friends has described Basichis as "slim, halfway good-looking," and an attorney he approached about the book said he wore "patent leather shoes, slacks, a silky or satin-looking shirt that was unbuttoned, wearing a gold necklace . . . that sort of Hollywood slick look." Basichis wanted to sell the attorney "a piece of his action" on the book for $50,000 because the contract called for him to make payments to Vicki and he was running short of money. When the attorney was skeptical that the story was big enough to command large sums, Basichis boasted that the book would talk about other people besides Bloomingdale—it would go right to the White House and what people know now was "only the tip of the iceberg." Basichis touted the book as "bigger than Watergate."

Basichis was the type of dominating male personality Vicki tumbled for, and the relationship between them developed to the point, Pancoast and Mrs. Laney asserted, where he was often at the condo late into the night and even overnight. It also became quarrelsome. On July 1, six days before the murder, Vicki confided to her maid during the lush-living days that she'd had "a very bad fight with Gordon the night before." Mrs. Laney saw a bruise on her cheek and marks on her arm as if she'd been violently grabbed, and Vicki admitted Basichis had done it (Basichis' attorney, Brian Keslak, who has shielded him from the press, denied any assault by his client).

On Tuesday July 5, Basichis, Vicki and Pancoast sat up late into the night at the condo. Basichis admonished Vicki to take it easy on Marvin, whom she treated with regal superiority. But Barens says that Pancoast not only accepted her domination, he liked it, such was his guilt complex. When Mrs. Laney arrived around noon on Wednesday to help with the packing, Basichis was still there. She left that evening at nine. The next five-plus hours are a blank. Who might have come and gone is unknown.

As of now, the Pancoast trial is scheduled to begin next February 24. Although Barens declines to discuss Gordon Basichis now, he most surely will bring up his name in the courtroom. "I think it's very interesting that an assault was committed on her and that the same individual meets a violent death days later," he remarks.

And he just might bring up the clue of the Doberman that didn't bark.

Aftermath

As with all sensational cases, the Vicki Morgan murder generated a swirl of rumors and intrigues. Robert Steinberg saw the tapes but never had possession of them—a powerful cabal that selected him to broker them decided he blew it when he went public. A deep-cover federal agent using the name David Phillip Habersheim copped the tapes from Steinberg, whom he said was an "easy victim." Habersheim might even have been at Vicki's condo the night of the murder. And so might have been Jay Paul, an LAPD detective suspended for copying police intelligence files to a private spy outfit, Western Goals, which was headed by the late Bircher and Congressman Larry McDonald. This one went so far as to say Western Goals had a set of the sex tapes.

In the category of fact is the current indictment of Steinberg for not turning over the tapes as ordered by the court. And at least some of the President's men have queasy stomachs over what film credits they might expect to receive. A well-placed source advised *The Rebel* that very recently Steinberg received a call from a Justice Department official who discreetly inquired, "I don't want to prejudice your case, but could you tell me if (Attorney General) William French Smith is on those tapes?"

As Campaign '84 looms, the sex tapes pose more of a threat to the White House than any bomb-laden truck crashing through the gates. ■

Bill Turner is a former FBI agent (Badge #6627) turned investigative journalist. He is a former editor of **Ramparts** ***and is the author of numerous magazine articles. Among his seven published books is*** **The Fish Is Red,** ***co-authored with Warren Hinckle.***

Donald Freed is a prize-winning historian and playwright. Books and plays include: **Inquest; Secret Honor; The Spymaster; Agony in New Haven; The Glass House Tapes.** ***New works include a book with Larry Flynt,*** **The Secret Life of Ronald Reagan.**

Lake Headley is a world-class investigator. He was central to the Wounded Knee and Bill Smith cases. He broke the Don Bolles murder case for **Playboy.**

The Legend of Alfred and Victoria

by Donald Freed

The love affair of Alfred Bloomingdale and Victoria Morgan reflects not only some grim American realities but both the morbid and regenerative properties of American myth. These living outtakes—drawn from tape, testimony, and poetic license—describe the legend that will outlive the lovers.—***The author.***

December, 1970, Los Angeles

ALFRED
You watch that mouth of yours . . . I can't stand violence . . . I want to help you, why do you force me into a rage? Please don't provoke me, Vicki. . . . I'll send you to Puerto Rico for an abortion.
VICTORIA
I just want to die—
ALFRED
—I have to fly down there next week for the "Rockefeller Conference on Population Control"—
(She laughs)
VICTORIA
Population Control—God! Then what? You pass me around to "Johnny Numbers" and his brother to—
ALFRED
You're raving. Who's "Johnny Numbers?"
(She laughs)
VICTORIA
John D. Rockefeller the Third . . . and his dirty old brothers. You hypocrite! I've read all about your "jet set" in the *Free Press*, and your "Roundtable" in New York, and how you—
ALFRED
That slime. Why are you doing this? I came here today to give you—
VICTORIA
You hypocrite. Listen to this!
(She grabs for an "underground" newspaper. He tries to tear it out of her hands.)
VICTORIA (Cont'd.)
Stay away from me or I'll run down to the Strip and I'll tell the *Free Press* all about "Mr. Smith" and his other life in the "*demi-monde*". . . .
ALFRED
Vicki, what is wrong with you? What is it you want from me?
VICTORIA
I want you to listen to how the rest of the world lives, down there in the smog and the hustle. We can skip this part about how you and your high and mighty friends really "control" population: "JFK-RFK ASSASSINATIONS TIED TO CIA." "REAGAN PRAISES OHIO GOVERNOR FOR KENT STATE SLAUGHTER"—
ALFRED
I'm leaving, Vicki.
VICTORIA
No. You've *been* gone! You listen, Alfred. We won't read about the UFO or the "Age of Aquarius," because you have such complete contempt for the street freaks who read this looking for a way out, who want to drop out of your rat race—
ALFRED
I warn you. —Don't force me—
VICTORIA
Or freak out—Mr. Clean, you listen, you fucking freak.
(Her reading literally sickens Alfred. She screams at him when he attempts to ignore her by dictating a long business memo into his pocket tape.)
VICTORIA (Cont'd.)
Listen to me!
(She throws a book at him.)
VICTORIA (Cont'd.)
These are *my* "classics": "Your afternoon sweetheart, 36-24-36, 5'7", blue eyes, red hair. No fantasies. Call Kelly (213) 555-3387, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m." That's your type—"no fantasies." Aren't you always lecturing me about "growing up" and the fucking "real world."
ALFRED
You're going to an asylum. I came here today to talk to you about our life together, and I find you high again and trying to provoke me into killing you. Why?
VICTORIA
I want to rub your stupid Palm Springs face into the real world.—It's real! "Dominant Bitch Goddess Mistress Zee commands all slaves to come and have their ass whipped! Hourglass figure. 42-24-43." Is that "real" enough for you?—You take *Madame Bovary* (hurls book at him), give me "Mistress Zee." Listen to this—"Muff Diver—ladies, if you want that special man between your legs, call Ken between the hours of 9 p.m. and 5 a.m."
(She throws another two books.)
VICTORIA (Cont'd.)
Anna Karenina, Jane Eyre—she's right in here. These are the novels of "reality." Look, here's one your wife must have put in: "Beautiful and cruel mistress, wants submissive men to be her slave. Private Residence. Very Discreet. Call Lisa for appt."
ALFRED
You whore!
(He continues to dictate a long "deal" memo involving politicians, resorts, bankers, and gangsters.)
VICTORIA
And here's your "Science of Mind" by fucking-Mary-fucking-Baker-fucking-Eddy!
(She throws book)
VICTORIA (Cont'd.)
"Call Aunt Rose, she has that high colonic for you that the doctor ordered. Night or day."—You don't need me. You can have it both ways—Mrs. Eddy *and* "Aunt Rose."
(He tries to leave)
VICTORIA (Cont'd.)
That's right, run away, go play with your money. Well, you just stay here with your classics and send for "Candy," or "Liberty," or "Tie Me Up"—you don't need me, you're not interested in *me*, or anything I have to offer. I'm leaving, and I'll survive because if no one buys my songs then I'll just get out and hustle right along with "Fiona," and "Sexy Showgirl," "English Outcall," "She-Mate," and good old "Tie Me—Spank Me."—And, thanks to having been tutored in the "classics" by a great man like you, I'll be a star! You can read about me in the underground papers: "Al's Daughter—Silky Submissive who cannot be happy without a Master!" . . .
(He begins to stalk her)
ALFRED
I know all about your underground life—
VICTORIA
What? What do you know about me?
ALFRED
Your flower children "friends."
VICTORIA
Who?
ALFRED
Boys *and* girls.
VICTORIA
Are you calling me a Lesbian? Are you having me followed? Are you, you creep?
ALFRED
If I am it's because I care. The streets, the Strip isn't safe—
VICTORIA
You're the great Protector. It's not safe because you and your "Ratpack"—

ALFRED
Do not mention my friends!
VICTORIA
Men? Don't mention you and your agents at William Morris, your pimps and your procurers, your vice cops on the take, your Las Vegas slavemasters, your Palm Springs p.r. types and ex-Presidents and press lords—your great wife-beaters and child molesters from way back—Johns, tricks, houseboys, gumshoes, hit men and rapists . . . You're Goddamned right I'm looking for some tenderness and I'm sure as shit not getting any from you.
ALFRED
You know how I feel about obscene language.
VICTORIA
Yes, you're so fucking sensitive, such a great heterosexual gentleman—all you great Palm Springs gangsters and whoremasters.
ALFRED
Please, Vicki—
VICTORIA
My fucking ass. Having me followed. Hidden cameras, the whole thing!
ALFRED
For your protection. Blackmail.
VICTORIA
You prick! Another "classic" for your collection—*Eating Pussy*, an Amazon Production!—What do you know about anything except fucking the whole world in the ass. You ought to get down on your knees and *kiss* the ass of the entire human race. Oh, God. . . .
(She falls to her knees.)
ALFRED
You want me to kill you, don't you?
VICTORIA
Yes. Do it! Please, do it!
(She sobs to a close and sinks to the floor. Alfred finishes dictating and stands over her. Then, he begins to talk in a low, thick tone as he disrobes.)
ALFRED
I begged you to stop. You don't want presents, you don't want to live. . . . I don't know whether you're completely out of your mind on dope or the town's greatest actress, but I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget, young lady. First of all, I'm going to strangle you for mentioning my wife. My wife and children don't exist as far as you're concerned. My friends do not exist, the Governor does not exist, the President does not exist. I pay you a fortune to pay attention to *me*, me, me!
(In his boxer shorts and undershirt, garters and shoes he stalks about, tumescent with power and control. He sets up a video camera on automatic.)
ALFRED (Cont'd.)
I'll show you this on tape when you sober up, every night of your life. Understand this, wage slave: It's my kind that do the work of this country. We create the system and the wealth. We supply your kind with the spare cash to satisfy your infantile appetites. We are reality and you are shadows. We *live*, you exist. We hold up the ramparts of Freedom. We meet the payroll! *This is the function of the rich*! From now on I owe you nothing. I'll chain you here if I have to or I'll kill you with my bare hands. I'm strong—look at this, and this, and this. My friends and I are strong. We have to be to stop that Sunset Strip scum before you get into our linen closets and our nurseries. We're strong and we're getting stronger every day, while your kind gets weaker every day.
(He touches a button for music. Beethoven. He sings and struts.)
ALFRED (Cont'd.)
Classics, yes! Beauty, clarity, control, logic—crawl, you little bitch, you starving little boot licker. That's it, *move*!
(She is forced to crawl away from his kicks.)
VICTORIA
Please, don't, please, please, don't, please . . . .
ALFRED
That's it. That's the dance of the weak. And *this* is the dance of the strong.
(He does his "dance," forcing her to do hers.)
ALFRED (Cont'd.)
I give, you take; I have, you have not; I diet, you starve. I live, you die! That is the theory of the Wealth of Nations and I am that theory in the flesh.

VICTORIA'S DIARY

Aug. 14, 1982, 6 p.m.: The same man followed me again today. I'm going to try to get into St. John's dressed as a nurse of the Order of Saint Theresa's—If you get to hear this tape, Al, know that I will take care of myself, whatever happens. Do not worry. The "life insurance"—you know what I'm referring to—is safe and stored with our friend. . . . Al, I received your letter and the legal document. Thank you. I was very moved. It was very generous, and be assured I will kill to keep all the books, paintings, records, etc. . . . As to your wish to be buried in Greece: I'm consulting Bob Kline as to the legal options, and I will go to court if I have to—Whatever happens, I'm going to do some work. I'm getting my tapes and journals together in case I have to write a book to finance a legal action if they try to throw out your Will. What has me worried, though, is that fact that they have you in the hospital under a false name with no visitors permitted. Why are they doing this? I've got to get in to see you in person, one way or the other, whatever it takes. The Governor and his gang, or rather the President, are up to their old dirty tricks, and the White House keeps saying that you're "recuperating in Palm Springs." Why the coverup? . . . Your letter from Israel, in April, broke my heart, Al, you sounded so lonely. I want to read one page back to you because I know how worried you were that my mail was being tampered with . . . "Dear Wife and Mother . . ." Thank you, Al, for that, it makes it all beautiful, somehow, despite everything . . . Uh, "Dear . . . in my confession today at the Church of the Redeemer, for the first time I held nothing back. I know, now, that converting once and for all to the church was the right and only thing to do—for me. I told the father that in my heart you were my one and true wife and soulmate. Of course, he couldn't say anything specific but I knew he understood and not just because of the hospital I'm building for them here. . . ." Umm, "I saw the place where Mary Magdalene and Martha and their brother Lazarus lived and I understood what I should have known years ago: that I was Lazarus, dead like Lazarus; and that you were Mary Magdalene, interceding for, willing to give your life for mine. As you suffered in the flesh for me, Vic, you shared your heart with me, and the heart is flesh, too, isn't it? And, as you said once, the mind, too—it is *flesh*. So don't feel bad that you weren't able to raise the dead in any absolute or carnal sense—there are erections and there are resurrections because you are a part of my heart and mind forever as I will soon be a tiny part of my saviour Jesus Christ. I am already in his heart and you are in mine. . . ."
(Sound of sobs)
I'll try, Al, I'll try. . . . If for any reason I can't get in to St. John's to see you, I'll get this tape and a recorder in to you somehow. I'll get it in; and I'm splicing a tape of some of the music and stuff we like and I'll get that in somehow, too. . . . Whatever happens, we'll be buried next to each other in the red ground of Greece. . . . Time will pass and we'll catch up to each other, and the gray-haired father will lie with his mad daughter, at last—safe and clean, at last; and we will grow there underground together. We who were born dead into a dead time will live there, and from us will grow the wild, coarse grass of life . . . . I'm coming now, Alfred.

—An excerpt from the play Alfred and Victoria (A Life) by Donald Freed. To be produced by Robert Altman and Bill Bushnell for the Los Angeles Actors Theatre.

The Perfect Computer Crime

With a single telephone call, an unemployed San Fernando Valley computer expert robbed the Security Pacific Bank of $10.2 million

By Bruce Henderson and Jeffrey Young

Tires squealing, the sporty Datsun dove down the twisting concrete passageways of a subterranean parking lot deep beneath Security Pacific National Bank's 55-story corporate headquarters in downtown Los Angeles. The man behind the wheel, normally an overly cautious driver, raced the motor in second gear and came perilously close to the smooth bulkheads as he negotiated the steep descent into the garage. Nervous and distracted today, he was not calmed by the taped melodies of a piano solo by Keith Jarrett, a favorite composer who generally had a sedating effect on him.

When he parked the car, he left the tape playing for several minutes, surrounding himself in the sounds of the lonely, intellectual keyboard jazz. Perhaps disconnected images floated past his mind's eye. Maybe one of his loving mother, who had reminded him regularly throughout his life that he was a genius. Would he ever see her again? Perhaps he envisioned his computer consulting firm operating out of his former apartment. With several part-time employees, it was a comfortable, friendly operation, and he had always seen it as his entrepreneurial hope of the future. But it wasn't making the big money he had originally hoped for and that's why he had recently accepted a job with a San Diego-based computer company, which he was scheduled to start in a few days.

With sudden determination, he sat bolt upright in the driver's seat and considered the task before him in a clear and logical manner. The next step was simple, just as simple as the earlier steps and just like the thousands of simple step-by-step programs he had devised over the years. The simplicity of this entire operation to date continued to amaze him. Why hadn't anyone done it before? The answer lay in the special knowledge he possessed, coupled with the unique crossroads he had reached where he was willing to leave his mundane life far behind and catapult himself into a new self-made reality. He had always known more than most people, so being ahead of others felt natural and did not worry him. And now he would do it first and best and everyone would appreciate his true abilities. He would commit the perfect computer crime.

He knew that today he would take that next and irrevocable step. Admittedly, what was driving him on was a compelling curiosity to see just how far he could actually go with it all. Sure, it might go wrong at any time. But if it did, he was convinced that he could step away from it—embarrassed, yes, and certainly disappointed, but otherwise unharmed and hopefully unjailed. He was too smart to bungle the operation and get caught. Surely he would have some advance warning if things began to misfire and plenty of time to put distance between himself and trouble.

He switched off the music, reached for his briefcase and stepped out of the car. He locked the door and walked toward the nearby escalator, aware that he had to be certain not to fall into a self-made trap. What he feared most now was loss of clarity due to overconfidence. He was so sure of himself he realized that it would be easy to rush in and make a simple but fatal error due to zealousness. He must guard against something small like misunderstanding a bank clerk's instructions or underestimating a bank officer's degree of preparedness. As he stepped on the steel crosshatched tread of the escalator and began the long climb into the highrise, he forced his breath to come at regular intervals and began to perfectly compose his demeanor. It was crucial that all things be under his control now. He willed it so.

On a lower deck of the lobby, he merged into the flow of the late-lunch crowd to board another escalator under the soaring rectangular panes of two-story windows which illuminated the expansive lobby of the futuristic building. The vast space enclosed by the lobby's architecture could make a lone man feel inconspicuous and strangely safe.

Stanley Mark Rifkin went down the flight of stairs and entered a carpeted hallway, then headed confidently for the wire transfer room located on a substreet level of the building. An impish-looking 32, he had been coming to Security Pacific's wire room for more than a year. He had originally been hired by an outside programming firm with a contract from the bank to help design, install and troubleshoot a self-contained computer program that would ensure the smooth operation of the complex wire transfer system in the event of a major power failure at the bank's main computer center ten miles away in Glendale. Such a scenario was unlikely but possible in the age of power overloads and political sabotage. The specter of bank headquarters not being able to send or receive wire transfers on behalf of its more than 700 branch offices and dozens of correspondent banks throughout California was enough to send waves of panic through Security Pacific's highest officials.

Wire transfer operations are vital to major banks everywhere, as they are the manner in which huge sums of money are sent from one banking institution to another. The network is administered by the Federal Reserve but, in actuality, the government simply provides—for a fee—the wires and communications equipment and Federal Reserve holding accounts necessary to link member banks. Importantly, each financial institution on the network—or Fed Wire, as it is commonly called—is responsible for its own security and for limiting access to bona fide transactions on its end. The Fed Wire is simply a conduit; once an order is entered by computer terminal into the network there are no checks and balances. Money is promptly transferred out of the member bank's "wash account" with the Federal Reserve and electronically sent on its way to a bank anywhere in the world. (A wash account holds a legally required amount of funds based on the bank's total deposits. In the case of Security Pacific, this standing account amounted to some $700 million.) When funds have been transferred out of the wash account, the Fed Wire automatically requests a deposit from the member bank to cover the withdrawal and the bank routinely transfers such funds from its huge general operating account. Supposedly, before initiating the wire transfer order, the bank has already transferred the same amount from a customer's account. Thus, everything should balance out. Every so often the wash accounts are justified, but since the Federal Reserve system had never before been breached, it was unthinkable, as Stan Rifkin walked into Security's wire room that day in October 1978, that a wire transfer order might not be legitimate.

Rifkin proceeded down a narrow corridor, passing some remodeling work and let himself through a glass door into the wire transfer room. He was not challenged or questioned as he entered the large, open room. He had shown up several weeks earlier and talked easily to the woman who was an assistant vice president in charge of day-to-day wire transfer operations about his new consulting job for the Federal Reserve's Board of Governors in Washington, D.C. They had just hired him, he claimed, for a comprehensive investigation into the Fed Wire, dealing particularly with the problems incurred by member banks as they went about their daily transfer procedures. Of course, he was familiar to her from his earlier work on the bank's computer system, and that first day she quickly admitted that the problems were many. She agreed with him that something had to be done to streamline operations.

As he listened sympathetically, she had complained about one frustrating problem after another in the few months since the bank had gone completely electronic with its wire operations. The system had been down almost as often as not. Interfaces with the federal wire weren't working smoothly. Transfers didn't always go through. Chaotic was the way she described the current data processing procedures. He had listened intently, asked a couple of questions, and told her he suspected it was some random flaw in

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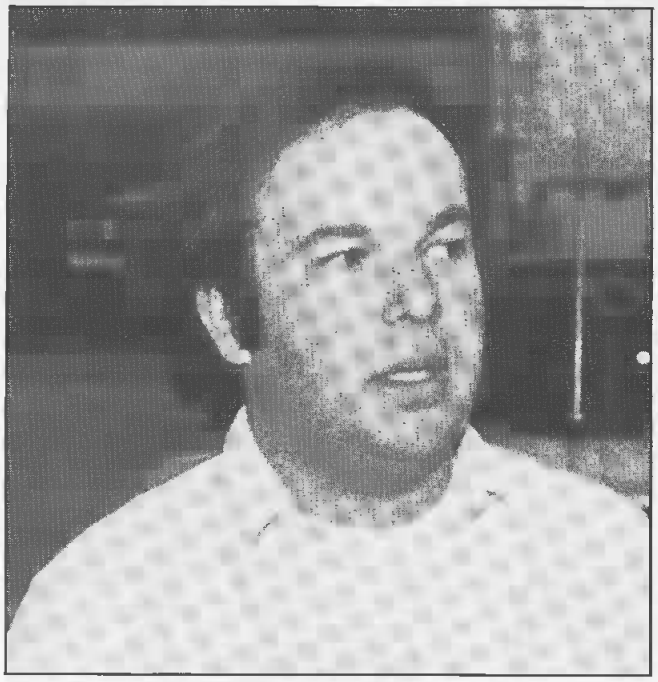
Excerpted from **Improper Access: A True Story of Computer Crime** *by Bruce Henderson and Jeffrey Young.* ©*1983*



Stanley Mark Rifkin on the way to his arraignment

the programming logic that was short-circuiting the system. Such a problem, he assured her, was not incurable. Then she had taken him into the wire room for his first of several unauthorized visits and told him they would check with the Federal Reserve Center.

And several weeks later, when he returned, he calmly told the wire room supervisor, Mary Hanses, "It's okay, they've checked me out and I have permission to work here." Stan Rifkin had, of course, told the biggest lie of his life. Telling untruths was not something he did regularly and he was now staking his reputation—and even freedom—on the likelihood that his story about working for the Federal Reserve had not been checked out. And he was right. The bank made no attempt to verify his story because its employees knew and respected him from his earlier computer work. He was well-known and admired in the Los Angeles computer world. He was a non-threatening man; gentle, confident, good at his work. So, he was allowed into the supposedly ultra-secure room to make his observations and do his deeds.

He selected a young man sitting at a terminal in a far corner. Walking over to the clerk, he asked him if he minded being observed for awhile, all in the interest of improving the wire transfer system. In his earlier visits, he had determined that the clerks were usually quick to cooperate. Also, he had noticed that the turnover rate among employees was high, something he was sure would aid his plan. As he expected, the five-dollar-an-hour employee was happy to oblige and immediately began griping about his job and the entire operation.

The computer expert sat down and passed that afternoon in the hectic environment, with a backdrop of ringing telephones and humming computers and the staccato tapping of feed-form printers, taking notes on the way transfers were being handled and timing how long the computer took to complete transactions. Most of this he already knew from his earlier visits. But most important for his purposes today, he wrote down the day's secret access code.

Security Pacific's transfer operation depended upon a number that was the product of each branch's identification number added to the day's secret code. The procedure was for a clerk in the wire room to answer the telephone, ask for the name of the requesting officer, the branch number and then the code. Since the secret number changed daily, the same transaction by the same officer at the same branch would have wholly different code numbers on subsequent days. The operator, sitting at the computer console in the wire room, typed the number given by the officer into the system and the computer automatically checked whether the number was correct. If it was valid, then the transaction could proceed. If it was not correct, the computer shut down the transaction and the operator was instructed to hang up the phone with no further conversation.

The clerk's typed message to the bank's computer headquarters in Glendale then was wired on lease line to the Federal Reserve's West Coast headquarters in San Francisco, which treated the order as cash and withdrew an equivalent amount from the bank's wash account and sent a wire order to the recipient. Once the order reached the bank and account of its final destination, the account was immediately credited with the specified amount. There was not even a waiting period for the funds to clear.

The single weakness in Security Pacific's procedure that Rifkin had discovered in his earlier visits to the wire room was that once the code was deemed correct by the computing system, there was not another check on the veracity of the transaction. In its operating manual, Security Pacific did have what was termed a "call back" procedure, which directed the wire room clerks to telephone the branch after an ordered transfer and verify the identity of the officer calling and that the transaction was legitimate. But with the seemingly daily breakdowns of the interface with the federal wire system combined with the volume of transfers taking place every day, bank management had ordered that the safeguard procedure be dispensed with for the time being. And this Rifkin also knew.

Just after the close of regular banking hours at 3 p.m. that afternoon, Rifkin thanked the computer clerk for his assistance and left the wire transfer room.

As planned, he went directly to the giftshop to await just the right moment. He wanted to strike at the last minute of the working day, when employees were interested only in finishing their work and going home. As he flipped through the magazines on the newsstand, he wondered if he had overlooked anything. Written on a single page in a small notebook in his breast pocket was all the information he needed to create one of the most dazzling financial crimes of modern times. He felt good and, more importantly, very much in control, something he always craved. He flipped through the current copy of *Scientific American*, which he had already read from cover to cover at home.

For a brief instant he considered walking away and letting the entire event pass. For the rest of his life he could take pride in knowing that he might have pulled it off. But he also realized that wasn't enough. He alone would know how smart he was and he already knew that. No one else would be able to appreciate his genius. It just wasn't reward enough. He would take the next step. Only this one was different from the others. For better or worse, he knew it was irrevocable.

Finally, the hands on his watch showed that enough time had passed. He put the magazine back and went to the counter to buy a roll of hard candies. He noticed a white cotton money belt on display nearby with other men's lotions and leather goods. He stopped, realizing that he had made no provision for carrying the valuable merchandise through various customs inspections around the world. He took the belt to the counter and bought it, the first tangible evidence that he would go on. For the first time since he had begun considering the caper nine months before, he began to imagine that the heist might really take place and that he might actually get away with it.

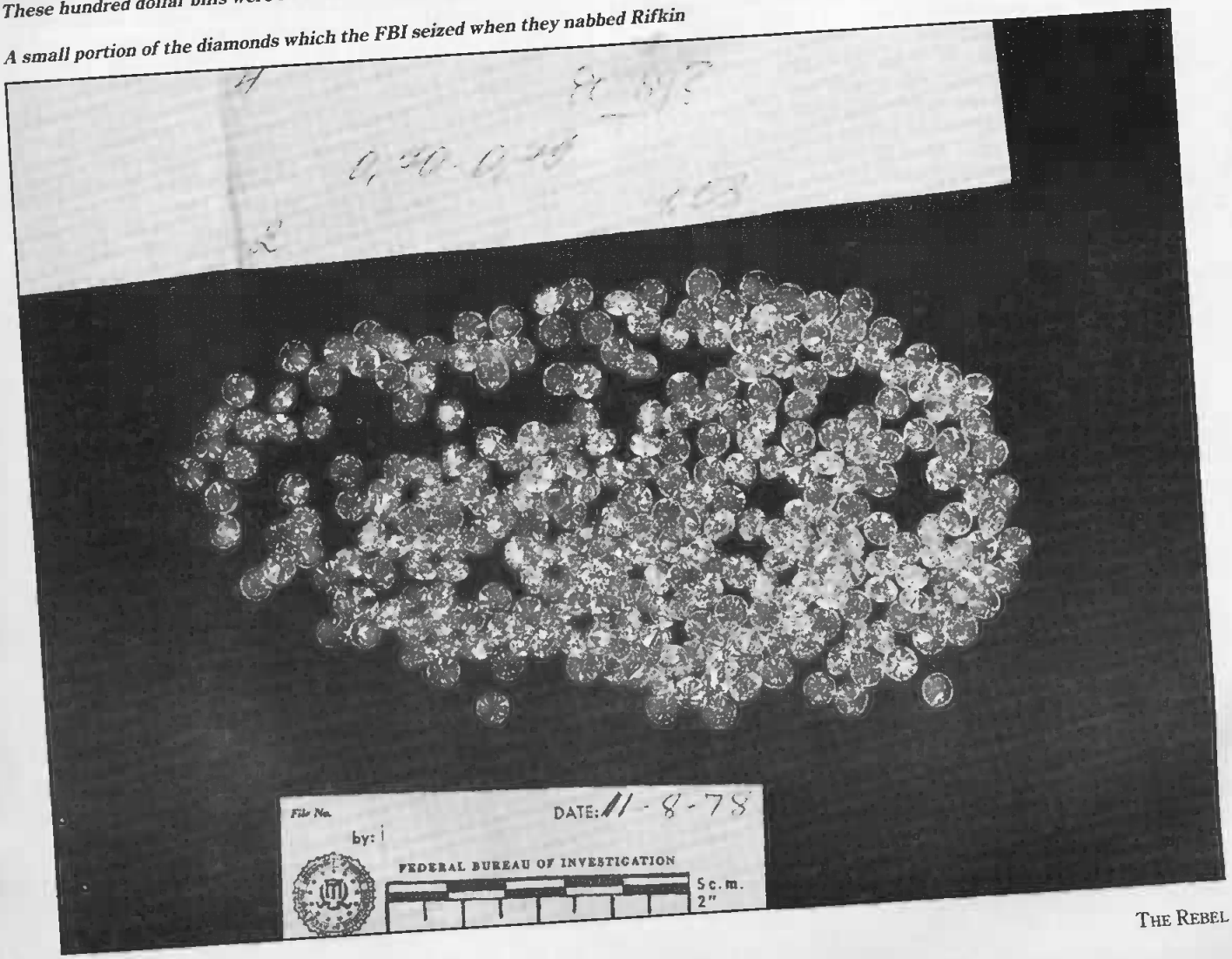
When he reached a row of public telephone booths on the lower mezzanine level, he was relieved to see that several were empty. That was a good omen. He squeezed hinself into the furthest booth and closed the folding door. He put his briefcase at his feet and put the paper bag with the money belt into his coat pocket.

Ten minutes to go. He took the spiral notebook out of his breast pocket and set it on the narrow shelf under the telephone. He reviewed his notes. His cover name. The name of the banks involved. Account numbers. And the all-important daily code.

He calmed himself with a last deep breath and cleared his throat. He must be natural, at ease and remember to laugh once or twice. He told himself to sound like a bank officer who has had a rough day and just wants to finish up and get home to the wife and hottub.

These hundred dollar bills were in Rifkin's possession when he was arrested

A small portion of the diamonds which the FBI seized when they nabbed Rifkin



He fished into his pants pocket and took out several dimes which he had requested in change at the giftshop. He moved his hand to the coin slot and closed his eyes momentarily.

Stan Rifkin let the dime drop into the machine and forever changed his life.

"May I help you?" said the friendly female voice.

"This is Mike Hansen at International," he said smoothly. "Do I still have time to put one in today to go out tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Oh, good."

"What's your name?"

"Uh, Hansen."

"Okay, and the office number."

"286."

"286, okay. What's the code?"

"4739." There was a short pause and he held his breath. He knew that if the code was wrong, she wouldn't accept it and would hang up.

"Okay."

Keeping his voice calm, he said, "The bank is Irving Trust in New York. It's to pay—it's a weird name of the bank—"

"To pay?"

"Yeah, to pay Wozchod Bank, W-O-Z-C-H-O-D. In Zurich."

"Z-O-R?"

"I'm sorry. Z-U-R-I-C-H. Zurich, Switzerland."

"I don't know if I get this. You're sending, uh, do you want the beneficiaries in Switzerland?"

"Yeah. Well, no. The beneficiary is Irving Trust." He sensed that something wasn't right on the other end. The order shouldn't be so confusing to her. Was he doing something wrong?

"Well, what—"

"Pardon?" He heard the woman giggle and say something to someone in the background. What in the hell was the matter with her? "I'm sending it through a correspondent bank."

"Okay, go ahead."

"Amount—ten million, two hundred thousand even."

"Uh huh."

"It's to credit this bank. W-O-Z-C-H-O-D account 390302002."

"Oh, wait a minute now. 390302002. Okay, you have to—well, I'm fairly new at this."

He finally understood. It wasn't anything he was doing wrong. The woman was simply inexperienced. He allowed himself to laugh. "Oh, I see."

"I've only been here a short time." she said almost apologetically. "You're sending it to the bank in Switzerland through us?"

Jesus, on top of being new, she was dumb. "No, we're sending it to Irving Trust. Irving Trust has an account for that bank, Wozchod, and that bank has a customer whose account number I just gave you."

"Okay, I think I understand but I'm not sure."

He decided to take a gamble. "Maybe it would be easier if I talked to someone else?"

"Yeah, I'll find out. Hold on."

"Thanks."

He stayed glued to the receiver. He heard some loud noise in the background and the woman he had been talking to asking someone if they had time to help her. "The Switzerland part is confusing me," she explained to her co-worker, obviously handing over the order form.

"If that's what you did that's okay," the new clerk said. "Hello?"

"This is Hansen at International. Can you help me with a transfer?"

"Are you looking for a money transfer?"

"No, no. I want to make one, but it's for tomorrow."

"Okay."

"Shall we start over again?"

"To Irving Trust Company in New York?"

"That's right."

"Ten million, two hundred thousand."

"Yeah."

"Credit to—what's the name of the bank again?"

"I can't say it. W-O-Z-C-H-O-D Bank."

"Okay."

"Zurich."

"Okay."

"It's to credit the W-O-Z-C-H-O-D account."

"Wait a minute. To credit what?"

"To credit that bank's account 390302002."

"Who's it by order of?"

"Oh, sorry," he laughed. He genuinely relaxed, feeling that the worst part was over. He had gotten the daily code right and now had a clerk who knew her business. It would soon be done. "Coast Diamond."

"Coast?"

"Yes."

"Okay. And you're going to give us an interoffice number?"

"Sure. 106131."

"That's the wrong number."

His pulse quickened. This was totally unexpected. "No, that's the right number."

"No. We need a 109 or 107."

"I have 106131537. I mean, it's handed to me, I don't have it in front of me."

"Well, do you want to double check because that is a number for a cash letter to us."

"I show it typed out here as our remittance letter."

"Well, see, we debit off this account here and you credit off this account."

"I got you. So, the problem is—tell me again what number you need. I don't know—"

"I need a 107 or 109."

"Okay. Good. I'll call you back and who do I ask for?" He had already figured that this last-minute snag would force him to try again another day. What a shame.

"Ask for Lupe, okay. We shouldn't even be taking this transfer from you. We closed five minutes ago."

"I asked her when I started and she said she would take it."

"Okay."

"I'll probably call tomorrow then."

"Well, wait a minute."

"Yes."

"If you can get a number tonight, I'll wait for you."

"Oh, good. I'll try to. Let me check it out. Thanks, bye."

"Bye, bye."

The receiver was wet with cold sweat when he hung up. He knew what he had down wrong. The crucial code he had gotten right. But the interoffice number—sort of a bureaucratic identification—he had given was one he had gotten from the young clerk's worksheet. Unfortunately, the number was for a cash letter and not an international transfer of customer funds, which he was attempting.

He thought for a moment, then called the international banking department. Pretending to be calling from the wire room, he claimed to have written down the wrong number for an international transfer and asked for the interoffice number of the procedure that started with 107 or 109. He was quickly given the right number. He took a third dime and called Lupe back in the wire room. As promised, she was waiting for his call, and with the correct number now, she typed the money transfer order into the system.

As he gathered up his things in the phone booth, Stanley Rifkin tried to calm his pounding heart. He knew that he was on the verge of collecting one of the most effortlessly amassed fortunes the world had ever known. And he had just launched himself into the annals of crime history as the perpetrator of the largest single-handed bank robbery ever.

He pushed open the door and took the escalator down to the garage. He had much to do before he caught the next morning's flight to Geneva. This was no time for hysteria. He must be thoroughly alert. He was outside the law now. There was no going back. ■ *(To be continued)*

WIDE WORLD

The actual Korean Air Lines 747 that was shot down by the Soviet Union as seen on a runway in Hawaii last summer

The Secret Of Flight 007

The KAL flight over Soviet airspace was no accident

By Donald Freed

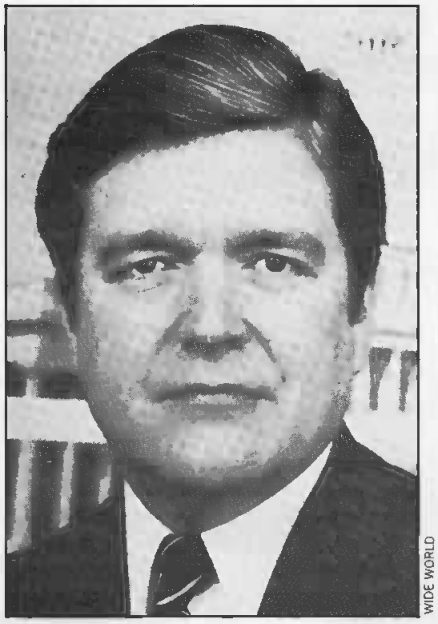
Ronald Reagan is dining out on a rehearsal for World War III. The Soviet Union shot down a Korean airliner over the Sea of Japan. In the propaganda uproar, Reagan shoved through the Congress arms and covert action funding bills that will cost Americans in taxes and blood for a generation.

At first the national media provided, simply, a megaphone for Reagan's war cheers and charges; as the White House story began to crack, the press shifted and shuffled to keep up with each new hitch. When a dissident voice was raised, the *New York Times* refused to print his paid advertisement.

The rebellious voice belonged to Larry Flynt, the controversial publisher and fierce fighter for the First Amendment. Flynt's headline read, "Why was Congressman Larry McDonald on board Flight 007?" Why, indeed.

The public has yet to learn that Congressman McDonald, the neofascist, was on his way to what can only be called a World War III strategy conference in Seoul, South Korea. This ominous gathering included such cold war spymasters as Ray Cline and more than 50 former high CIA covert-action officers. Larry Flynt did not know about the secret meeting in Seoul to which McDonald was flying (its public cover was a Korean Independence Day celebration), but his famous instincts had put him onto Reagan's deeply cynical propaganda game.

In his paid statement, Flynt questioned McDonald's sanity. The publisher did not yet know that McDonald, according to his first wife, had refused sexual relations during the Korean War on the ground that "the country is at war." To McDonald and his Western Goals network, the nation is still at war—and South Korea is its staging area. What is South Korea? South Korea is the creation and the creature of the government of the United States. Over 40,000 U.S. troops are stationed in South Korea; the most modern weaponry, including nuclear, is present among those U.S. forces.



WIDE WORLD

Congressman Larry McDonald was on his way to an ominous strategy conference in Seoul, South Korea

In 1975 former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger noted the significant military power of South Korea itself; certainly that power is the equivalent of North Korea's, whose population is half that of the South. Hence, Schlesinger then remarked: "We cannot justify on military grounds the forward deployment of U.S. troops in South Korea. We are there to provide a political presence."

The nature of the politics was dramatically disclosed in May 1980, when the population of Kwangju—reacting to particularly brutal acts of Dictator Chun's troops—rose in rebellion and drove the hated soldiers out. The commanding U.S. general placed the South Korean troops, part of his force, at Chun's disposal and they retook the city, killing hundreds.

Under Reagan, the 40 U.S. bases in South Korea have been refurbished; in 1982 alone, $155 million was spent for permanent installations.

On March 22, 1982 Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger approved a report by his department entitled "Fiscal 1984–1988 Defense Guidance." On a possible war with the Soviet Union, this document declares, "Counteroffensives will be directed at places where we can affect the outcome of the war." Specifically suggested were North Korea, Vietnam and

Pacific coastal areas of the USSR, in order "to tie up Soviet forces in defensive roles."

The United States spends $2 billion each year to maintain its troops in South Korea. Finally—as brief background—from early February to mid-April 1983, 70,000 U.S. troops and 118,000 South Korean soldiers carried out the largest peacetime military maneuvers ever undertaken by the Pentagon. Included in the maneuvers were simulated chemical warfare, practice bombing raids, and the mock firing of nuclear-tipped missiles.

The Pacific coast areas of the Soviet Union that are especially sensitive, which Secretary Weinberger had in mind, are: Petropevlosk, a major submarine and naval airbase near the southern tip of Kamchatka; Korsakov, a naval base at the southern tip of Sakalin; Sovetskaya Gavan, a major naval base on the Soviet mainland, touching the Sea of Japan and just across from the eastern coast of Sakhalin, and La Perouse Strait, a narrow slit of water between Sakhalin to the north and Hokkaido (Japan) to the south. Through that strait the major Soviet fleets must pass to get into the open sea to reach the Pacific.

The South Korean Flight 007 was supposed to fly from Anchorage, Alaska, well south of Kamchatka, well south of the Kurile Islands—which belong to the USSR and lie between Kamchatka and Hokkaido—then south of the large Japanese Island of Hokkaido, across mainland Japan, and then north to Seoul.

The line between Kamchatka and Hokkaido—across which range the Kurile Islands—has been designated on international aviation maps as a "Red Zone," and all flights are and have been warned to stay well south of that line. In fact, navigational maps of civilian airlines, including that of South Korea, carry warnings in large print against encroachment upon that line, let alone crossing it, and these warnings specifically state that planes crossing that line are subject to being shot down. (Not altogether dissimilar are the signs in the Nevada desert, where nuclear weapons testing goes on, reading: "Trespassers will be shot.")

Published reports agree that the plane was about 450 miles off course, and was off course for something like two hours. The correct word to describe this is not "strayed"—the word carefully chosen by UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick. On the contrary, this can only be described as a deliberate and provocative act involving the violation of Soviet sovereignty for a prolonged period, covering hundreds of miles and in an area of extreme military and naval sensitivity—an area noted as such in an official document carrying the signature of the U.S. secretary of defense.

The South Korean Boeing plane had excellent modern equipment, including three inertial navigation systems. Each of these three systems in normal practice is locked

UPI

Air Force Gen. George Keegan

into the proper flight pattern before takeoff; they rule out navigational errors in excess of about two miles in flights of several thousand miles. Moreover, the pilot of flight 007 was a retired Army colonel, the co-pilot a lieutenant colonel. The pilot was perhaps the senior man on the airline; it was he who earlier this year flew South Korea's dictator on his visit to Reagan.

The sensitivity of the area overflown by flight 007 was emphasized by Drew Middleton writing in the *New York Times,* Sept. 2, 1983. He noted that the La Perouse Strait, in time of war, "would be the direct route for the deployment of the Soviet Pacific fleet into the northwest Pacific."

Middleton, whose Pentagon contacts are very close, added:

"Over the past 27 months U.S. and Japanese intelligence services have reported the expansion of Soviet military power on Sakhalin, on the Siberian mainland and on the island of Etorofu of the Kurile Island chain."

Middleton concluded: "The entire area, one U.S. officer said, is of major importance to Soviet strategic planning."

Intelligence activity directed against this area is—as one would expect—especially notorious. Thus, David Shribman, in the *New York Times,* Sept. 2, 1983, referring to U.S. "intelligence experts," wrote: that "this week's incident came against the backdrop of an aggressive American effort to develop technical intelligence penetration of the Sea of Okhotsk over more than 30 years and after more than a score of such incidents, many of them recorded in considerable detail or reconstructed by American or allied intelligence officials."

Shribman said that surveillance of Soviet activity "in the area rests on a Communications Security Group based in northern Hokkaido." A U.S. intelligence expert is quoted as stating: "We know the Soviets had orders to shoot down our aircraft. . . ." Shribman concluded this remarkable piece of reportage with the following two paragraphs:

"The years of monitoring plane movements and military communications should have alerted South Korean pilots to how sensitive the Soviet Union is to violations of its airspace. Gen. George J. Keegan, former chief of Air Force intelligence said: 'I have never failed to be surprised at how careless the Koreans are, despite the risks of flying near Soviet airspace. Despite all that the Soviets had there, the Koreans continued to fly too close. What happened today they invited. They should have flown much further away, over Japanese airspace."

With such a statement from such a source, more is not needed. Yet, in the face of the propaganda barrage from Washington and because of the critical importance of the matter, additional evidence is offered. Thus, Ivan Sharpe in the *San Francisco Examiner,* Sept. 4, 1983, wrote: "White House spokesman Larry Speakes said the U.S. is convinced the South Koreans 'were not using the aircraft for any intelligence gathering' of their own." Sharpe immediately continued: "But to many in the airline industry, that is the only theory that seems to make any sense."

He quoted the operations director of an airline that regularly flew Red-20, the now-closed jet route between Anchorage and Tokyo that passes within 38 miles of the Soviet Kurile Islands and their sensitive military installations. He said that for the Korean airline to have ended up where it did, its crew would have to have made at least 10 separate errors in programming the inertial navigation systems.

Finally, there is this report, in the same issue, from Knut Royce of the *Examiner's* Washington bureau: "Some informed military aviation officials do not rule out the possibility that the ill-fated Korean airliner shot down may have been on a spy mission. . . . One U.S. official with close ties to the military intelligence said that carriers owned by governments deemed friendly to the U.S. are fitted in this country with cameras and other devices for intelligence collection." The presumption, Royce said, is that the information will then be shared with the U.S. government.

This same dispatch went on to quote Earnest Volkman, national security editor for *Defense Science Magazine,* a trade publication, as stating (over Canadian television) that "Korean Air Lines planes regularly overfly Soviet airspace to gather military intelligence." This editor believed that "the dual use of commercial airlines for military intelligence gathering has gotten out of hand."

Royce quoted a "defense source" as affirming that foreign-owned carriers—otherwise not identified—"are fitted with cameras and sensoring devices at a handful of U.S. bases." The source added that An-

WIDE WORLD

The RC-135 performs surveillance that cannot be accomplished by satellite or ground listening stations

drews Air Force Base, near Washington, was one such base. Royce's dispatch ended this way:

"The intelligence officials said they are troubled by this activity because innocent passengers, such as those on the KAL flight, might be killed."

One intelligence source said that the Soviet Union may have tolerated overflights of its airspace in the past but not this time because it may have been engaged in unusually sensitive military activity . . . perhaps the reason that would have drawn the Korean Airliner so deep into its territory.

Larry Flynt's lone strained voice was soon to be joined by a chorus of questioners—with none of the questions addressed by Reagan, who had exploited the tragedy and run!

On Sept. 15, 1983 the *Denver Post* blew a loud whistle. The headline tells the story:

"U.S. COULD HAVE PREVENTED TRAGEDY"
By T. Edward Eskelson
and Tom Bernard

"It is clear that a major effort has been undertaken to bewilder the American public concerning the capabilities of the U.S. Air Force RC-135, say two ex-airmen who have flown the plane."

The writers are former U.S. Air Force communications intelligence specialists who flew RC-135 missions out of Okinawa. Their report is devastating to the Reagan regime line:

"Obscured by what will securely be claimed as legitimate national security matters, the U.S. government possessed the capability to directly intercede during the entire sweep of events culminating in the annihilation of Korean Air Lines Flight 007. Few facts concerning that capability have been brought to public attention.

"Based on the information disclosed by the Reagan Administration during the last two weeks, it is clear that a major effort has been undertaken to bewilder the American public concerning the capabilities of the U.S. Air Force RC-135 and, more importantly, the National Security Agency. . . .

"Official sources have attempted to minimize the capability of the RC-135 by alleging that its mission off the coast of the Soviet Union was for the purpose of 'verifying compliance with arms control agreements.' Other sources have portrayed the RC-135 as a passive listening device. The President stated that the aircraft was back at its base in Alaska for a full hour prior to the actual Soviet attack on KAL Flight 007, implying that no RC-135s were in the vicinity during that time frame."

According to the former RC-135 pilots, the RC-135 is a Strategic Air Command long-range reconnaissance aircraft that carries an electronic and communications intercept platform. It is flown by a SAC crew, but the intercept platform is manned by some 30 Air Force Security Service personnel. In addition, there are several electronic warfare officers assigned to the platform. All of the personnel aboard the RC-135 are under the operational authority of the National Security Agency.

The RC-135 has the ability to stay aloft for missions of 18 to 20 hours, demanding but a single mid-air refueling within that period. The aircraft are assigned "orbit" areas near target nations by NSA. The "orbit" is a flight path resembling a figure-eight so as to never permit the intercept platform to turn directly toward the target nation's airspace or land mass.

The RC-135 is a primary intercept platform for the NSA, meaning that it is a prime receptor of signals emanating from a surveillance target. It also performs functions that simply cannot be accomplished by satellite or ground listening stations. The aircraft is deemed so important to overall surveillance in sensitive, high-priority target areas that it is *always* relieved on its orbit by yet another RC-135 just prior to the conclusion of its mission. This procedure allows for routine, 24-hour-a-day, 365-day-a-year intercept coverage of sensitive and important target areas. "We find the inference made by President Reagan that the Sakhalin-Kamchatka target area was abandoned by the RC-135 intercept platform to be unbelievable and contrary to NSA policy," the pilots conclude and reveal further that:

"At this point we shall disclose several, certainly not all, of the capabilities of the RC-135. These capabilities may have been of particular value to the KAL 747 as it moved toward, and eventually through, Soviet airspace.

"Several of these capabilities we view as being offensive in nature and directly contradicting sources who have referred to the RC-135 as a 'passive listening device.' We find it unnerving that these offensive capabilities are under the exclusive control of an agency, the NSA, which operates unchecked by our elected representatives and beyond all traditional restraints."

The RC-135 has a super-advanced, ultra-secure communications system that is linked to the most sophisticated communications network in the world. This system, sometimes referred to as "backchannel," permits the instantaneous reporting of real-time, tactical intelligence to the highest levels of the U.S. government, including the President, from any location in the world. A message intended for the President is designated as a "CRITIC" and is required to be in the president's hands no more than 10 minutes after the actual time of transmission.

It also has the capability of transmitting messages over an extremely broad range of radio frequencies, including those used by other aircraft, both civilian and military, ships, ground stations and air controllers. For instance, during the Vietnam War,

crew members aboard RC-135s transmitted real-time warnings to U.S. pilots operating over North Vietnam. These messages warned U.S. aircraft that they were being tracked by hostile radar. In some cases the warnings permitted U.S. pilots to evade missiles about to be launched at them from either the ground or the air.

Another feature of the RC-135 is the equipment manned by SAC electronic warfare officers. This equipment can be used to "jam" radar and radio transmissions in addition to certain electronic systems in other aircraft. This capability was used in Vietnam to "confuse" Soviet-supplied air defense radars and aircraft.

The RC-135 also contains an internal warning system that is manned in part by specially trained personnel who are assigned to monitor the tactical air activity and air defense radars of the target nation. This function is extremely critical to the safety of the unarmed aircraft and its crew whose mission continually brings them to at least the brink of potentially hostile airspace.

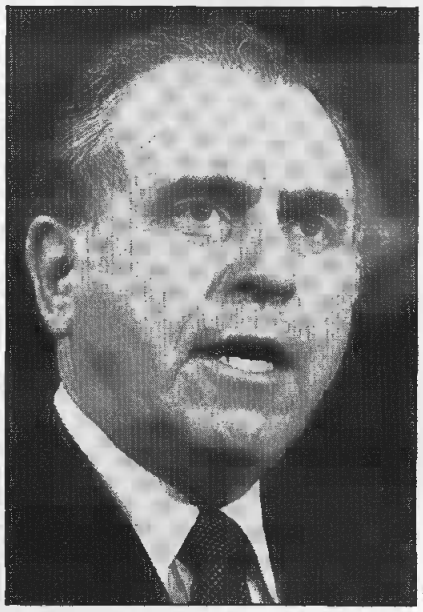
The two experts end with an alarming statement:

> In the "RC-135 lie the precise reasons we believe that the entire sweep of events— from the time the Soviets first began tracking KAL Flight 007, to 'confusing' it with the American reconnaissance aircraft, to the moment Soviet fighter airplanes sitting on Soviet airfields were ordered to go from 'standby' to 'alert' status due to the potential penetration of their airspace by an 'intruder aircraft," to the time of the shootdown—was meticulously monitored and analyzed instantaneously by U.S. intelligence.
>
> Without sounding like apologists for Soviet actions, we believe, based upon our experiences, that the official U.S. version of events is incomplete and misleading. There are serious questions in our minds as to not only what specific role did the capabilities of the RC-135 play in the eventual shooting down of the KAL airliner, but also why these capabilities were never utilized in an attempt to head off the tragedy.

It was unravelling. The Pentagon suddenly found that the tapes *did* reveal Soviet attempts to warn KAL 007 (remember that the U.S. could have intervened to alert the Soviets *at any time* during the two hour plus drama).

On September 15, the former Chief-of-Staff of Japan's military forces, Gen. Takeda stated that it was "almost impossible" for the Soviets to have known that the KAL was not a spy plane; on September 16, ABC news also made this point. Of course 007 *was* a spy plane but we do not yet know, conclusively, whether or not it was spying on the *night* of September 1, or whether it was merely a provocation.

Raising other questions, the *Boston Globe* reported that Korean Airlines is es-



UPI

Wick says the affair shows the truth about Soviet disinformation

sentially an arm of the Korean Air Force, in that it survives on military contracts and that all its pilots are active or retired military fighter pilots with high security clearance. Two brothers, Harry and Charlie Cho, own the company, and both have close ties to the Korean CIA, which in turn has extremely close ties to the American CIA. A former CIA official who had been stationed in Korea for five years informed the *Globe* that he had been told in 1967 "that side-view cameras—which take big, very clear pictures from long distances—were occasionally attached to commercial airliners flying along sensitive borders and that Korean Airlines was among the companies." Morever, according to the *Globe,* the Cho brothers are hardly deacons of purity; both were deeply involved in the 1973 illegal kidnapping by the KCIA of an opponent of then South Korean dictator Park Chung Hee who was abducted from Japan, the Chos serving as bag men in the affair.

The *London Sunday Times* shook the Reagan story with a report that concluded "there is now a growing conviction in military, political and aviation circles that Capt. Byong-in was not in Soviet airspace by accident."

On October 7th Ralph W. McGehee frontally attached the CIA's involvement in the affair. According to *The Los Angeles Times,* the 25-year CIA veteran, McGehee, has been critical of the agency since his retirement several years ago. He said the U.S. government worked with the South Korean government to deliberately use the Korean 747 jet on an espionage mission over Soviet territory. In his speech, McGehee charged: "The evidence is overwhelming that this was a planned event by the United States to send a commercial airliner equipped with spy equipment into the Soviet Union, thinking they would not shoot it down."

Now a flood of questions pour in, led by the *London Financial Times* report that the whole incident was "an amazing (U.S.) espionage gamble." And the State Department, by October, was into its *third* changed transcript of the original tapes, and still refused to release it, the U.S.'s, complete tape and transcript of Flight 007. Finally, on October 16th the leading *Los Angeles Times* Paris correspondent admitted—"HOW U.S DISTORTED JET CRISIS."

> "Now it is conceded by American officials that the Russians did believe that the South Korean Boeing 747 shot down the night of Aug. 31–Sept. 1 was an American spy plane. U.S. newspapers report that American intelligence, having reviewed all of the evidence available, finds "no indication that the Soviet air-defense personnel knew it was a commercial plane before the attack. . . .

There are probably people in Washington and the other Western capitals who will say, so what? It has all produced a glorious victory for the West in the propaganda war. So it has, so far. If in the future something should come out to substantiate the Soviet claim that this 747 was on an intelligence mission of some nature, it will become not a propaganda catastrophe for the United States, but a moral catastrophe. Moreover, if this 747 was on U.S. service, it will eventually come out. Washington cannot keep secrets like that—not any longer. . . .

Charles Z. Wick, head of the U.S. Information Agency, which made an immense propaganda project of the affair, says that it has provided "an unprecedented opportunity to show the truth, which is the greatest communication asset we have on behalf of the Free World against the disinformation of the Soviets. And that's what this contest is all about."

But the truth about the episode, as apparently has been known in Washington since mid-September, is not what the United States has been telling. A spokesman for the Department of State has said that whatever the truth of the matter, the position of the U.S. government would not change, since even if the Soviets were not able to tell a 747 from an RC-135, they should have been able to do so, and they thereby reveal themselves to be "negligent or incompetent, or both." Yet the attack upon the Soviet Union has not been directed against its incompetence, which surely is no surprise, but against what President Reagan, in his UN address last month, described as the Soviets' "brutal disregard for truth and life."

The weeks since the first of September have stunk with brutality and hatred—of Moscow's hatred for Washington and Washington's for Moscow. Truth has been told only when it could hurt the other side. None of this should necessarily surprise anyone who is a witness of contemporary

history. But it still commands the power to make a citizen of that side which professes to represent justice as well as truth feel diminished.

By November 26, the adversary system had begun to work. The Los Angeles *Daily News* headline screamed "KAL SECRET BONUS" and a UPI story followed.

BELLI: PILOTS PAID FOR SHORTCUTS

SAN FRANCISCO (UPI)—Korean Air Lines was "absolutely involved" in the downing of its Flight 007 because it paid its pilots secret bonuses to take shortcuts over Soviet airspace to save fuel, attorney Melvin Belli said he discovered in a trip to Korea. . . .

Belli said Friday he uncovered evidence on a recent fact-finding trip to Korea that proved that KAL officials were enticing their pilots to take shortcuts to save fuel in return for cash bonuses.

UPI

Attorney Melvin Belli declares that KAL paid its pilots secret bonuses

"I just returned from Seoul where I was told not by one but by a number of people that KAL was giving bonuses for fuel savings," Belli said. "The only way to save fuel was by taking shortcuts."

Belli said his evidence showed that Korean Air Lines officials knew that company pilots were flying into Soviet airspace.

"KAL was absolutely and definitely involved," the famous attorney said. The company's officials, he said, are guilty of "willful misconduct and gross negligence."

Belli said he was told by the wives of Korean Air Lines pilots that their husbands returned home with "under-the-table money."

" 'My husband was frightened,' " he said, quoting the wife of one of the two pilots who died in August aboard Korean Air Lines flight 007, which strayed into Soviet airspace and was shot down by Soviet jet fighters. " 'That was to have been his last flight.' " . . .

Belli said he discovered the existence of a Korean Air Lines bonus pool while in Korea on a fact-finding tour in connection with a multi-million dollar damage suit filed against the Soviet Union and the airline in federal court on Sept. 2.

South Korea is as notorious for its corruption as it is for its secret police. Early on, muckraker Flynt had predicted, "You'll see—they're all spies and crooks."

There's a problem with the Belli story, however: the "bribes" paid to the pilots amount to *more* than the savings gained from trespassing into Soviet airspace. Therefore, the "economy" motive must have been a cover story for spy or provocation missions.

The distance between Anchorage and Seoul is 4192 statue miles, the illegal shortcut is 3782 miles: the difference—410 miles would represent a savings to KAL of some $3,507. This sum is *more* than the average bribes paid to the KAL pilots.

There will be more. Yet, Larry Flynt's questions about Congressman McDonald linger. What was the ultra-rightist doing with his comrades in Seoul?

The Korean airliner flew over the most sensitive outposts of Soviet military power in the world. The Sea of Okhotsk is home water for the Soviet Pacific fleet and its submarines equipped with "invulnerable" missiles, designed to give the Russians a second-strike nuclear capability. It is their only deterrent to U.S. first-strike power.

As the Reagan Administration's massive military buildup develops, there has been frequent discussion in the U.S. military press about the possibility (and necessity) of targeting that area with nuclear weapons. One recent study recommends the installation of cruise missiles in South Korea and Japan, aimed at Vladivostok. An article in *Aviation Week* argues that the waters over which 007 flew are "choke points" where the Soviet fleet could be bottled up in case of global crisis. The Soviet Union's Pacific coast is its most vulnerable area.

Earlier this year, the United States upgraded the defense status of South Korea from an "area of significant INTEREST" to one of "vital interest"—a move reminiscent of Dean Acheson's calculated inclusion of South Korea in America's "defense perimeter" a few weeks before the start of the Korean War. At the same time, the Administration is pushing hard for the remilitarization of Japan, and is considering a Japanese-U.S.-South Korean treaty that would permit the mining of sea lanes vital to the Soviet Union. Beyond that, Defense Secretary Weinberger's "Defense Guidance" for 1985–89 spells out for the first time U.S. plans for China's participation in a global nuclear strategy against the Soviet Union in the event of military conflict. All in all, tensions in the northwest Pacific are approaching flash point.

Larry Flynt suggested to interviewers, after his attack on the official 007 story, that they take a look at John Le Carre's, *The Looking Glass War.* It is the story of a luckless effort to confirm the existence of a possible new rocket site in East Germany. There is a British agent named Taylor waiting at an airport in Finland as the story begins. The plane he is supposed to meet is already an hour late.

"They would have to announce the reason soon over the loudspeaker," Le Carre writes. "He wondered what they would say: delayed by fog, perhaps: delayed takeoff. They probably didn't even know—and they certainly would not admit—that she was 200 miles off course, and south of Rostock."

The pilot, Capt. Lansen, has deliberately strayed off course to take photos for the British of the East German area suspected as the possible new rocket site. Taylor is there to pick up the pictures and pay $5,000 for Lansen's services.

"Mind you, Lansen didn't do that every day," Taylor thinks to himself as he waits. "This was special. Leclerc had said so."

He's new at this sort of thing, and he begins to think the worse as the wait continues. Finally, however, the charter flight arrives and Lansen joins him at the bar.

The pilot has been badly frightened, and he is angry now.

"They picked us up as soon as we go into place," he says. "Two MIGs. Where did they come from, that's what I want to know?"

But that, as they say, is a tale. Flight 007 was a hostage and casualty of the Cold War. It was, besides, a prefiguration of how a World War III could start.

Guilty secrets will not rise from the Sea of Japan in the form of a "black box," according to Col. Fletcher Prouty (USAF Ret).

The suspicions of the U.S. admiral in charge of the black box search are inevitable. Reagan is, simply, a liar, and he has made the United States into a nation of lies.

The regime seized on the tragedy to score Cold War points. One voice of warning was raised, but it was not "respectable" and the newspaper of record, the *New York Times,* refused to accept a paid announcement. Larry Flynt was philosophical: "I know that Larry McDonald was involved with the people who shot me just like he was involved in the JFK and King assassinations—but I believe, with Dr. King, that "truth crushed to earth will rise again."

If that is true, then the Reagans of this world must tremble—not only for their lies about 007, but for the slaughter in Lebanon and Grenada that has been justified by Reagan in the propaganda aftermath of the airliner tragedy.

IN OTHER WORDS, the Soviets have been telling the truth. They did not know KAL 007 was a passenger flight, and instead believed it to be a hostile intrusion

by a U.S. intelligence RC-135. More than that, these conclusions, reached by the U.S. and Japanese intelligence communities, were delivered to the White House Sept. 14. In short, the Administration has been lying since before 007 went down.

The question is, how far do the lies go, and what was KAL 007 doing? Was it all just a tragic mistake, a coincidence of events, a string of errors and blunders? Not according to former Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) operative John Keppel who has leveled some devastating charges at the Reagan Administration over the incident.

Keppel is one of the "good old boys," a man whose curriculum vitae reads like a dime store spy novel. A Harvard graduate (cum laude, class of 1940), WW II hero (Bronze Star with Oak Leaves cluster, Croix de Guerre), Keppel first spent time in the State Department, moving to the CIA in 1958. From 1948 to 1950 he was in Moscow and Frankfurt during the first major post-war crisis between the U.S. and the USSR. From there he moved to Korea, heading up the Embassy's political division during the Korean War.

While Keppel is considered a Soviet expert, he managed to be the top political officer in Brazil for the two years prior to the 1964 military coup, and to log five years with the United National Fund for Population Activities. Julius Mader's "Who's Who in the CIA" dutifully lists him on page 280–81.

John Keppel is a man who knows his business, and he has just released an independent study of KAL 007 charging not only was the plane on an intelligence mission initiated by the U.S., but "the virtually inescapable conclusion flowing from the evidence is that the principle purpose of the flight was to provoke an atrocity by the Soviet Union."

Keppel reaches his rather startling conclusions through a detailed analysis of virtually every factor involved in the flight, figuring them all into a "games theory" improbability and coincidence chart.

Keppel goes on to point out if KAL 007 was a provocation as the evidence indicates, "it is one of a scope, ruthlessness, and boldness beyond the conceptions normal to healthy people. To let such an act pass in silence would be to leave the power to commit the country to general war in the hands of people whose steadiness and judgement appear to be gravely flawed." ■

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Philippine Thugs in the U.S.

With Reagan Administration collaboration, President Ferdinand Marcos has dispatched agents to harass and murder exiled Philippine liberation leaders.

By Gary Goodrich

At 5:20 in the morning of Oct. 15, 1979, Steve Psinakis, an official of the Movement for a Free Philippines (MFP)—a worldwide organization dedicated to the overthrow of dictator Ferdinand Marcos and a return to democracy in the Philippines—was driving to his restaurant in San Francisco. It was still dark when a late-model Cadillac Seville pulled alongside. The passenger swiftly pulled a gun, stuck it in the window of Psinakis' car and rested it gently against his temple.

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Marcos sent agents to U.S. to harass, perhaps kill anti-Marcos activists

"You son of a bitch," he said coldly. "You don't seem to believe we mean business. This is your last warning: if you don't wise up, next time we'll let you have it." The Cadillac then departed as though it had just stopped to ask directions.

Since 1972, when President Marcos declared martial law in the Philippines, the harassment of anti-Marcos dissidents in the U.S. by Marcos agents has gone almost unchecked by U.S. authorities.

The State Department has known of the existence of Marcos agents for many years, but claims to have no solid evidence that these agents have committed any illegal activity. Yet according to a July 1982 Defense Department document, the Philippine government sent a five-man group of military representatives to the embassy in Washington, one of whom Amnesty International considers a torturer. In the words of the Defense Department, "the attaches will undoubtedly report on, and possibly operate against, anti-Marcos Philippine activists in the U.S."

But little has been done to restrict the Marcos agents. In some cases the FBI and the State Department have interfered with or not pursued investigations of their illegal activities in order to avoid embarrassing the Marcos dictatorship.

Primitivo Mijares became the official press censor for Marcos after the institution of martial law. A ruthless critic of Marcos' opponents, Mijares was the only person allowed to see Marcos without an appointment.

In 1975, for unknown reasons, Mijares decided to defect and expose the atrocities of the regime to the congressional Subcommittee on International Organizations of the Committee on International Relations, otherwise known as the Frazer Subcommittee.

Marcos was aghast at Mijares' betrayal. A trusted assistant of Marcos, Guillermo De Vega, made a phone call to Mijares begging him not to testify. De Vega offered him $50,000 upon his return to San Francisco. Philippine Consul General Trinidel Alconcel opened a joint account with Mijares' name on it the day before the testimony was to begin. But Mijares exposed this desperate bribe attempt to the press. The money was withdrawn from the account by Alconcel the following day.

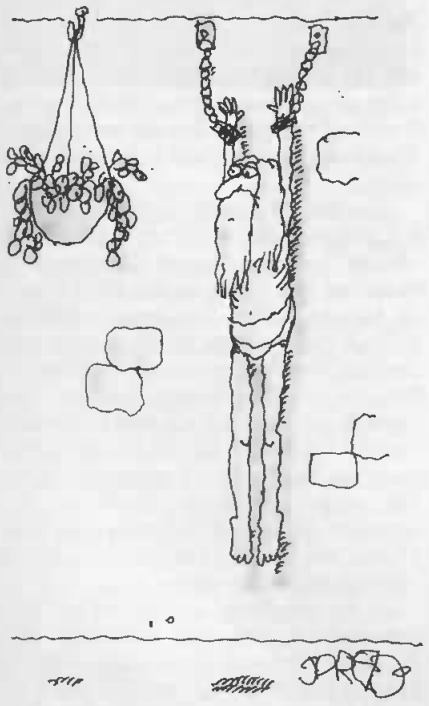
In a span of three or four days, Marcos threw together the *Ingles Report,* claiming that Mijares was a "double agent" who was supplying him with information about a plot on his life and that of Mrs. Marcos. It claimed that Steve Psinakis and his wife Presentacion headed this U.S.-based conspiracy.

In turn the Psinakises brought a $6 million libel suit against Marcos and six of his officials, including Alconel. The case was dismissed on a "legal technicality." Later, in January 1981, documents obtained through the Freedom of Information Act revealed that at the recommendation of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, the State Department had requested Attorney General Edward H. Levi to "cause an appropriate suggestion of immunity to be filed with U.S. District Court for the Northern District of California" because Marcos was head of a foreign state, and for "foreign relations reasons."

In the meantime, as the Frazer Subcommittee investigation proceeded with Primitivo Mijares as key witness, Marcos increased his bribe offer to $100,000 if he would leave the U.S. and not publish his book *The Conjugal Dictatorship,* which was ready for publication.

Along with Steve Psinakis, Mijares devised a strategy to catch Marcos redhanded making the bribe. Mijares was to call Malacanang Palace (Marcos' official residence) and ask for $250,000. An FBI agent, Mike Henry, who was assigned to investigate this case, was asked to witness the call. But much to their surprise, Henry declined, saying "I'm sorry, I don't think I should listen in myself. You go ahead with the call and submit an appropriate report to the Bureau." In this way, the State Department could treat the call as just another allegation rather than direct evidence of a bribe. Infuriated, Mijares contacted columnist Jack Anderson, who said "This is not the first coverup, and it won't be the last." Anderson sent an attorney, Sheldon Green, to witness the call.

Mijares made the call at the appointed time, but Marcos was "indisposed" and his top aide, Guillermo De Vega, acted as mediator. The $250,000 would have to be approved by Marcos, said De Vega. Eight days later, the bribe attempt was reported in Jack Anderson's column. At least a thousand inquiries into the matter were made by government officials between July 1975 and November 1976, but the typical response of the Justice Department was: "the Privacy Act of 1974, Public Law 93-579, and Rule (6)e of the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure place strict limitations on the type of information which can be disclosed."



On Jan. 7, 1977, two weeks before the administration of human-rights champion Jimmy Carter took office, Mijares disappeared and is believed to have been murdered. He was last seen at the San Francisco Airport with Querribe Makalintal Jr., a confirmed intelligence agent of the Philippine government. Marcos' negotiator of the bribe, De Vega, had already been murdered in October of 1975. And five months after Mijares' disappearance, his son Luis Manuel Mijares, a 15-year-old residing in the Philippines, was himself found brutally murdered. In August of 1978 the investigation into the Mijares case was closed, much to the relief of Ferdinand Marcos.

During the peak of the bribery scandal, however, a San Francisco news weekly, *Philippine News*, had run news articles about the scandal. Marcos, who was obviously concerned with the bad publicity, dispatched emissaries to Alex A. Esclamado, the owner of *Philippine News*, with offers to buy him out. After several offers were rejected, Marcos took an alternate route.

Emile Heredia, owner of Phil-Am Travel Agency, and Joseph A. Libuneo, vice president of GEM Travel Service, were escorted to Marcos' presidential palace for a conference with Guillermo De Vega. They were urged to withdraw their advertisements from the *Philippine News*.

As a follow-up to this campaign, an emissary was sent by Marcos to the U.S. with "unwritten and veiled threats" that not only would it be made more difficult for them to conduct business in the Philippines, but passengers would not be afforded such privileges as free customs inspections, etc.

The blackmailing worked, and the *Philippine News* lost between $50,000 to $75,000 in advertising during a two-year period. Businesses transferred their ads "almost simultaneously" to the Marcos-owned propaganda publication, *The Filipino Reporter*.

Again suspicious investors attempted to buy the *Philippine News* for $750,000. Esclamado declined. When the coercion was exposed in Jack Anderson's column, Esclamado received more harassing phone calls—some threatening death.

Coverage of the story by the media increased and FBI agents questioned travel agencies, but their findings were never disclosed. FBI agents Mike Henry and Daniel McDaniels were assigned to interview Esclamado. They asked nothing more than if the statements in the affidavit he filed about the blackmailings were "correct and complete." Esclamado reaffirmed his statements and invited the two agents to listen to a conversation with one of the travel agents to obtain first-hand evidence. The agents left abruptly after a stay of less than ten minutes and were never heard from again. The case has been closed for "lack of sufficient evidence."

The hopes of many Filipinos and Filipino-Americans for peaceful changes in the Philippines were shot down when Carter allocated $500 million to the Marcos government in late 1978. It became clear to the peaceful MFP group that a more aggressive strategy must be taken. MFP officials asked each member to donate $330 to purchase "one unit of support" to send to anti-Marcos guerrillas in the Philippines. The government took note of the article. But according to a *Mother Jones* interview with Psinakis, the MFP sent only money, never guns, to the Philippines.

Months later, a number of bombs exploded in Manila. One exploded only 50 feet from where Marcos sat at a convention of the American Society of Travel Agents. The April 6th Liberation Movement (A6LM), an underground group of middle-class city dwellers, claimed responsibility.

However, one A6LM member, Victor Lovely Jr., was seriously injured when his bomb blew up in his Manila YMCA room. During his convalescence, Lovely was threatened by Marcos thugs into accusing Steve Psinakis of passing him $2,000 from Benigno Aquino and also of instructing him in the use of explosives at a secret MFP training camp in Arizona. Psinakis denied the accusations.

With Lovely's confession as a flag of war, Marcos insisted that the U.S. take action against anti-Marcos dissidents in the U.S. Ronald Reagan picked up the Marcos banner after taking office as president, asking Secretary of State Haig to extradite Victor Lovely Jr. back to the U.S. so that he might face a grand jury investigation.

Once in the U.S., Lovely repeated his claim that Psinakis and Aquino had been involved in the Manila bombings. The FBI, knowing that Aquino had many followers here and abroad, decided to ignore Aquino's alleged participation and concentrate on Psinakis, thus avoiding any serious repercussions from anti-Marcos groups.

On Dec. 17, 1981 the Bureau conducted a midnight raid on the home of Steve Psinakis. The evidence used to justify the raid was the contents of the Psinakis outdoor garbage can, emptied the morning before by a "confidential source" working for a San Francisco garbage company. The garbage contained 600 feet of explosive detonating cord stripped of its explosive core, and other bomb-making paraphernalia. Psinakis, who lives with his wife and three children, implied in a press conference after the raid that his trash had been stolen by a "Marcos agent" who might have planted the detonating cord.

The raiding party of approximately 20 FBI agents, backed up by the San Francisco police, went through the Psinakis house with a fine-tooth comb. They used

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Suspected terrorist Victor Lovely signs a written statement to "reveal all" his knowledge of bombing in Metro Manila

dogs to sniff through every room and opened presents that rested under the Christmas tree. Neither this raid nor the raid following it one month later uncovered any signs of bomb-making. But the FBI seized many private files bearing coded lists of 19 underground anti-Marcos rebels in the Philippines. Psinakis claims that due to the exchange of "investigative reports" between the FBI and their Philippine equivalent, many people on the list have been arrested, tortured, etc. Two, he says, have disappeared.

Up to the present, many anti-Marcos opponents in the U.S. have been subjected to harassment, threats, attempts to discredit their reputation, and murder. Not long ago, Roaul Daza, a self-exiled ex-Congressman and MFP member, was driving down a freeway in Los Angeles when a car twice smashed into his own, causing him to veer off the freeway into a post. Daza was knocked unconscious. The driver of the other car was never located.

Though Daza was fortunate enough to survive the assault, others haven't been so lucky. Two years ago, Silme Domingo and Gene Vierness were gunned down in what appeared to be another incident in the corruption-laden history of Local 37 of the Alaska Cannery Workers Union. But many Philippine exiles and anti-Marcos dissidents claim that the murders were committed because the two were very active in anti-Marcos issues.

The "Committee for Justice for Domingo and Vierness," formed by the slain men's friends and relatives, provided the following events as reasons for the murders:

In 1980 Domingo and Vierness organized a "reform" movement within Local 37 to uncover corruption, extortion and bribery in the union, which is predominantly Filipino-American. The movement won most of the top union positions, but failed to oust pro-Marcos president Tony Baruso. Domingo became dispatcher and Vierness secretary-treasurer.

With Vierness' desire to effect changes in the working conditions of workers in the Philippines, he made his first trip there in March of 1981. Upon arrival, he contacted the May First Movement (KMU), an independent trade organization critical of Marcos. When Vierness left the Philippines he carried with him a request from the KMU for the support of American labor groups. At the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (ILWU) convention held in Honolulu in 1981, Domingo and Vierness drafted a resolution calling for the ILWU to send a team to the Philippines to investigate the labor situation there. The resolution passed.

Six weeks later Domingo and Vierness were murdered. As the fatally wounded Domingo stumbled into the street, he named two of the three Filipino-Americans convicted of the murders. Prosecutors at the trial linked the killings to the fact that the two activists were seeking changes in the corrupt Local 37. The committee cited circumstantial evidence that not only did Tony Baruso own the gun used in the murders, but he made three phone calls to the State Department within 24 hours of the killings. Baruso claims the gun was stolen from his car and he cannot remember making any calls to the State Department. It was also suspicious that during the trial Baruso used his Fifth Amendment right over 100 times.

Months later, the committee discovered a person in the Washington, D.C. area who signed a sworn affidavit that Teodorico Dominguez, who was questioned about the murder, had said that Baruso had offered him $5,000 to kill Domingo and Vierness. Two days later, Dominguez was murdered execution-style.

Committee members said that they suspect Baruso has links to the Philippine government and U.S. intelligence agencies, and that is the reason why he wasn't arrested immediately.

The committee filed a suit in September of 1982 for millions of dollars in damages for the victims' relatives, holding the U.S. and Philippine government responsible for the murders. They alleged that Philippine agents conspired to violate the civil rights of the two men, resulting in their deaths. Then the agents, with the help of U.S. officials, tried to cover up the conspiracy.

U.S. attorneys, who are seeking a dismissal of the suit, charge that "stripped of its sweeping allegation (the complaint) is at most a vehicle to invoke the forum of the Federal courts to air a vigorous opposition to the current government of the Republic of the Philippines and to the harmonious relations that our nation shares with that government." (sic)

Judge Donald S. Voorhees has given U.S. officials immunity from any monetary claim. But he has denied two government motions requesting dismissal of the suit and immunity on the grounds of "national interest" for U.S. officials who are "engaged in this sensitive function of conducting foreign affairs." Voorhees also ruled that as foreign sovereigns, Marcos and his wife Imelda are immune from the suit.

But since the claim was filed last September, the committee has found "additional information (that) implicates the U.S. government in the conspiracy against the anti-Marcos opposition." Since then Baruso has been arrested for the slaying.

One of the convicted murderers says that he knows who ordered the killings but he is afraid to say because he fears for his children, who live in the Philippines.

Yet with all the evidence of illegal activities by Marcos agents and U.S. officials, little has been done to subdue them. In fact, President Reagan is now working on an extradition treaty similar to one he was ready to present to the Senate in January of 1982. If approved by the Senate, Marcos dissidents could be returned to the Philippines to face almost certain imprisonment and possibly torture and death.

The question remains whether a country that so prides itself on democracy will continue to conspire with a government that Amnesty International considers one of the most brutal in the world. By acting against anti-Marcos dissidents, the Reagan Administration shows clearly that U.S. economic and military interests in the Philippines are far more important than the basic human rights of Filipino exiles and U.S. citizens. ■

Gary Goodrich is a Los Angeles-based freelance writer.

Edward Swartz, Boston attorney, is fighting the manufacturers of dangerous toys

For more than a decade, 49-year-old Edward Swartz has waged a one-man campaign against the $7-billion-a-year toy industry. A prominent consumer products liability attorney and author of Toys That Don't Care, *a consumer guide to dangerous toys, Swartz estimates that several hundred thousand children a year are injured in toy-related accidents attributable to poor design or hazardous and toxic substances used in manufacture.*

In 1979, Swartz won a landmark $3.1 million case against Fisher-Price toys, one of the nation's largest toy manufacturers. The plaintiffs were the family of a boy who had suffered permanent and irreparable brain damage after swallowing a figurine from a Fisher-Price toy school bus at the age of 14 months.

During the trial, documentation was made public that showed Fisher-Price officials knew of the dangers inherent in their toy: Another child had choked to death after swallowing one of the school-bus figurines.

Despite these deaths, and the lawsuits that resulted from them, this toy is still stocked on the shelves of toy stores throughout the country for this 1983 holiday season. In order to warn the public about the dangers of this and other toys each year before Christmas, Swartz distributes his list of nominees for the ten worst toys on the market.

Reporter Murray Waas talked to Swartz—himself a parent—about how and why this is allowed to happen by the toy industry, the Toy Manufacturers Association, and the Consumer Product Safety Commission.

REBEL: How did you become involved in this personal crusade against unsafe toys?

SWARTZ: I'd like to tell you that I volunteered, but I didn't. The National Commission of Product Safety summoned me to testify in 1968 as an expert in the field to do a study for them on the problem of hazardous toys—if indeed there was a problem. The only way to find out, it seemed to me, was to test them myself, so I went to F.A.O. Schwarz and several other stores, and bought a representative sampling of the kinds of toys that were on the market.

I was horrified at what I found: dangerously shoddy workmanship, protruding parts that could puncture skin or eyes, sharp edges that could inflict slash wounds, pieces small enough to be swallowed by young children, products made of toxic materials. I took these death traps before the commission and demonstrated them; the hazards seemed flagrantly obvious to me. Then the toy-industry spokesmen came in to testify. They said I was exaggerating the dangers and that there was really nothing to worry about.

Their testimony didn't square with the facts, and that enraged me. But they got away with it. Nothing came of the hearings. Nothing was done to rectify the problem. So I guess it became a cause for me. No one was doing any independent research to test company claims, so I wrote *Toys That Don't Care*, a consumer's guide for parents to which toys were safe and which weren't. To this day, it's the only book that names names—that gives you the name of the product, the name of the toy manufacturer, what I felt the hazard was, and in many instances how much I paid for it.

REBEL: You wrote that book in 1971. What have you learned about the toy industry since then?

SWARTZ: I've learned that the toy industry functions virtually without any outside criticism and with no genuine regulatory standards. When I started out in this line of work, they didn't even have any *voluntary* standards that were worth the name. It was just a jungle. Anyone could make literally anything they wanted and call it a toy and market it. That's what I was confronted with. I was also confronted with a tremendous amount of resistance—not only from the industry, but even from the parents' groups I began speaking to. The usual question would be, "Who are you kidding, Mr. Smartass? Nobody would make a dangerous toy for a child." There was no public awareness at all of any injuries caused by unsafe toys. To the extent that people perceived there was even a problem, they pretty much bought the industry position that if a child got hurt by a toy, it was the parents' fault.

REBEL: How serious a problem is toy safety today?

SWARTZ: Conservative estimates place the number of injuries and deaths attributable to unsafe toys at more than 123,000 per year. I think it's closer to 700,000. But even 123,000 is more than twice the number injured and killed in the Vietnam war. I think that's a serious problem—but you'd never know it from reading a recent press kit on the subject from the Consumer Product Safety Commission. It mouths all the right platitudes about its deep concern with toy safety, but it doesn't identify a single dangerous toy by brand name, it doesn't say anything to inform us which products are hazardous and which aren't; there's no useful information in it at all. If you look at the cover of the press kit, you'll see why: It's a co-production of the Commission and the Toy Manufacturers' Association.

REBEL: Are you suggesting that the Commission and the Toy Manufacturers' Association are irresponsible in enforcing the industry's own voluntary product-safety standards?

SWARTZ: That's exactly what I'm suggesting. The Commission is a lapdog of the toy industry, and so is the T.A.M. It's a trade organization that represents the interests of the manufacturers—not the interests of the public. They have their own lobbyists, their own p.r. department, and they're in the propaganda business. Their job is to convince people how great the toy industry is and how *safe* everything is. They purport to be doing the kind of work that *I'm* doing, but they do the complete opposite. The Toy Manufacturers' Association is responsible for the absence of federal regulations on projectile toys, which are notoriously unsafe. They are responsible for perpetuating safety rules that allow children's nightwear to comply with flammability standards that have been discredited and discarded in other countries. They are responsible for maintaining dangerously high voltages for transformers in electrical toys—voltages that have been stepped down to safe levels elsewhere in the world.

REBEL: Why doesn't the Consumer Product Safety Commission enforce more stringent standards on the T.A.M., and on the toy industry itself?

SWARTZ: I'd rather not speculate on the reasons behind it, but the traditional relationship between the industry and the Commission has always been cordial, to put it mildly—and never more than now, under the current chairperson, Nancy Steorts. It might be uncharitable, but it wouldn't be unfair to say that she's in bed with the industry she's supposed to be supervising.

During a recent Commission conference on safety in Washington, there was no consumer advocate on the program, but Ms. Steorts' keynote speaker was the head of the Quaker Oats Company—which just happens to own the Fisher-Price toy company. In recent years, she has also visited the Fisher-Price plant in Buffalo, New York. I'd like to know what she was doing there—because it certainly couldn't have had anything to do with product safety.

REBEL: How do you know?

Trial attorney Ed Swartz, child safety activist, displays some dangerous toys

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SWARTZ: If it did, I can't understand why several of their products are still on the market. In 1979, I filed suit on behalf of the family of a young boy who had ingested a small figurine that came as part of a toy school bus sold by Fisher-Price for children aged 18 months or older. As they had every reason to know perfectly well before they ever began to manufacture them, these little figures were small enough to swallow but too large to pass through the digestive tract. They're the kind of thing that any teething-age child would put in his mouth and try to chew on and maybe swallow.

One child did, and died. The boy I represented didn't die, but by the time they got him to the hospital, his throat had closed tight around the figurine and cut off his oxygen supply so long that he was permanently and irreversibly brain-damaged. Thanks to Fisher-Price, he will always have the body of a man with the mind of a seven-year-old boy.

REBEL: You won the case, didn't you?

SWARTZ: The jury awarded my client a $3.1 million judgment, but we didn't really win, because this deadly product is still on the market. Nor has Fisher-Price done anything at all to redesign the product; they just don't want to undertake the expense of retooling. And the Consumer Product Safety Commission hasn't even forced them to place a warning label on the product. Ironically, as a matter of fact, the label on the box calls it "Non-Toxic."

REBEL: You've written that Fisher-Price also made a hanging toy for cribs and playpens that has resulted in two cases of strangulation.

SWARTZ: They still make it. And unsuspecting parents are still buying it for their infants. In this instance, however, they made the concession of adding a warning on the label: Exercise "caution" to prevent injury from possible "entanglement." When the child reaches five months old, or is able to get up on his hands and knees, they advise you to remove the toy from the crib or playpen. That sounds fine, except for the fact that a parent is rarely there when a child first gets up on his hands and knees—unless he's kept under 24-hour surveillance.

I can remember the morning when I walked into the nursery and found my son standing up in his crib for the first time; he hadn't even gone through the crawling stage, and there he was standing up. If I'd had one of those Fisher-Price toys strung up, he could easily have hanged himself on it before I ever walked in the room. That label is the most self-serving kind of lip service to toy safety—yet the Consumer Product Safety Commission considers it more than adequate to protect the consumer.

REBEL: You haven't mentioned any companies other than Fisher-Price that are guilty of manufacturing unsafe toys.

SWARTZ: They're one of the biggest companies, so they're one of the biggest offenders. But it's a major problem throughout the industry. Another dangerous product is a line of toy chests manufactured by several different companies. These are wooden chests with heavy lids that could easily slam down like a closing car door on a child's hand or neck. And they've done just that—many times. When it became public knowledge that more than 20 children had died from strangulation by falling lids, there was a tremendous push by consumer advocates such as myself—demanding that they be banned and removed from the market. Now there could have been no conceivable justification for not coming down with the hardest kind of regulatory action permitted by law. But despite the fact that I have memoranda and documentation here in my office from the Consumer Product Safety Commission showing that their staff recommended the most vigorous action, the Commission came out with neither a mandatory recall nor a mandatory standard. Instead, they voted to allow the toy manufacturers to solve the problem themselves with a set of toothless "voluntary" standards which have resulted in essentially no improvements on the deadly design that killed all those children.

REBEL: If the public can't depend on the manufacturers, or on the federal regulatory commission that is supposed to supervise them, for protection from unsafe toys, what can they do to protect themselves?

SWARTZ: For openers, they could stop buying so many toys—especially at Christmastime, when the nation goes on a buying binge for their children. And they could put a lot more thought than they do into the toys they buy. Since 60 percent of a child's waking hours between infancy and the age of six are spent in play with toys, it seems to me that parents have an obligation to spend a *little* time informing themselves about the safety of those toys. They've got to understand that just because they see something attractive in a store window that they would have liked to play with when they were children, that doesn't necessarily make it suitable play material.

REBEL: Where are they supposed to get this safety information?

SWARTZ: They need to learn the facts from consumer advocates such as myself, from organizations and publications—such as *Consumer Reports*—that have no axe

to grind, no products to sell. They certainly can't depend on getting the facts from toy ads, or from magazines that *carry* toy ads—even magazines like *Parents* and *Good Housekeeping*, which purport to protect consumer safety with their coveted "seals" and "approvals." That's why I come out each Christmas with my own nominees for the Ten Worst Toys of the Year—those that have been involved in causing a broad spectrum of human suffering: burns, cuts, broken bones, blindness, death.

REBEL: Would you name this year's list for us?

SWARTZ: Naming all ten would take more space than you've got to spare. So I'll describe *five* of them that should let you know what I'm trying to do—and what we're up against. But let me preface this by saying that these toys are not by any means the *only* unsafe toys on the market. They're only the worst I found, and I've chosen them only as examples to illustrate the types of hazards that are threatening our children every year.

The first is *Softina*, "The Miracle Soft Foam Doll," from the Goldberger Doll Manufacturing Company of Brooklyn, New York, on sale at Toys R Us for $13.97. This rather attractive doll for the very young child has several potential hazards associated with it: a plastic baby bottle with a rigid tip that could cause eye injury; a string with pompoms that presents a risk of suffocation; and removable booties and ribbons that could be ingested by children of the oral age. This dangerous doll is also advertised in *Woman's Day, McCall's,* and *Family Circle.*

Second is the *Micro Range*—"a Microwave Style Electric Bake Oven"—manufactured by Coleco Industries in Amsterdam, New York at a bargain price of $17.97. If you're not already incredulous that such a toy is actually marketed, let me read you some of the warnings you'll find inside the box: CAUTION—ELECTRIC TOY. PRECAUTION SHOULD BE OBSERVED TO PREVENT ELECTRIC SHOCK . . . WARNING—TO PREVENT SHOCK, DO NOT IMMERSE IN WATER. PULL PLUG BEFORE CLEANING . . . WARNING—PULL PLUG BEFORE CHANGING LIGHT BULB . . . CAUTION—CONTACT MAY CAUSE BURNS . . . CAUTION—HOT TOP SURFACES. DO NOT TOUCH. And so on through the four-page instruction booklet. Need I say that the hazards presented by this cute little oven far outweigh any play value it might possibly have even for the most cautious child? And that for one who isn't so cautious, it provides several ways of killing him?

Third is called *Dragons and Daggers*, from the Imperial Toy Corporation of Los Angeles, made in Hong Kong and available at Sears for 59 cents. Advertised as "Safe" and "Soft," this is a plastic dagger that comes to a point at the tip, very realistically copying a real dagger. It's rigid enough and sharp enough to inflict very serious injury.

Fourth is the *Knock-Out Bench*, made in Sweden by Brio, and priced at $39.95 in toy stores everywhere. It's supposed to be a toy to provide "harmless pounding pleasure" for two-year-olds who enjoy hammering wooden cylinders through a block. Apart from the danger of hitting or pinching fingers, there are several sharp edges, but my most serious objection is to the size of the gaily-colored little cylinders, which are attractively bite-sized for toddlers and present a very real hazard of ingestion and suffocation.

If I were going to nominate the most dangerous toy of the year, it would be a package of plastic balloons—"8 Party Favors"—from Unique Industries, Inc. of Philadelphia, and it's sold at Toys R Us for $1.47. Inside are eight tubes of plastic which are used to blow up balloons in conjunction with small 1¾-inch plastic straws. There *is* a cautionary warning on it—hidden beneath the tubes themselves. It reads: CAUTION: FLAMMABLE MIXTURE. IT IS NOT A GUM. DO NOT CHEW. DO NOT USE NEAR FLAME OR FIRE. CONTAINS POLYVINYL ACETATE, ACETONE. Two distinctly different and extremely dangerous hazards combined in one product! It's truly amazing that the manufacturers have the nerve to advertise that fact on the package. But it's even more amazing that federal regulations permit such a product on the market at all, with or without a warning.

REBEL: You've been naming the Ten Worst Toys for more than a decade now, and your book *Toys That Don't Care* has become a standard reference work on file at most public libraries. How long do you intend to go on with this kind of work?

SWARTZ: As long as the industry keeps making this kind of toy, and as long as the Government refuses to stop them, or even to name names, I feel I can't rest myself. I have to keep doing what I'm doing because the information isn't getting out otherwise. The fact that Jack Anderson has carried my findings, that *Newsweek* gives it press, that the *Today* show has had me on, at least helps to raise the public's level of consciousness. If you did a survey today and asked people if they believe that children can be hurt or killed playing with their toys, I think the answer would be *yes.* If even one parent is a little more careful, if the life of a single child is saved, that's reason enough for me to go on. ■

"YOU'VE BEEN HIT BY THE INITIAL BLAST AND HAVE BURNING FLESH HANGING FROM YOUR BODY. GO BACK FIVE SPACES AND LOSE ONE TURN."

Video Piracy

Before they reach the silver screen, movies are illegally copied and distributed to U.S. companies and military bases abroad

By Don Ray

Days before the motion picture *The Return of the Jedi* was debuted for filmgoers in the United States, high quality film and videotape copies were already on sale or being shipped to black marketeers around the world. The same was true of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, the *Superman* movies, and practically every other film that is believed will become the next box office blockbuster.

Months, and even years before films are offered for legal sale in videocassette form or shown on subscription television, tens of thousands of illegal copies of varying quality are available to almost anyone in the free world who is willing to ask around and able to pay the asking price.

And while this piracy of films and videotapes may seem innocent and victimless, the motion picture industry in the United States expects to lose more than $700 million this year because of the problem.

As with other modern crimes, video piracy is becoming, more and more, a refined operation because of the continuing advances in technology. The mass production and distribution of home video equipment has given almost anyone the opportunity to buy and use pirated material—and for that matter, become video pirates themselves.

In the course of investigating the current video piracy problem, *The Rebel* has learned that a mass distribution system exists that provides unauthorized tapes and films to citizens of foreign countries, U.S. corporations with employees stationed outside this country, and even to U.S. military personnel stationed throughout the world. Most astonishing, one branch of the military, the U.S. Air Force, is knowingly violating U.S. copyright laws by providing its personnel with the equipment and the means to make illegal dubs of copyrighted materials.

Videotape piracy is more than taping a favorite movie off commercial or subscription television and saving it for personal use at a later date. Home taping is a separate issue that is currently being reviewed by the U.S. Supreme Court.

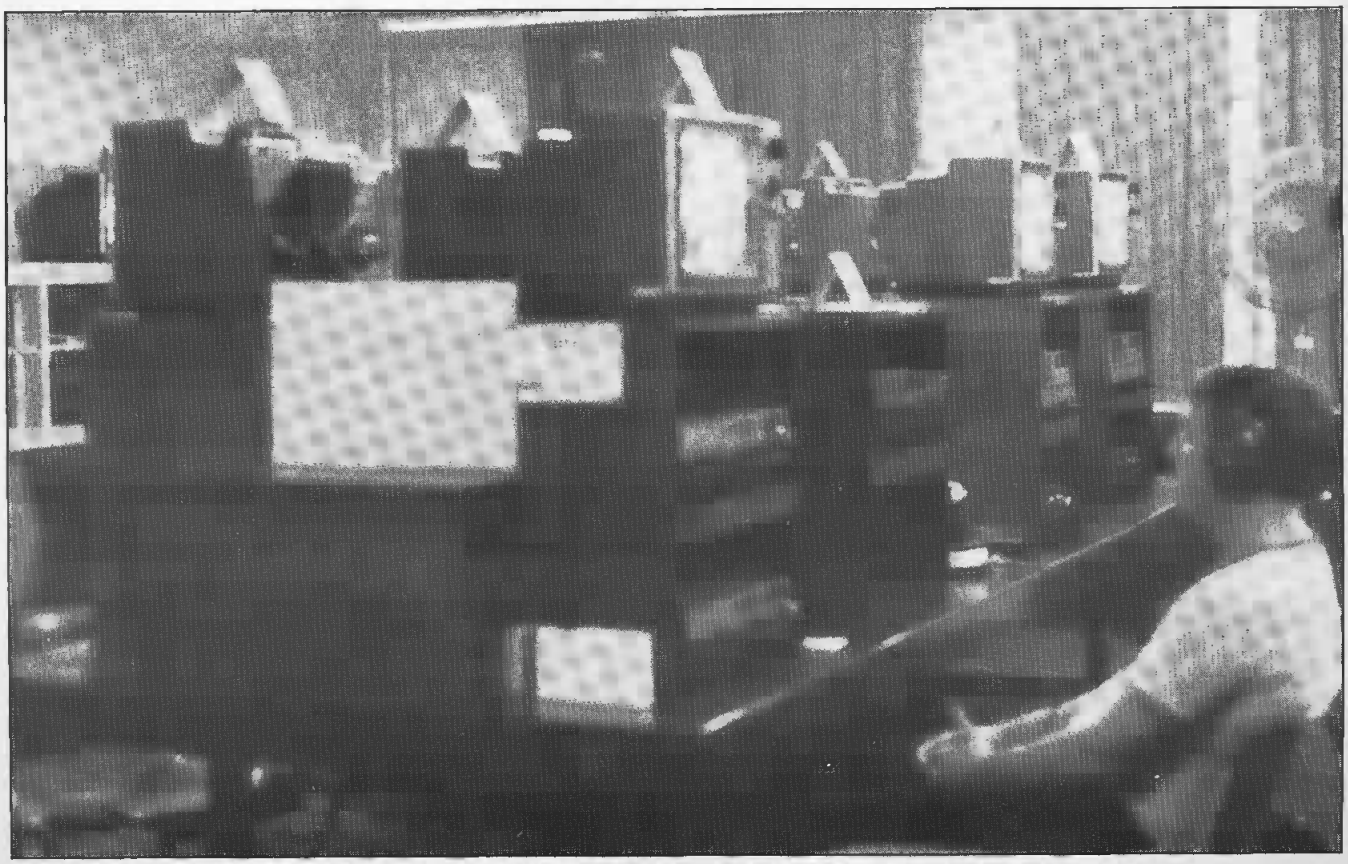
Current federal copyright laws make it illegal to make a copy—be it film-to-film, film-to-tape or tape-to-tape—of any licensed material. In other words, you may be able to legally rent or buy a VHS format copy of *Star Wars*, but you may not make a duplicate of it under any circumstances. The law does allow you to give away, loan or sell the *original* tape you've purchased, just as you have the right to give or sell a book you've finished reading to a friend.

Most of the major video pirates are making numerous copies of films obtained legally and illegally and selling the copies for profit—profit the makers of the films believe they're entitled to.

Since 1975 the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) has been assisting law enforcement officials at all levels in combatting the problem. Two dozen agents work out of major cities throughout the world keeping tabs on the illegal tapes and films coming into foreign countries and reporting back to main offices in Los Angeles and New York City. They're finding certain areas of the world to be fertile areas for pirated film and tape distribution for a variety of reasons.

In the Middle East there are virtually no local laws forbidding tape or film duplication. And in the oil-rich countries, wealthy citizens are willing to pay top dollar for the ever-popular American productions. Also, U.S. corporations have hundreds of operations in the Middle East and buy thousands of taped movies, cartoons, and television broadcast programs for their employees stationed far from home. Strict customs and laws in those countries make it difficult for the American employee there to meet members of the opposite sex or otherwise "let loose" on a Friday night. The pirated movies are ideal for filling the lonely hours.

In other areas, it's the restrictive censorship laws that make the pirated film or tape such a hot item. In South Africa, for exam-



The U.S. Air Force is knowingly violating U.S. copyright laws.

ple, U.S.-made films are legally available for rent at authorized outlets, but they are heavily censored—much more than the censorship evident when motion pictures are edited for U.S. television. And, in South Africa, there's a delay of sometimes six months or more before the movie is distributed to the legal outlets there. Another factor that adds to the desirability of pirated tapes is the alternatives someone from that country has when it comes to entertainment. The theaters there show only edited films and are not allowed to be open on Sundays. The single television station there only broadcasts five hours each day—and half of the broadcast day is in the Afrikaans language.

Today the fastest growing video-pirate market is Central and South America. Television there is also very limited and motion pictures are, at best, months behind the U.S. in distribution. At the same time, thousands and thousands of videotape players are being smuggled into the area to provide entertainment for entertainment-starved people. Panama, Venezuela, Mexico, and Colombia are popular markets for the video pirate—all too willing to supply where there is a big demand. In some Latin American countries enterprising pirates are even setting up microwave receiving dishes and illegally rebroadcasting U.S. television feeds from satellites.

But how are the pirates getting copies of films that aren't even released to the general public? Security specialists for the MPAA say they are finding leaks in security at various levels.

Since more and more videotape is being used in the production of motion pictures, the ease and speed at which copies can be made enhances the criminal's abilities. One need only "borrow" one of the many taped copies of a film in production long enough to make one copy. That copy then becomes the pirate's master for making hundreds more. The processing lab provides insiders the opportunity of making extra copies, borrowing film copies for duplication or simply stealing copies. At every point in the distribution process there is time for someone to borrow a film long enough for a transfer to videotape. Once one illegal copy is made, security people know there will soon be thousands distributed everywhere. In one case, security agents secretly marked a pre-release screening print of a motion picture two weeks before the film was to be released. Within days, agents were able to purchase copies of the print from six different pirates in Los Angeles, New York, and Chicago.

The MPAA security specialists, many of them ex-FBI agents, do much of the investigating of suspected pirate operations themselves. When they gather sufficient evidence they assist the FBI or local authorities in preparing documentation necessary to obtain search warrants.

One search warrant served in 1982 provided the MPAA and the FBI with some astounding revelations about just how widespread videotape piracy had become.

On June 28, agents conducted a search of a Newport Beach, California videotape distribution outfit and found invoices, correspondence, shipping labels, and mailing lists that implicated a much larger organization in the illegal transactions—the U.S. military. The confiscated evidence led government, military and industry investigators to West Germany where, in three weeks, they found more than 1,000 illegal video cassettes on 14 military installations. The information gathered resulted in a federal grand jury indictment of the operators of Impact Video on charges they were regularly renting unauthorized, illegal—i.e. pirated—videotapes to service clubs located on U.S. military bases and sponsored by the military. According to a search warrant affidavit obtained by *The Rebel*, MPAA agents were told by a confidential informant in Munich, Germany that " . . . Impact Video was supplying large quantities of video cassette movies to United States military bases throughout Europe," and that "Impact Video was charging each club $700 per month in exchange for providing each club with 10 movies per week."

Documents seized from Impact Video named names of dozens of U.S. military officers and numerous service clubs throughout Europe. Among the tapes seized were copies of *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Superman II*, *On Golden Pond*, and *Absence of Malice*—all believed to have been pi-

Yokota Air Base video copying machines in Japan

rated before they were made available in authorized tape form. Agents also found copies of *Deep Throat* and other X-rated films being made available to U.S. military bases.

The FBI also pounced on a U.S. Air Force officer at Travis AFB in California for allegedly duplicating and selling pirated videotapes. Capt. Eugene Horvath, a veteran navigator, was known by many of his fellow officers and supervisory officers as "Captain Video." He admittedly made copies of popular motion pictures that were part of his ever-growing "collection." His attorney says that his collection was so popular that other servicemen were constantly approaching him for copies. His collection was so popular, his attorney says, that Horvath decided to charge a $5 per hour copying fee to offset the cost of the additional video-recorders he needed to make all the copies. A local civilian video store operator blew the whistle that resulted in a search warrant being served on Capt. Horvath's house—complete with an array of television cameras and reporters outside watching.

Capt. Horvath was charged with copyright law violations in U.S. District Court. Because of his clean record and excellent service record, Horvath was offered what's called a deferred entry of judgment. It worked like this: Horvath agreed to plead guilty to the charges and pay a $7,500 fine plus perform 200 hours of volunteer services in the community. In return, the judge agreed to dismiss the case after the service was completed and after 36 months' probation.

Within three months, the judge agreed with Horvath's probation officer that the charges could be dismissed even earlier—this after everyone was convinced the Air Force captain's career could be unnecessarily damaged with anything short of a prompt dismissal of the criminal charges. With a completely clean record, Horvath now faces a January 25 Administrative Board hearing that could result in him being discharged from the Air Force. Horvath's attorney is attempting to prove that some of the captain's superiors reneged on their assurances that he could return to work with a clean slate if the charges were dropped. Instead, the attorney believes, the superior officers were pressured to change their tunes—pressured from higher-ups who were upset about the negative publicity Horvath had caused the Air Force to receive.

But it's the main argument in Horvath's defense that is the most interesting. His attorney is claiming the Air Force waived any impropriety on grounds that it *condones* the illegal taping and distributing of videotapes among military personnel and their dependents. In fact, the attorney has provided *The Rebel* with documentation that the Air Force is actually *running* videotape dubbing centers on U.S. bases in Japan, Korea, and in the Philippines.

Capt. Gene Horvath was known as Captain Video until he was caught making copies of his "collection" for other air force officers

This information was confirmed by members of the MPAA who say they've contacted several branches of the U.S. military to advise them that any copying of a copyrighted tape is a clear violation of federal law.

Air Force spokesmen in Japan told *The Rebel* that they, indeed, have copying centers at Yokota AB in Japan, Osan AB in Korea and at one time, at least, had a center at Clark AB in the Philippines.

Everyone we talked to agreed that the centers are located within craft and recreation centers on the bases and consist of from 20 to 40 dubbing stations. Each dubbing station consists of two videotape machines and one television monitor. The serviceman or dependent pays $2 per hour for use of the copy station and may choose from hundreds of videotaped movies on hand. Air Force spokesmen insist the users are aware that they are not allowed to sell, rent or re-copy the tapes they make. It's for their personal use only.

Capt. Horvath, his attorney, and the MPAA all say this is a blatant violation of the U.S. copyright laws. The U.S. Army caught wind of the controversy and quickly closed down any video centers that could possibly be used to make illegal video copies. A message dispatched by the Adjutant General of the Department of the Army said the Army can't "encourage, condone or facilitate" the "unauthorized" copying of copyrighted sound or video recordings "with government-owned equipment by an individual for his or her private or personal use."

The Navy and the Air Force, though, have continued operating dubbing centers pending word from higher command. Spokesmen for the Air Force told *The Rebel* that they were very aware of the controversy but were awaiting the outcome of the Supreme Court case involving taping of television programs off the air. They say it's a gray area in the law. The law is fuzzy.

"There's nothing fuzzy about it," says Dick Bloeser, director of MPAA's Film Security Office. "The law doesn't say anything about the outright duplication of tapes. You can't do it!" He adds that the Supreme Court case pending addresses only taping off the air and has nothing whatsoever to do with tape duplication.

This position comes as good news for Capt. Horvath. The way his attorney figures it, as long as the Air Force is in the business of providing illegal copies of motion pictures, they shouldn't be able to justify removing him for doing the same thing.

Although Horvath would not speak directly with *The Rebel* (he doesn't want to malign the Air Force, he says), his attorney raises the question that maybe the government feels Horvath was competing with its own operation. His attorney says Horvath charged $5 per hour because he had to buy his own equipment. He says the government used subsidized equipment and, therefore, had less overhead. Horvath will apparently waive his right to privacy at the January 25 hearing in order that the news media have a chance to hear his defense.

But while Capt. Horvath and Impact Video are out of business, there are scores—even hundreds of video pirates operating in the U.S. and around the world. Dick Bloeser says the problem gets worse as more and more video machines are sold for home use, creating more and more potential customers for pirated tapes and more and more actual pirates. He estimates there are more than 9 million videotape machines in U.S. homes.

The problem, however, is more than just the proliferation of machines. Bloeser says it's getting harder and harder to prosecute the criminals. A former FBI agent, Bloeser says cases aren't handled as they were when he was in the Bureau. He says more and more attention is being given to narcotics investigations---leaving inadequate enforcement of crimes that are affecting his industry.

"It's a 'Catch 22.' We go to the U.S. Attorney and he says, 'We'll investigate any good case.' Then we go to the FBI and they say, 'We'd investigate, but the U.S. Attorney wouldn't prosecute a case like this.' "

Bloeser cites what's called a blanket declination by the U.S. Attorneys who don't like to risk taking on a case that they aren't assured of winning. "Sometimes," Bloeser says, "there can be too many guidelines and too narrow a target. It's frustrating, but I understand it." ■

Don Ray is a freelance journalist based in Los Angeles. He has worked for NBC, CBS, PBS, and is currently working on a book about the 1928 collapse of the St. Francis Dam.

Profile

Edward Derwinski

The former Illinois Congressman's ties to the South Korean CIA nearly destroyed the Congressional investigation of Koreagate

By Murray Waas

To his fellow Congressmen, former Rep. Edward Derwinski (R-Illinois) was regarded as a much-respected two-decade veteran of the House and a ranking member of the House Foreign Relations Committee. But to Sohn Ho Young, a former official of the South Korean government's intelligence service, the KCIA, Derwinski is the man who almost got him killed.

It all began after Derwinski lost a re-election bid for his 13th term in the House last fall, when the White House began talks with him about his accepting a high-level position in the Reagan Administration.

According to State Department sources, the President offered Derwinski the prestigous job of Ambassador to Poland. When Derwinski turned down the offer—saying he wanted a job that would allow him to stay closer to home—Reagan named him as Presidential counselor of the State Department. The counselorship is the seventh highest-ranking position in the State Department heirarchy.

At first glance, Derwinski seems well qualified to work in the Reagan Administration's State Department: "Edward Derwinski is a conservative proudly in the Goldwater mold," the *Almanac of American Politics* said of him. "A proud Polish-American, Derwinski came to Congress when many politicians were talking about rolling back the Iron Curtain in Europe."

Unlike many of his contemporaries, however, Derwinski has maintained his staunch anti-communism over the years with singular determination. To the many Eastern European and "captive nations" emigré lobbying groups in Washington, Derwinski has come to be known as their best friend on Capitol Hill.

So it's not surprising that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted unanimously to confirm Derwinski's appointment. But information unknown to members of the Committee should raise serious questions about the propriety of Derwinski's appointment.

Among the findings of an investigation by this reporter: At a time when Derwinski was involved in a close relationship with the South Korean government as a recipient of the Gwangha Medal, the South Korean government's Order of Diplomatic Service Merit, he attempted to cut off funding for a Congressional investigation of South Korean influence-buying activities in the U.S. The investigation, despite Derwinski's best efforts, however, was allowed to continue and provided evidence of ties between the South Korean government and the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church and of improper ties between the South Korean government and both U.S. journalists and academicians.

UPI

Congressman Edward Derwinski

In late 1977, a federal grand jury was convened to investigate allegations that Derwinski, as a member of the House Committee investigating South Korean government influence-buying activities in this country, illegally passed sensitive intelligence information related to that investigation in a telephone call to a South Korean embassy official.

The information centered around the fact that Sohn Ho Young, a high-level official of the KCIA, was about to defect to the United States and tell U.S. officials of his own first-hand knowledge of illegal South Korean government activities in the U.S. This tip-off almost led to the abduction of the defector by the KCIA. Sources familiar with the federal grand jury investigation say that a decision not to indict Derwinski was made because the U.S. government didn't want to disclose in court the fact that they partially received their evidence through a routine electronic monitoring of the South Korean embassy's phone lines.

UPI

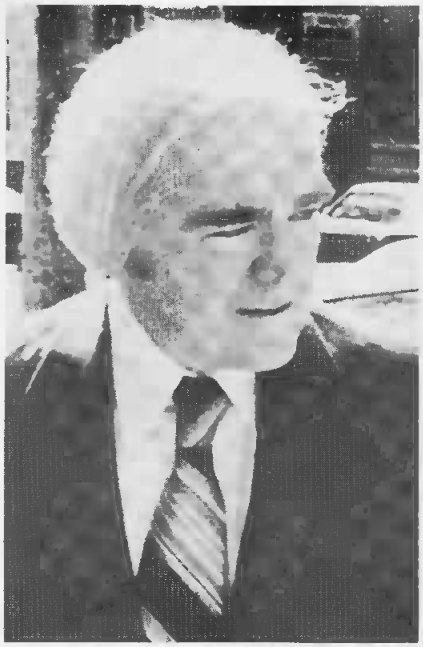
Reverend Sun Myung Moon of the Unification Church

When questioned during his Senate confirmation hearing about his role in tipping off South Korean officials about Sohn Ho Young's defection, Derwinski made, in some instances, false and misleading statements while giving sworn testimony.

During the hearing, Derwinski admitted that he told the South Korean official about the planned defection, but he claimed that he did not know the name of the defector: "I never, at that time, knew his name nor what his duties were, or where exactly he was stationed or anything of that nature." Former staff members and investigators for the Committee, however, say they remember that Derwinski was very much aware of Sohn Ho Young's identity at the time.

At another point in his testimony, Derwinski claimed that Sohn Ho Young "turned out to be not very valuable in the sense of giving the Committee any information." But former staffers of the Committee say that Sohn Ho Young—a 16-year veteran of the KCIA and its top official at the Korean Consulate General's office in New York at the time of his defection—was one of the most important sources of information for their investigation.

The so-called "Koreagate" scandal is now part of American history: The South Korean government made more than $850,000 in payoffs and illegal campaign contributions to some 24 members of Congress. Four were indicted by federal grand juries for their role in the scandal. And three other members of Congress were formally reprimanded by their colleagues. Three Congressmen accepted al-



Congressman Cornelius Gallagher accepted $60,000 from South Korea

Congressman Otto Passman accepted $213,000 in payoffs

Donald Fraser headed the subcommittee to investigate South Korean bribes

most a half-million dollars alone between them from South Korean agents—Reps. Richard Hanna ($200,000), Otto Passman ($213,000) and Cornelius Gallagher ($60,000).

Among the first to investigate South Korea's illegal activities in this country was then-Rep. Donald Fraser (D-Minnesota), currently the mayor of Minneapolis, then chairman of the House International Organizations Subcommittee. Fraser's subcommittee investigated and held hearings on KCIA harrassment of Korean-American citizens in the U.S., South Korean government influence-buying in the U.S., media and academic community, and the role of Rev. Sun Myung Moon and his Unification Church as covert agents of the South Korean government and the KCIA. These hearings laid the groundwork for other investigations that followed on South Korean government influence-buying on Capitol Hill.

The ranking minority member of Fraser's subcommittee was Derwinski. In March 1977, Derwinski attempted to have the funding discontinued for the subcommittee's investigation into South Korean influence-buying. In a letter that Derwinski circulated to members of the House Administration Committee, he called the Fraser subcommittee's investigation "a redundant inquiry that will inevitably mimic" other Congressional investigations of South Korean activities in the U.S.

Derwinski also told reporters at the time that he thought the investigation wasn't warranted because, as he said, "I don't think that the Korean style of diplomacy is all that different from other countries. . . . The Koreans have been rather even-handed about it, evidently."

In an interview with this reporter, however, Derwinski was unable to name another foreign government whose agents passed envelopes stuffed with cash to members of Congress. But he maintained that his opposition of the Fraser subcommittee investigation was proper and correct: "It was a waste of the taxpayer's money," Derwinski said, "The South Korean government has only conducted itself as other foreign governments do in their lobbying activities."

Derwinski also said there was nothing improper in attempting to stop the investigation: "I was critical of the way in which the investigation was being conducted. It was within my rights as a Congressman to do as such."

But other activities by Derwinski, in attempting to obstruct the Fraser subcommittee's investigation, appear to have violated the law and resulted in a federal grand jury investigation of the Congressman.

On the morning of Sept. 14, 1977, Sohn Ho Young and his wife quietly drove to the Washington, D.C. area from New York and checked into the Colonial Arms Motel in suburban Rockville, Maryland. There they met with investigators with the Fraser subcommittee and decided that they would defect the following Tuesday, September 20th. On that day, Sohn was to call the investigators from Tenafly, N.J. and using the alias Lee Chung Shik, say that "everything was on." Then he and his wife were to come to Washington and in exchange for his testimony before the Fraser subcommittee, he would be granted asylum in the United States.

But the plan was never carried out. Later the same day that the investigators talked to Sohn in Washington, then-Rep. Fraser instructed his staff to brief Derwinski about the defection. As the ranking minority leader of the subcommittee, Derwinski was routinely informed of all aspects of the investigation.

Within an hour, according to sources familiar with the incident, U.S. intellgence officials routinely intercepted a phone conversation between Derwinski and an official of the South Korean embassy in which Derwinski informed him of Sohn's defection.

Intelligence officials also intercepted South Korean government cable traffic between Washington and Seoul detailing the South Korean embassy's newly acquired information about Sohn's defection.

When Derwinski's warning was reported to Fraser subcommittee investigators the next day, FBI agents were immediately dispatched to Sohn's New York home to protect him. He wasn't there. For an hour and 45 minutes, FBI agents patiently waited at Sohn's home, not sure whether he was safe or had been abducted by the KCIA. When he did return home, he and his family were whisked off by the FBI to Washington—but within a half hour afterward, FBI agents observed KCIA agents arriving at Sohn's home.

On Nov. 20, 1977, Sohn Ho Young provided detailed testimony before the Fraser subcommittee about KCIA plans to pay off White House officials, U.S. college professors and prominent American journalists. During Sohn's appearances before the subcommittee, Derwinski attacked the Korean's testimony as well as other Congressional investigations revealing that the South Korean government had funneled some $850,000 in payments and campaign contributions to members of Congress.

A federal grand jury later began investigating whether Derwinski acted illegally in tipping off the South Koreans. Specifically, the grand jury looked into whether Der-

winski's activities were considered an obstruction of justice or violated a federal law prohibiting acts to "influence, intimidate or impede" a witness during a Congressional investigation. When Derwinski was called as a witness before the grand jury, he refused to answer questions, his attorney citing the "speech and debate" clause of the Constitution, which assures members of Congress immunity from prosecution for actions relating to their official duties.

The grand jury filed a report critical of his behavior with chief Washington, D.C. District Judge William B. Bryant. The judge immedaitely placed the report under court seal, and its contents still remain secret.

After the Justice Department decided not to indict Derwinski, then-Attorney General Griffin Bell referred the matter to the House of Representatives for possible action. Rep. Lee Hamilton (D-Indiana) headed a special House Ethics Committee investigation into the affair. But the Committee, like the Justice Department, decided to take no action in the end. Hamilton said in formal statement at the time that "publication of the evidence (held by the intelligence community) would jeopardize intelligence sources and methods."

In 1977, when allegations first surfaced that Derwinski talked with South Korean embassy officials about Sohn's defection, he denied the charges. Earlier this year, however, when Derwinski was asked during his Senate confirmation hearing, about his tipping off South Korean officials about Sohn's defection, he admitted that he had indeed had a telephone conversation with a South Korean embassy official in which he discussed Sohn's defection. But according to Derwinski, it was only a "case of poor judgment."

Derwinski apparently did not see it as anything more than a "case of bad judgment" to risk Sohn's life by disclosing the secret information of his defection to South Korean officials.

"Why have I been singled out?" Derwinski asked his fellow Congressmen when he took the floor of the House to denounce leaks from the Justice Department concerning their investigation of him. "Is it because I am a Republican and believe firmly that we should support the Republic of Korea as the best bulwark against Communist aggression from North Korea?

"Who caused the grand jury to write a report on me? And who leaked the existence of this secret report—and why? . . . Since it is my practice to maintain close and friendly personal ties with members of the South Korean Parliament and officials of that country, have I become a bad guy in a black hat? . . . Mr. Speaker, it is obvious that there is a guilt-by-association act being played out in Washington, and any member who vigorously supports our alliance with South Korea is automatically suspect. While I am not aware that any member has publicly endorsed the North Korean Government, if someone would, it would probably be called an act of statesmanship."

Eventually, of course, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee unanimously confirmed President Reagan's nomination of Derwinski as counselor to the State Department. But the committee was apparently unaware of Derwinski's misrepresentations and false statements during his sworn testimony.

They were also apparently unaware of Derwinski's association with the anti-Semitic, Taiwanese and South Korea-financed World Anti-Communist League, as well as 1971 attempt during a House Foreign Relations Subcommittee hearing, to smear Greek exile Elias Demetracopolous, the most effective critic of the military junta that then ruled Greece. Charges that the Taiwanese government covertly provided original financing for the WACL has been made not only by State Department officials but in a memo provided to members of the board of the American Council for World Freedom, which was the official U.S. constituent member of the WACL until it withdrew its membership in 1975 due to increasing anti-Semitism among the other members.

The confidential memo, written by Stefan Possony, a political analyst at the Hoover Institute, a conservative think tank at Stanford University alleges that the Mexican chapter of the WACL, known as Femaco, which "at least nominally controlled" the entire organization, was dominated by a semi-secret anti-Semitic society called Tecos.

Tecos, which originated during World War II, "perhaps in anticipation and preparation for a Nazi victory," according to the memo, has been one of the largest distributors and publishers of anti-Semitic literature in the Western world. One publication distributed to Tecos, for example, said: "International Jewry strives towards its entirety towards communism and socialism. The direct goal of communism is the striving for world domination and complete powers over all peoples of the earth. . . . This communist aim is understood with absolute unaniminity by all Jews as their own."

The memo also makes note of other anti-Semitic influences within the WACL: "In Australia, Mr. Eric Butler, the National Director of the Australian League of Rights, has been granted overseer status by the WACL." In 1967, Butler wrote a book entitled "The International Jew," an anti-Semitic tract distributed around the

Thomas Pappas was a prominent Greek backer of Nixon

world.

In this telephone interview with me, Derwinski said he was unaware until queried by this reporter about the anti-Semitic and neo-Nazi elements among the top leadership of the WACL. "This is all very new to me," said Derwinski, "The only way I've ever known anyone from the WACL was as a dedicated anti-communist."

But the anti-Semitism and neo-Nazi leanings of some members of the WACL have been widely publicized in recent years—long before Derwinski's conversation with me. On May 28, 1978, for example, in a lengthy *Washington Post* account of an annual WACL conference held that year at the Shoreham-American hotel in Washington D.C., reporter Paul Valentine wrote: "Behind the speeches, the pomp, the meticulous attention to parliamentary detail, and orthodox anti-communist pronouncments, other forces were stirring with the WACL—forces of authoritarianism, neo-fascism, racial hierarchy, and anti-Semitism."

Among other things, the article said that during the conference the WACL awarded formal membership in its ranks to the Movimento Sociale Italiano Destra Nazionale (MSI), the principle neo-fascist party of Italy. Attending the Washington conference was MSI party chief Giorgio Aimirante, an ex-blackshirt and leader in Benito Mussolini's Italian government during World War II.

The article also reported that the chairman of the conference that year was Rodger Pearson, an anthropologist described by an acquaintance as a "scientific fascist." Acting as Pearson's assistant at the conference was Earl Thomas, a former American Nazi Party "storm trooper."

The article also noted that the Liberty

Richard Nixon and the Greek junta's ambassador to the U.S., Constantine P. Panayatakos

Lobby, an organization headed by anti-semite Willis Carto, played a major role in organizing the Washington conference. According to the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, Carto "is perhaps the most important anti-semite propagandist in the United States."

The WACL's conference held the next year, in 1979, in Asuncion, Paraguay, was not much of an improvement over the organization's 1978 conference in Washington. Among those who reportedly attended were two former Nazi SS officers; two neo-fascists from Italy, wanted for terrorist acts and members of Alpha 66, a right wing Cuban exile terrorist group.

Derwinski defends his involvement with the WACL on grounds that "it has been involved in human rights activities." But on another occasion, he played a significant role in efforts to discredit Elias Demetracopolous, one of Washington's foremost human rights activists.

A well-known political journalist in Athens during the '50s and '60s, Demetracopolous fled his country and came to live in Washington in 1967, after a military junta took power in Greece.

When he quickly established himself as the junta's most outspoken and effective critic on Capitol Hill, he became a target of attacks by both the junta and the Nixon Administration, which was a strong backer of the junta.

In 1972, after he charged that Thomas Pappas, a prominent Greek backer of Nixon's, had provided illegal campaign contributions to Nixon's presidential campaign, then-Attorney General John Mitchell threatened to have Demetracopolous deported.

In 1975, Demetracopolous obtained secret cables from the Greek junta to its Washington embassy detailing its plans to kidnap him back to Greece by submarine. The junta's allies in this country declared that the cables were forgeries, but no less an authoritative source than the junta's ambassador to the U.S., C. P Panayatakos, later confirmed the existence of the plot.

Also playing a role among the junta's backers in this country in attacking Demetracopolous was then-Rep. Edward Derwinski. On July 12, 1972, when Demetracopolous testified before a House Foreign Relations Subcommittee about ties between the Nixon Administration and the Greek junta, Derwinski turned the hearing into a forum to attack Demetracopolous.

"You made a couple of references to the fact you escaped from Greece," Derwinski told the witness. "Now this implies you stowed away aboard a ship or you swam across the Adriatic or something dramatic. Is it not true you actually left with a passport in your possession and you are more or less a self-imposed exile rather than an escapee in that sense of the word?"

"Congressman, no," Demetracopolous replied. "In fact, I was refused permission, in writing, to leave Greece by the Greek military junta in spite of the official invitation extended to me by the United Nations to attend their annual Editor's Roundtable Conference in Warsaw between Sept. 12–15, 1967. I have the written refusal of the junta in my possession and I can deposit it with the committee.

"I was given a special limited passport after my regular passport was confiscated, and only after direct pressure was applied by the United Nations Secretariat."

"You did then receive a passport?" asked Derwinski.

"I received a special passport valid only for Poland and limited in time—and who wants to stay in Red Poland—you know? If this is not escape . . . "

At that point, one of Derwinski's Republican colleagues was so impressed with Demetracopolous' answers that he remarked, "Touché." But Derwinski refused to give up: "I wanted to make the point clear you did, in fact, have a visa."

"I had a visa only for Poland, to last only for the United Nations Conference," answered Demetracopolous. "I could not go any other place, but only to that conference and come back."

But the tenacious Derwinski continued: "I wondered because the term 'escape' would imply that in some dramatic fashion you left the country."

"This is not a dramatic fashion" answered the incredulous Demetracopolous, "To leave alone an 80-year-old blind father, because I have no wife, and no family, I was the only child he had—to leave him completely alone, a blind man, with a passport valid only for a communist country—and I am not particularly welcome there because I was wounded by the communists during the 1944 uprising in Athens—and allowed to take only $200."

"Let us pick up at that point," Derwinski said, "You left with $200. You have done well since then. What are the sources of your finances?"

"I am the domestic and foreign consultant for Brimberg & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, whose clients include some of the biggest mutual fund industries in the United States. You have attended some of our business dinners yourself, so you know that."

"This is entirely because of your professional expertise, or the fact you are in effect, being subsidized?" asked Derwinski.

"No," answered an angry Demetracopolous. "That is an insinuation, first fabricated by the junta, which I strongly resent and completely reject."

Derwinski was not the first, nor would he be the last, of the Greek junta's American friends to attempt to discredit Demetracopolous. Four months after this attempt by Derwinski to discredit Demetracopolous, the State Department prepared an anonymously written memo attacking Demetracopolous which was circulated on Capitol Hill. Copies of the memo were given to then-House Speaker Carl Albert as well as to members of the House Foreign Relations Committee before which Demetracopolous had just testified. The memo was later withdrawn by the State Department after officials there said it had not been officially authorized by the Department.

But the smear campaign against Demetracopolous was just starting to heat up. On Jan. 22, 1976, he was interviewed by Russel Warren Howe, a former reporter for the CIA-financed *Forum World Features.* At the time, Howe was working with freelance Washington writer Sarah Hays Trott on *The Power Peddlers,* a book

about foreign lobbying.

According to testimony Demetracopolous later supplied to a Congressional subcommittee: "The authors showed me another anonymous memo—strikingly similar to the one given Speaker Albert and the House Foreign Affairs Committee in 1971—and told me it had come from the CIA. I explained to them that the 1971 memo had been withdrawn and that I received a written apology for it, which I showed them."

But that did not stop Howe and Trott from publishing excerpts from the spurious memo in their book. When *The Power Peddlers* was finally published, its smear of Demetracopolous was so extreme that its authors would seem to have been apprentices of the late Joe McCarthy. "In interviews as a journalist," they wrote, "Demetracopolous frequently asked U.S. officials the same questions, meticulously prepared in advance: One regular question was whether the CIA had become an "invisible government"—a question that led many to suspect he was a CIA agent seeking to blur his tracks. Another observant official notes that although Demetracopolous was a frequent face at cocktail parties, he never brought a woman. Fortunately for Demetracopolous, the authors also portrayed him elsewhere in their book not as a homosexual but as an adulterer. Wrote Howe and Trott: "At 9 p.m., on the chilly night of Dec. 22, 1967, only a month after arriving in Washington, Demetracopolous and a wayward wife were apprehended in a Massachussets Avenue house not far from his hotel by an off-duty police officer, a private detective, and an angry husband."

After the publication of *The Power Peddlers,* Demetracopolous began to fight back. The House and Senate Intelligence Committees began independent investigations into the CIA's efforts to discredit him, including the spurious CIA memo provided to Howe and Trott.

But the CIA, at that point, also began to fight back in its own way. Less than two months after the Senate Intelligence Committee began its investigation, *New York Times* reporter David Binder contacted Demetracopolous for an interview. The end result was a story written by Binder that rivaled that of *The Power Peddlers* in the intensity of its attack against him. It was based on information allegedly provided by anonymous officials of the CIA.

Said the story, in part: "At the request of the Central Intelligence Agency, the Greek intelligence service, K.Y.P., sought but found no evidence of underground resistance activities by Mr. Dimitracopolous (sic), a CIA official said. Interestingly, Binder mispelled Demetracopolous' name the exact same way the CIA has mispelled it in their files.

At another point in the story Binder claimed: "CIA records show that in 1951, Mr. Dimitracopolous (sic) offered his services to the agency and was turned down. The CIA records further allege that in the 1950s, he was associated with both the Yugoslav and Israeli intelligence services." But when Demetracopolous later obtained his CIA file under the Freedom of Information Act, his CIA records told a very different story. For one thing, the

UPI

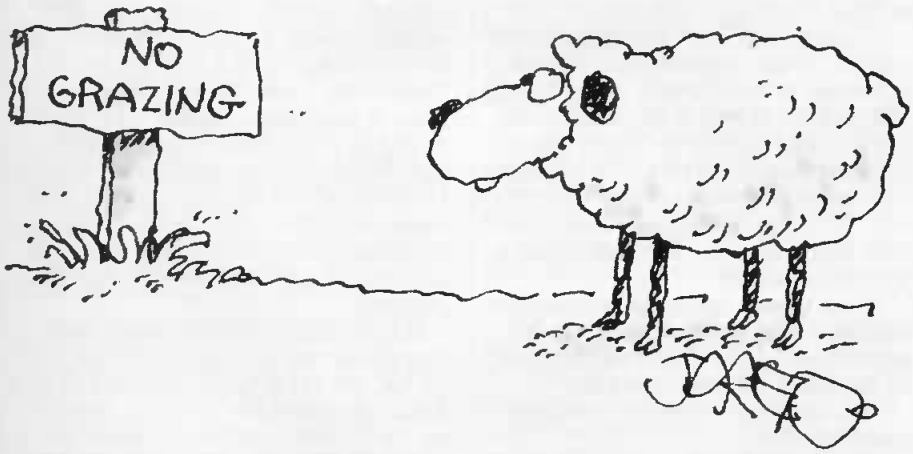
The 1975 CIA study prepared for William Colby said there were "no hard facts. . ."

CIA acknowledged that he had indeed been imprisoned and sentenced to death by the Nazis for espionage activities against them during World War II.

As for Binder's assertion that Demetracopolous was associated with the Yugoslav and Israeli intelligence services, a Feb. 19, 1975 CIA study of Demetracopolous, prepared for then-CIA Director William Colby, says: "There are no hard facts in the record to show that he [Demetracopolous] has worked for any foreign government against the interests of Greece (or, for that matter, the United States), that he is in the pay of any national government, that he has ever been a member of a foreign intelligence service, or has ever been involved in criminal activities."

Late this year—after a six-year effort by Demetracopolous to clear his name—the CIA disassociated itself from David Binder's *New York Times* story, saying it had "no hard facts" in its files to support his allegations.

Although both the CIA and *The New York Times* seem to have admitted their mistake in wrongly attacking Demetracopolous, another of the Greek journalist's former enemies—Edward Derwinski—has remained silent. Derwinski's failure to admit that he was—at the very least—wrong in smearing Demetracopolous is only too representative of many of the other questionable activities he has engaged in while in public life. It is time that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the public reassess whether he is fit to hold the senior post in the State Department to which he was appointed by Ronald Reagan. ■



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WIDE WORLD

Drug dealing and drug use are rampant at the New York Commodities Exchange

Drug Trade On Wall Street

Marijuana and cocaine, along with wheat, coffee, and sugar, are traded daily on the Commodities Exchange

by David Lindorff

To a visitor looking down from the glassed-in balcony, the floor of the Commodities Exchange Center of New York (Comex) in the bowels of the giant New York World Trade Center is a human sea of confusion, with clerks criss-crossing the vast open space at a run and traders shouting over each other with buy and sell orders.

In fact, there is very little confusion on the floor, where every action is aimed at closing some deal or other. But amid the bustle, there are other goods being traded besides the usual cotton, gold, sugar or silver. Also available are goods with such peculiar names as "white sugar," "Russian wheat" or a Colombian export known as "spot coffee."

In the case of most commodities, dealers are buying futures and rarely expect to take delivery, but in the case of these more exotic items, delivery is almost immediate, and consumption can take place on the premises. Russian wheat, as almost everyone on the exchange floor knows, is a reddish marijuana, while white sugar is cocaine, the drug of choice at the exchange and around the financial district.

"Drug dealing and drug use are rampant at the Comex," one trader, who asked not to be identified, says. "There are at least five clerks on the floor selling half and whole grams (of cocaine) at a time to the brokers, and they must each be going through a pound a week, so that's five pounds a week changing hands that I know of personally."

The broker-buyers, he says, rarely consume their purchases on the exchange floor, because "that would violate the understanding that has developed between the drug users and the Comex." Instead, he says, they generally indulge their habits in the men's room beneath the exchange, near where the clerks check legitimate trades and do all the supporting paperwork for the floor transactions. "It's so bad down there that if you walk into the bathroom you can get high from the dust in the air," the trader says. "It reeks of cocaine."

Drug use on Wall Street—in the three exchanges (the Comex, the New York Stock Exchange and the American Stock Exchange), on the street, and in the brokerage houses—is the financial district's dirty little secret. Anyone walking through the district who has the faintest familiarity with the drug scene cannot fail to spot the open drug dealing and drug use that goes on in places like the World Trade Center plaza or Exchange Place, especially during the lunch hour.

Just a year ago, the vacant lot between Wall and Pine Streets, just a block from the entrance to the New York Stock Exchange, was fenced off because of the volume of drug traffic—much of it apparently involving exchange employees—taking place there.

According to officials of the New York Police Department's Manhattan South narcotics division, Wall Street has one of the most active drug scenes in New York, probably ranking right after the notorious Times Square area. "There are thousands of drug users working in the area," a high-ranking officer says. "And with the demand there, there will always be people willing to sell."

"It's a big, big business," says David Lynott, another officer in the division. While the total volume of drug dealing in the financial district is large, he says, the amounts involved are generally small. "People are buying for immediate consumption, not to resell it."

The difference between the drug scene on Wall Street and in other parts of New York is its class structure, as well as the fact that few people live in the financial district, so that both dealers and users are transients. One broker says: "Especially in the past year, when the stock markets and commodities markets have been booming, you've got a lot of young guys who are suddenly becoming rich—earning maybe $100,000 or $200,000 a year—and they don't know how to handle either their money or the pressure of their jobs. They work hard and they play hard, and they use drugs with both."

Meanwhile, he says, exchange clerks—usually young men from low-income families—are so poorly paid, particularly in comparison to the people around them, that they turn to drug dealing to supplement their incomes.

WIDE WORLD

Drugs are traded on the floor along with gold and silver: Wall Street's "dirty little secret"

According to one source at the Comex, when gold, silver, and copper prices shot through the roof last January and February, cocaine demand among brokers and clerks at the exchange and employees at the firms associated with it was so high "it dried up all the coke in Manhattan."

"It was crazy for a while," he says. "People were working until 3 o'clock in the morning clearing up the paperwork from the day before and then coming back to work the next morning. Some of the trading houses were renting rooms for their employees so they could get to work sooner. And everyone was using coke to keep their energy up. They still are."

Nor is Comex alone. As one stock specialist said, while smoking a "joint" of marijuana over lunch before returning to work at the New York Stock Exchange: "I'd say about 40 percent of the people in these buildings use it (marijuana)." Cocaine use was increasingly common at the exchange, he said. His attitude towards drug use on the job was typically cavalier: "Look, I trade 40,000 shares a day and smoking doesn't affect me. Everybody should know their limit, that's all."

Despite denials by the three exchanges of suggestions that they might have a drug problem, there is no reason to be particularly surprised at the mounting evidence to the contrary. Four years ago, 30 agents of the Federal Drug Enforcement Agency descended on the floor of the Chicago Board Options Exchange, the nation's largest stock option marketplace, and arrested 10 suspected cocaine dealers, including brokers, after undercover agents had been able to buy as much as an ounce at a time.

(The exchange's reaction to those arrests was not one of thanks, but rather anger because of the bad publicity. Arrests of drug dealers related to it and other exchanges in Chicago have continued since, but have, at the urging of the financial community, been made away from the trading floors.)

In New York, there have been no such drug raids, although New York police apparently once tried to develop a phone clerk as an undercover source on the floor of the Comex. The move failed when the exchange was alerted to the clerk's activities and ejected him, according to one Comex trader.

"The exchanges understandably don't want the world to know what's going on because it would hurt their image and their business," one broker says. "So they've erected a wall to keep the police out. They rely on their own private security forces to keep a lid on everything, but the security people know they're not supposed to really crack down hard, since that would make the brokers angry.

"And the brokers do police themselves. Most are disciplined enough to take off from work when they get too high, and if they don't recognize it, the others tell them to go home. As a result of all this, dealers and users feel completely safe inside the exchanges."

Narcotics officer Lynott agrees, although he claims that the credentials of exchange security staff are impressive. "It's very difficult for us to do anything unless the exchanges cooperate," he says. "It'd be a police state if we just went on to the floors on a hunch. We wouldn't need warrants to start an undercover operation on the floor (without permission from an exchange), but we'd need a good suspicion or a complaint, and we don't get those.

"Without cooperation from the exchanges, it's difficult to get an agent on the floor. They're very security conscious. They've got IDs and you have to be bonded and know the business.

"I can understand why the exchanges don't admit what's going on. They're handling billions of dollars in other people's money, including a little bit—a very little bit—of mine. Can you imagine what would happen if people with a lot of money knew the place was full of drugs? But, after all, why should Wall Street be any different from the rest of American society? It's not."

Meanwhile, the Drug Enforcement Agency, which, after its successful experience at enforcement in Chicago might seem the logical law-enforcement body to take on the problem in the New York financial district, shows little interest. Bruce Jensen, special agent in charge of the New York division of the agency, says: "I know the use of cocaine has grown among the Wall street crowd, but we just aren't working on that level of small sales. We aren't interested in half ounces or ounces. We work on the kilo level."

Asked why the agency's Chicago office decided to act when only small transactions were involved, he replied: "I don't know what their thinking was."

What little police enforcement of drug laws there is in the Wall Street area takes the form of arrests of dealers outside the exchanges, but, since dealers know that being arrested with small quantities is a minor offense, these arrests are seen as just another cost of doing business. It often results in only a $10 fine.

How much can these street dealers make for such a small risk? "On a good day I can make several hundred dollars," one dealer says. "But if I'm busted during lunch or in the afternoon, when most of my customers are around, I might make only $15 for the day."

If the enforcement ball is in the court of the exchanges and brokerage houses, it is not likely to be put into play soon. Although the New York Stock Exchange has reportedly sacked several employees in the past year for on-the-job drug use or

sale, a spokesman for the exchange still denies there is a problem, claiming it would be self-correcting if there were. "The exchange is a very public forum," he says. "With the pressures and speed of decision-making required, if someone was not performing well it would be obvious very quickly."

Officials of the Comex declined to comment when questioned about drug problems there. Bob Shabazian, a spokesman for the American Stock Exchange, conceded that drug use did exist there, but said the exchange was "taking steps to deal with it." He did not elaborate, but following inquiries by this author, Comex sources report that it appears that Comex officials decided to clean up their act—at least somewhat. Comex sources report that the Exchange has removed six people from the floor and told their employers they were no longer permitted in the building. The six, according to these sources, included a broker, three dealers and a clerk. Said one Comex source, "there's only one active cocaine dealer left on the floor now that I know of." The source added, "they did it all without bringing in the police. That's what they wanted to avoid."

This approach has clearly not been working. As the head of corporate finance at one New York securities firm, himself an admitted former cocaine user, says: "Every trading desk on Wall Street is full of cocaine." Of his own drug experience, he says, "The market could go down 15 points in one day, and I'd be out a million dollars, yet I was confident I was doing the right thing, losses or no losses."

The New York Stock Exchange has quietly established a confidential counselling service, which the spokesman pointedly explained was for "any personal problems someone here might have." He added somewhat coyly: "The likelihood is that someone has come in with a drug abuse problem, but whether it's one person or 50 people, I couldn't tell you. I wouldn't be able to find out myself."

Under New York Stock Exchange policy, an exchange employee found using drugs on the job can be sacked or suspended, and employees of member firms can be barred from the exchange (and presumably sacked or disciplined by their own firms), but insiders say such sanctions are rarely applied. As long as users are discreet and don't let their habit damage their performance too obviously, they are left alone.

The ostrich-like approach of the Wall Street community seems to have worked for several years if the point was to hide the problem from the outside world, but not to solve it. But now things are beginning to come out into the open. Last week, the *Wall Street Journal* ran an article on its front page suggesting that drug use, particularly the use of cocaine, was "extensive, accepted, and steadily growing in financial centers from coast to coast."

New York television stations have since followed up with on-camera interviews with unidentified securities industry employees who detailed how their drug habits have led to costly errors of judgment.

Whether such stories will eventually lead to action by the exchanges is debatable. So far, no one has announced a crackdown, probably because the first to do so might wind up looking like the only one with a problem.

As for the police, they still maintain publicly that they will act only when they have a complaint or a good lead, and they are not saying whether all the new publicity is sufficient ground to open an investigation. "Give me a hard lead and I'll go in," says officer Lynott. "Otherwise I can't do anything." ■

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Primer on Nuclear War

Nine Myths of the Atomic Age from the Oval Office

By Tony Cavin

In December the United States began the deployment of 572 cruise and Pershing II missiles in Western Europe. That move prompted the Soviet Union to abandon attempts to negotiate an agreement with Washington on what are known as Intermediate Range Nuclear Forces (INF). Shortly afterward, to demonstrate their concern over the INF deployment, the Soviets also refused to set a date for the resumption of talks on reducing missiles that can go from one continent to another; that is, strategic weapons.

The Reagan Administration has publicly played down the seriousness of the failure of the arms talks, and the disarmament movement has been floundering since its June 12, 1982 moment of glory in Central Park. Meanwhile the military budget continues to rise as the administration works on its unprecedented arms buildup. Behind the buildup is the hope by the Reagan Administration that the public will accept certain assumptions about nuclear war, even when those assumptions may be at odds with public statements by the President and his senior advisers. Accepting them could prove fatal to all of us, not just Americans, but everyone on the planet. What are those assumptions and why are they dangerous? Here is a list of nine of the most important.

I. WE CAN AND SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIGHT AND WIN A NUCLEAR WAR.

The Reagan Administration has come, albeit slowly, to the realization that it is probably bad politics to keep repeating this idea publicly. But the tempering of its public rhetoric, including assurances by the Commander in Chief himself that he does not believe a nuclear war is winnable, has not been accompanied by a change in policy. In fact, with a little lip service to the disarmament movement, the administration has had few problems in winning congressional passage of virtually all of the weapons systems it has asked for. At the same time the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) continues to plan for a nuclear war. The agency, for example, has been reported to have a plan to ensure that such things as banks and the post office continue to function even if a global confrontation breaks out. The problem is not that the administration won't stop saying that it believes a nuclear war can be won. The problem is that the administration, and Congress, continue to act on this assumption while saying precisely the opposite.

Former Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig's threats to fire a nuclear warning shot over Europe hurt the Reagan image. Deputy Undersecretary of Defense T.K. Jones' assurances that "if there are enough shovels to go around everybody's going to make it" provided the title for *Los Angeles Times* reporter Robert Scheer's book on the administration's view of nuclear war. But those who hold such beliefs continue to make U.S. policy. At all levels U.S. nuclear war-fighting capability is being increased as quickly as possible. The MX missile case provides a good example of why, despite its new moderate appearance, the administration continues to hold to its dangerous assumption about winning a nuclear war.

When the MX was first proposed by the Carter Administration it was billed as a way to close the "window of vulnerability." The claim was that current U.S. land-based missiles would not survive a Soviet first strike. The MX, which would be moved from silo to silo in the Nevada desert, would be too elusive for the Soviets to take out, and would therefore guarantee U.S. retaliation. But President Reagan abandoned the mobile basing concept as unworkable, opting instead for fixed silos. Reagan was correct: the mobile scheme was unworkable. But his own blue ribbon commission pointed out that the missile was now vulnerable to a first strike. Therefore it is hard to conceive of any use for the MX other than as a first strike weapon. The concept of a window of vulnerability, of course, soon went the way of the bomber gap of the '50s and the missile gap of the '60s. The assumption that a nuclear war can be fought and won is implicit in a military program centered on massive construction of such first strike weapons. It is also based in part on the second assumption.

II. THE MORE NUCLEAR WEAPONS WE HAVE, THE SAFER WE ARE.

This assumption tends to work its way into most discussions of the nuclear issue, even those held by people who are advocating arms control. The idea is that the U.S. strategic arsenal is designed to assure an enemy of instant massive retaliation in the event of a nuclear attack. Therefore, if we could only obtain enough weapons we would be able to live in peace, because no one would dare attack us.

The problem with this theory is that it assumes whoever is looking at these weapons from the other end sees them in the same honorable light that we do. If you tried to walk down Broadway with a submachine gun you would probably have a difficult time convincing the police that you planned to use it only if someone tried to take your wallet. What counts is what the other side thinks your intentions are. If Moscow believes that the U.S. nuclear arsenal is offensive rather than defensive in nature, it will act accordingly—by building more of its own nuclear weapons and training them on us. As a result an increased U.S. arsenal assures us only that the Soviet Union will do the same. As the number and accuracy of the weapons increase, the likelihood of nuclear war increases as well. For example, the Soviets have warned that the cruise and Pershing II deployment in Western Europe may force them to adopt a launch-on-warning strategy. That is to say Moscow would not wait to verify that what looks like a U.S. attack really is a U.S. attack because by then it would be too late to retaliate. The Soviets would send up their missiles if it appeared an attack was underway. This leads us up to the third assumption.

III. ARMS CONTROL AGREEMENTS BENEFIT THE SOVIET UNION MORE THAN THE UNITED STATES.

This assumption was in evidence when the Carter Administration first proposed the policy of "linkage," loosely: "Why should we sit down and negotiate if they keep their troops in Afghanistan?" When the Reagan administration claims that the MX is a bargaining chip it is really saying, "We'll be glad to go ahead with our buildup unless Moscow agrees to arms control on our terms." In its early days the administration also maintained that its arms buildup would force the Soviets to follow the same course, which would strain their economy and create domestic unrest. The opposite can also be argued, that if Soviet citizens fear a U.S. attack, they are likely to make more sacrifices in the name of defense. Characterizing arms talks as something that should be entered into only under certain conditions assumes that they are done as a favor to the Soviet Union. But if an increase in weapons levels means we all face more danger, then obviously arms control is in our interest.

IV. THE U.S. WOULD NEVER BE THE FIRST TO USE NUCLEAR WEAPONS.

The whole deterrence argument rests on the assumption that U.S. arms are deployed only to guarantee retaliation. In fact, the U.S. is the first and only country ever to have used nuclear weapons. And Daniel Ellsberg, whose former position in

WIDE WORLD

A Pershing II missile is test-fired by the U.S. Army at Cape Canaveral, before its deployment in Western Europe

the Pentagon gained him access to real, as opposed to stated, U.S. strategic theory, has pointed out that nuclear weapons don't need to actually be dropped to be used. In Korea, Berlin, Cuba, the Middle East, Vietnam, and the Persian Gulf, the threat of a U.S. nuclear attack has been used when things were not going well. Perhaps the most well known case is President Kennedy's threat to start World War III over the question of Soviet missiles in Cuba. The threat, because it was believed by Moscow, resulted in the withdrawal of the missiles. Ellsberg and others, including Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Seymour Hersh, have documented Richard Nixon's efforts to convince the North Vietnamese that he was a "madman" who was eager to make use of his nuclear stockpile.

In the introduction to *Protest and Survive*, Ellsberg cites the memoirs of former White House adviser H.R. Haldeman to demonstrate how Nixon got his idea from Eisenhower, who used it successfully in Korea. Then, using Nixon's own memoirs, Ellsberg shows that it was the anti-war movement and Nixon's fear of domestic reaction that kept him from following through on his threat. Ronald Reagan told L.A. *Times* reporter Scheer that Lyndon Johnson's mistake in Vietnam was publicly ruling out the use of nuclear weapons.

The U.S. has also refused to pledge not to be the first nation to use nuclear weapons, a promise made by the Soviet Union and by China. This, given the history of U.S. nuclear threats, brings us to the next assumption.

V. NUCLEAR WAR WOULD START IN EUROPE, PROBABLY WITH A SOVIET ATTACK.

As part of its campaign to present nuclear weapons as some sort of defense against a Soviet attack, the Pentagon and its various allies spend large amounts of time discussing what such an attack might look like. These scenarios usually contain elements from three relatively recent historical events: World War II, the 1956 Soviet move into Hungary, and the 1968 move against Czechoslovakia.

Ironically, at a time when there are shooting wars all over the Third World involving groups supported by Washington, we are continually warned of a Soviet threat against Europe. But if the President believes that Johnson should have used at least an implicit nuclear threat in Vietnam, then what is to stop him from doing the same in Central America or the Middle East? And if the threat fails, what options will he have left? The European peace movement has noted that new U.S. missiles in Comiso, Sicily can hit targets in the Middle East as easily as they can hit the Soviet Union.

In early February of 1981, barely two weeks after taking office, Reagan was quoted by the *New York Times* as saying that enough U.S. troops should be deployed in the Middle East to give the impression that should the Soviets move against them the confrontation could "become World War III."

None of this is to argue that nuclear war isn't likely in Europe; the point is that it is not unlikely anywhere else.

VI. DEPLOYING NEW U.S. MISSILES IN WESTERN EUROPE MAKES THE UNITED STATES SAFER.

While this could come under the general idea of assumption number II, the Cruise and Pershing case is especially dangerous. This is because of the concept of a U.S. nuclear umbrella over Western Europe. This doctrine holds that an attack on Western Europe by the Soviet Union will be met with massive U.S. retaliation. Administration officials often argue that a Soviet advantage in conventional forces requires that the U.S. use the nuclear threat to prevent the larger Warsaw Pact armies from marching into Western Europe. But should the Soviets actually mount such an attack, the deployment of the Pershing and cruise promises that it would be met with a serious nuclear strike. At this point the Soviets cold easily hit back at those who ordered the strike, that is to say the U.S. With the possibility of Moscow going to a launch-on-warning policy as a result of the deployment, the possibility for such an event actually occurring has greatly increased. What the deployment does then is increase the chances that a European conflict could become World War III. This leads to the next assumption.

VII. SOVIET MILITARY GROWTH HAS LEFT THE U.S. FAR BEHIND AND NOW IT'S TIME TO CATCH UP.

This assumption lies behind the Cruise and Pershing deployment as well as behind much of the Reagan arms program. The President repeatedly charges his predecessor with neglecting U.S. defenses while the Soviets surged ahead in the military arena. There are two problems with this argument. First, what is not said: For the first two decades of the nuclear era the U.S. enjoyed a huge advantage over the Soviet Union in nuclear capability. The fact that the Soviets eventually got to the point where they could deliver a devastating retaliatory strike merely altered the strategic equation, such that the U.S. now uses its nuclear threat at far greater peril.

The second problem with this assumption is the simple fact that it is not true. Top U.S. military officers have repeatedly said that they would not trade their forces for Soviet forces. Andrew Cockburn, in his book *The Threat*, details how the extent of Soviet military power is exaggerated by those promoting a U.S. arms buildup. Var-

ious interested parties all provide different figures for comparing U.S. and Soviet forces. The Center for Defense Information, headed by retired U.S. officers who support the concept of a "strong defense," puts the total number of U.S. strategic weapons at 10,173. The total number of Soviet strategic weapons is put at just below 8,000. The U.S. and the Soviet Union differ over just which weapons are strategic, but nonetheless the CDI figures suggest the measure of the fallacy of the President's claim. The administration seems bent not on catching up, but on obtaining superiority once again. Here is where the next assumption comes in.

VIII. NUCLEAR WEAPONS ARE JUST LIKE CONVENTIONAL WEAPONS ONLY MORE POWERFUL.

Those who advocate a buildup of nuclear weapons while admitting that a nuclear war will have no winners continue to treat such weapons as simply bigger versions of conventional weapons. There is a significant difference. A large enough number of respected scientists has argued that since nuclear weapons are capable of wiping us all out that it is not worth taking the chance of proving them wrong. As a result we are not simply talking about the horror of conventional war. If a nuclear confrontation between the superpowers would kill us all, then of course there would be no winners.

IX. WE CAN BUILD A SYSTEM OF DEFENSES THAT WILL SAFEGUARD US FROM NUCLEAR ATTACK.

The most important thing about this assumption is that we can't afford to make it if there is any possibility that it might be wrong. This hasn't stopped the President, however. Recently he announced that he intends to put U.S. technology to work at building a system he described as his vision of the future. Once it was constructed, he hinted, he might even offer one to the Soviet Union just to make the world a safer place. A number of experts immediately noted that the effect of Reagan's futurism line is to trivialize short-term arms control—after all, in a little while we won't need it. The President's move also designates space as a new "high frontier" for the arms race. And as with all guarantees of nuclear deterrence there will be no one around to make good on that promise if it doesn't turn out to be true.

The Reagan Administration is hoping the public will continue to believe all of these assumptions. ■

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WIDE WORLD

A 98-ton prototype of the MX missile flies skyward in a test launch in Nevada

WIDE WORLD

McDonnell-Douglas, makers of the F-15, received $4.4 billion in defense contracts last year

Lobbying For Nuclear War

Scaring the public is a billion-dollar business for America's giant weapons contractors

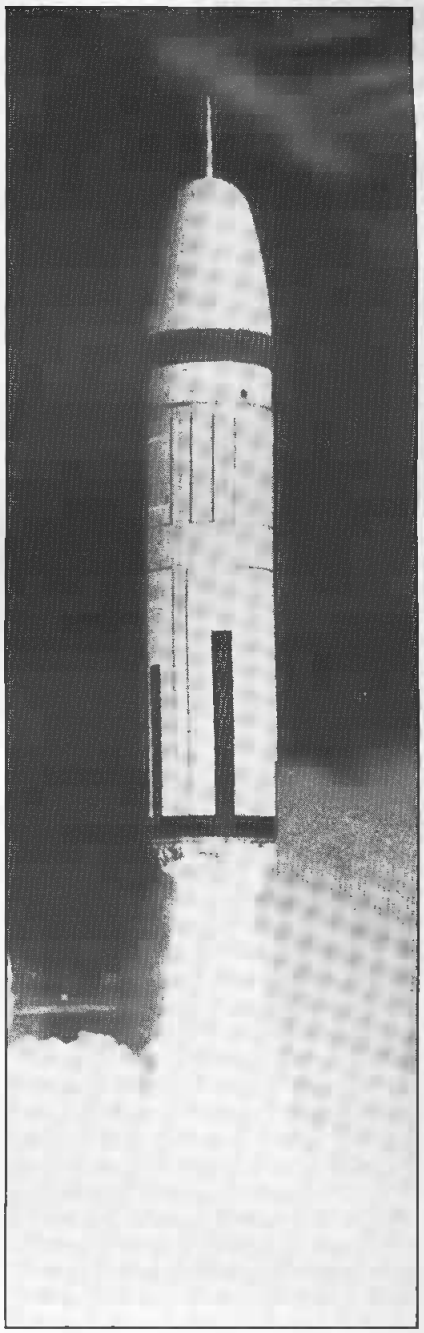
By Bill Hartung

The photograph draws your eye toward a line of armored personnel carriers rumbling down an eerily empty boulevard. The headline: "In Afghanistan, no one turns out for parades anymore." This is not a leaflet put out by Afghani "freedom fighters." It is an ad for McDonnell Douglas fighter planes on the op-ed page of the *New York Times*. The implication of the pitch which follows is that if we don't keep buying their F-15s, *we* won't be safe from a Soviet invasion.

Few readers of the *New York Times* are likely to take the word of McDonnell Douglas, which received $4.4 billion in Department of Defense weapons contracts last year, as to what is needed for the defense of the United States. In this respect the scare tactics used in this advertisement seem downright clumsy. Unfortunately, defense contractors like McDonnell Douglas have many more subtle methods of maintaining the market for their special line of products. As criticism of the Reagan Administration's military buildup grows, these companies will continue to exert leverage behind the scenes to make sure that the weapons they need to build get built, whether we need them for defense or not.

Perhaps the clearest case of unnecessary weapons spending is the plan to build a whole new generation of nuclear weapons—MX intercontinental ballistic missiles, Trident submarine launched ballistic missiles, the Pershing II and air, sea, and ground launched cruise missiles, and the B-1 bomber are all being produced as part of the Reagan "strategic modernization" program. The United States already has the capacity to deliver 9,500 nuclear warheads to targets in the Soviet Union—less than 2 percent of these warheads would be enough to destroy every large and medium sized city in the Soviet Union. When they are not out campaigning for approval of the latest military budget, even Reagan Administration officials, from Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger to John Vesey, head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, acknowledge that the current U.S. nuclear arsenal is technically superior to that of the Soviet Union. The earlier loose talk of "surviving" a major nuclear conflict that *Los Angeles Times* reporter Robert Scheer documented in his 1982 book, *With Enough Shovels: Reagan, Bush, and Nuclear War*, has generally given way to a public consensus among Reagan Administration officials that they also believe that a nuclear war would be the ultimate human catastrophe.

The facts of nuclear overkill have not been lost on the American people. If nothing else, the growing nuclear disarmament movement of the past three years has succeeded in convincing the majority of the American public that when it comes to nuclear weapons, building more is no "defense." A Louis Harris poll conducted after the Korean Air Lines Flight 007 incident, widely heralded in the press as a death blow to the nuclear freeze movement, found that *77 percent* of the U. S. public supports a mutual U.S.-Soviet freeze on any further nuclear weapons production. In the 1982 elections, one-third of the voting population had an opportunity to endorse or reject the nuclear freeze. The freeze gathered 60 percent of the more than 17 million votes cast in the largest public referendum in U.S. history.



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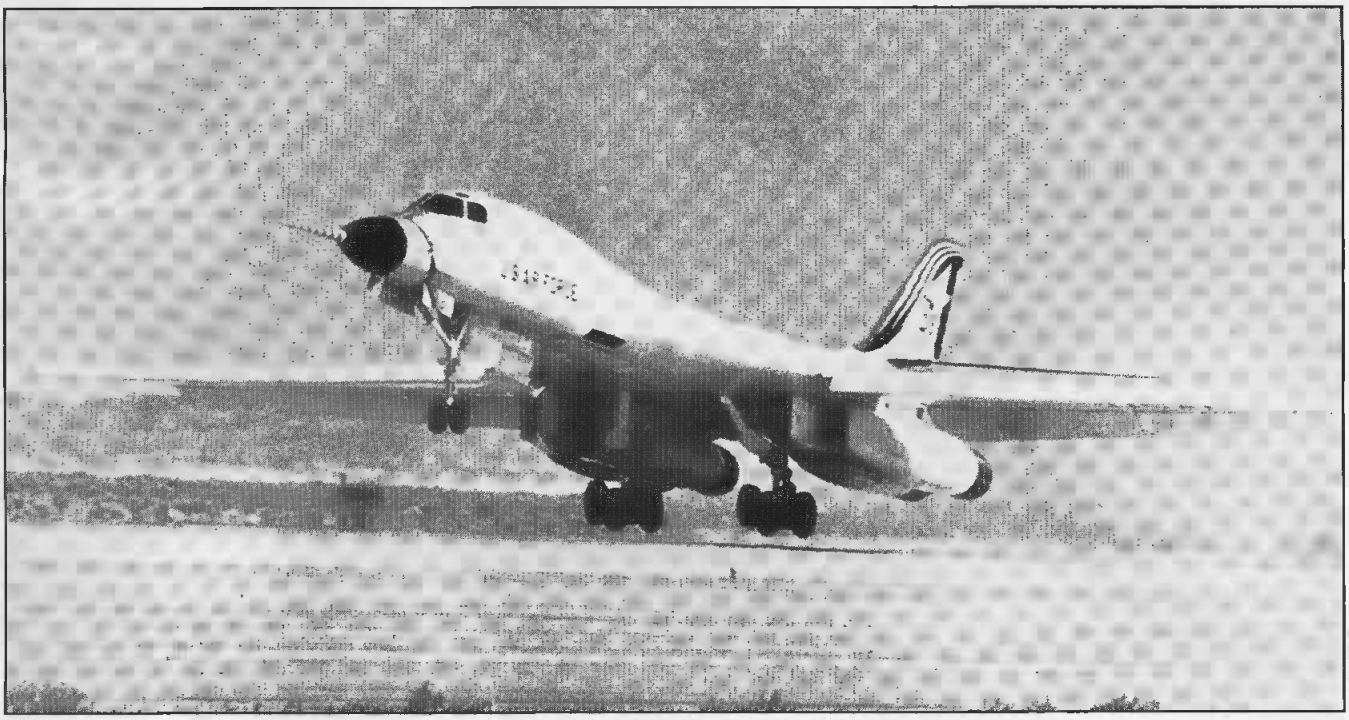
The Trident submarine-launched missile is a "new generation" nuclear weapon

The Democratic Party, the AFL-CIO, the Catholic Church, and every major Protestant denomination in the United States have all passed resolutions endorsing a nuclear freeze. Ex-CIA Director William Colby, known in anti-war circles for his role in the "Phoenix" campaign of political assassinations during Vietnam, calls himself "an unabashed supporter of the nuclear freeze" and has urged "the elimination of these terrible weapons." Robert McNamara, Secretary of Defense during the Vietnam War buildup, argued in a recent article in *Foreign Affairs* that "nu-



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The B-1 bomber lifts off the runway as part of Reagan's "strategic modernization" program

clear weapons are militarily useless," and has called for the cancellation of the B-1 bomber and MX missile programs.

Why has all of this public opposition to the new generation of nuclear weapons, some of it from fairly unlikely places, failed to stop even one of the new nuclear weapon systems from being built?

Robert Aldridge, a former engineer in Lockheed's missile division, has argued that they are being built as part of an overall plan to achieve the capability to destroy all or nearly all of the Soviet Union's nuclear forces in a disarming "first strike." Daniel Ellsberg, a former strategic planner in the Pentagon long since turned peace activist, has asserted that U.S. leaders are attempting to regain the level of nuclear superiority over the Soviets that they enjoyed during the 1950s and early 1960s, when threats to use nuclear weapons were made from Korea, to Berlin, to the Cuban missile crisis to gain political concessions. Other more general explanations have stressed the difficulty of stopping nuclear weapons production after over 40 years: there is just too much institutional momentum to be overcome. Each of these explanations has merit. However, even without entering into the often bizarre world of nuclear strategy, there is clear motive for building the new generation of nuclear weapons: it has become a large and profitable business.

The Doomsday Companies

More than 10,000 business firms are involved in some aspect of the production of the new generation of nuclear weapons, but eight large contractors reap the bulk of the benefits. In 1982 the Pentagon awarded $6.2 billion for research, development, and production of nuclear-armed missiles and bombers from the MX to the cruise missiles to the B-1 bomber. Four-fifths of this money—$5.1 billion—went to the eight largest nuclear weapons contractors: Rockwell International, Boeing, Martin Marietta, Lockheed, General Electric, General Dynamics, McDonnell Douglas, and Northrop. Rockwell International and Martin Marietta each received over 20 percent of their sales in 1982 from nuclear weapons contracts. Far from being abstract observers of nuclear weapons policy, these companies have developed sophisticated public relations, lobbying, and political contributions machines to insure that their systems get built. The clearest and most public example of this was the campaign by Rockwell International to bring back the B-1 bomber program after the Carter Administration had cancelled it in 1977.

The resurrection of the B-1 bomber has meant a phenomenal boost in Rockwell International's business: the company received $1.3 billion in contracts for the system in 1982, the first full year after Ronald Reagan announced the program, and Pentagon contract announcements indicate a commitment to the company for B-1 work of over $4 billion to date. With plans to buy 100 B-1B's at a cost of at least $290 million per plane, the company's prospects look bright for the next five years. When Jimmy Carter announced the cancellation of the original B-1 program six years ago, the company's prospects weren't nearly as hopeful.

Under the title of "Operation Common Sense," Rockwell had begun a lobbying and public relations campaign for the B-1 back in 1973, and had spent $1.3 million promoting the B-1, the space shuttle, and other Rockwell initiatives in the years leading up to the 1977 cancellation decision. The program included several films on the benefits of the B-1, an economic impact study showing the jobs and contracts that would flow to each state if the program proceeded, a letter-writing campaign among Rockwell employees that generated 80,000 letters to Congress in support of the bomber, and ads in *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and specialty magazines like *Aviation Week* and *Space Technology*. The amazing point about this campaign, which is described in detail in *The Iron Triangle*, a study of defense contracting by the New York-based Council on Economic Priorities, is that it failed—the Carter Administration still cancelled production of the planes, although it allowed research and development work to continue.

Rockwell's strategy after this setback was to concentrate its political contributions on B-1 supporters in Congress and in the presidential campaign. On the national level, the firm contributed $3,500 to Ronald Reagan's campaign, $15,000 to the Republican National Committee, and $25,000 to other Republican committees. Most of the firm's contributions to congressional candidates went either to members of the key committees that would have to pass on the B-1 before it came to a vote (e.g., the Appropriations and Armed Services Committees) or to representatives from areas where Rockwell had plants. When the B-1 came to a vote in 1981, it appeared that these contributions had paid off: 42 of 54 Rockwell-supported members of the House of Representatives voted for the B-1, as did *12 of 14* members of the House Armed Services and Appro-

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New York Rep. Joseph Addabbo sponsored a motion to cut MX missile funds

priations Committees who had received Rockwell contributions. Joseph Addabbo of Queens, the Democratic chair of the subcommittee on defense of the House Appropriations Committee, has pointed in particular to Rockwell's use of economic leverage as a key to its success: "Rockwell is the best. I've had many members say: 'I have a plant with x number of jobs, and I just can't vote against that.' In effect, they've used Congressmen from those states as lobbyists."

Although Rockwell's campaign to revive the B-1 was more visible than many similar efforts by military contractors to exert influence in favor of the weapons they build, it is not atypical. Martin Marietta, the second largest contractor on the MX missile (after Rockwell) and the main contractor for the Pershing II, sent an appeal to its employees urging them to write to Congress in support of these programs. The letter from company President Thomas Pownall denies financial motivations:

"Within the next 60 days the Congress will consider the appropriation of funds for production of the Peacekeeper (MX) missile and other strategic initiatives. These programs are significant to the Corporation. That, of itself, might be reason enough for this communication for our employees, but there are other, higher considerations involved—grave issues of national security which must be decided by the Congress. It is on the basis of the latter considerations that I'm writing to you."

He goes on to review the finding of Reagan's Commission on Strategic Forces, which supported the MX, and argues that going without it would "undermine the free world." Employees are encouraged to

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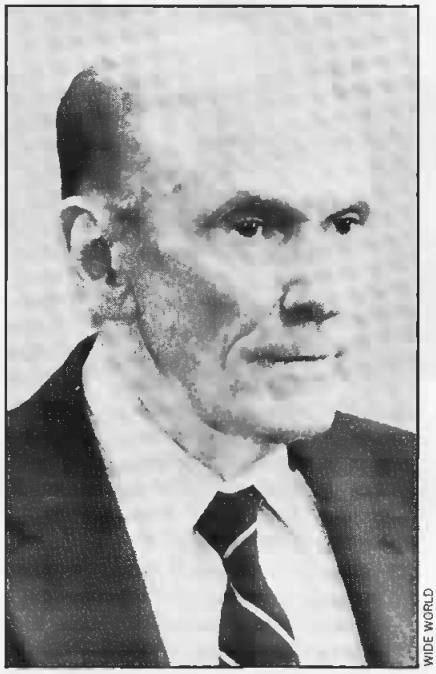
Sen. Edward Kennedy's home state makes the F-18 engines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Sen. Alan Cranston's home state benefits greatly from military spending

use the handy enclosed postcards to make their views known. Rockwell's use of a similar tactic, in which "encouragement" often meant being asked to participate by a supervisor, generated 80,000 letters on the B-1.

Political Action Committee Funding: Which Side Are You On?

Military contractors have developed the largest Political Action Committees by average size of any industry in the United States. As the peace movement was building towards the massive 750,000-person-strong disarmament rally in June of 1982, the largest military contractors were busily spending Political Action Committee funds at an unprecedented rate. A study of contributions during the 20 months leading up to the 1982 congressional elections by the Friends Committee on National Legislation has shown that the 12 largest military contractors spent $1.2 million, "more than 2½ times as much as the $465,000 these same corporations contributed in the entire period of the mid-term election in 1978." Although Republican candidates receive a slight edge in such defense contractor funding, Democrats have not been ignored. Joseph Addabbo, an opponent of the B-1 and MX programs, nevertheless received $18,300 from the top 12 contractors in the 20 months leading up to November 1982, the highest amount for any candidate for the House of Representatives. Liberal Democratic senators such as Edward Kennedy and Alan Cranston have also received campaign funds from major defense contractors. While these contributions insure access to a representative, the chance to claim credit for the jobs associated with military contracts coming into their areas probably has even more influence in stifling congressional opposition to new weapons proposals.

A report by Prudential-Bache Securities released at the end of 1982 argued this point:

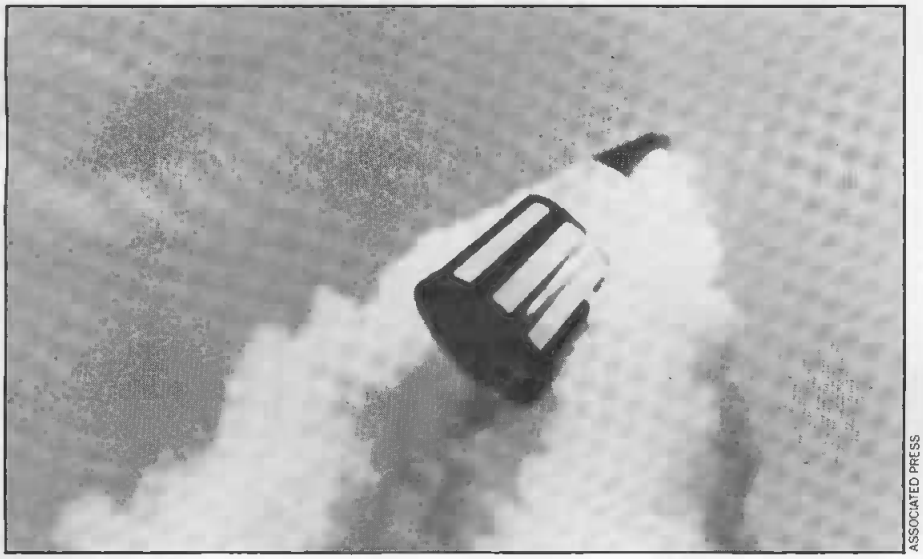
"Contrary to the impression political rhetoric and the mass media sometime give, political support from both sides of the aisle for defense programs is solid—especially as long as unemployment heads the list of public concerns. . . .

Why despite the rhetoric, can we assume that even dovish politicians will vote for patently aggressive weapons whenever their votes are critical for passage—even strategic nuclear weapons? The answer, rarely mentioned, is simply—jobs."

The analysts proceed to sketch how the politics of defense industry jobs can lock in a series of major weapons programs:

"Few observers should expect Sen. Howard Metzenbaum (D–Ohio) to work actively to defeat the B-1 bomber program after the Columbus Dispatch *announces—on its front page—that the program represents 75,000 to 90,000 jobs for job-hungry Ohio. Consider the fate of Alan Cranston (D–California) in whose home state at least twice as much of the program work is to be accomplished. Can even Tip O'Neill (D–Massachusetts) or Ted Kennedy (D–Massachusetts) afford to mount a serious campaign against the B-1, when support for the F-18, perhaps from Metzenbaum and Cranston, may some day be essential to the survival of the F-18? (The F-18's engines are built in Lynn, Massachusetts)."*

Prudential-Bache is counting on this process to continue, and is advising investors to stick with military companies. The combination of campaign contributions, regular lobbying by military companies,



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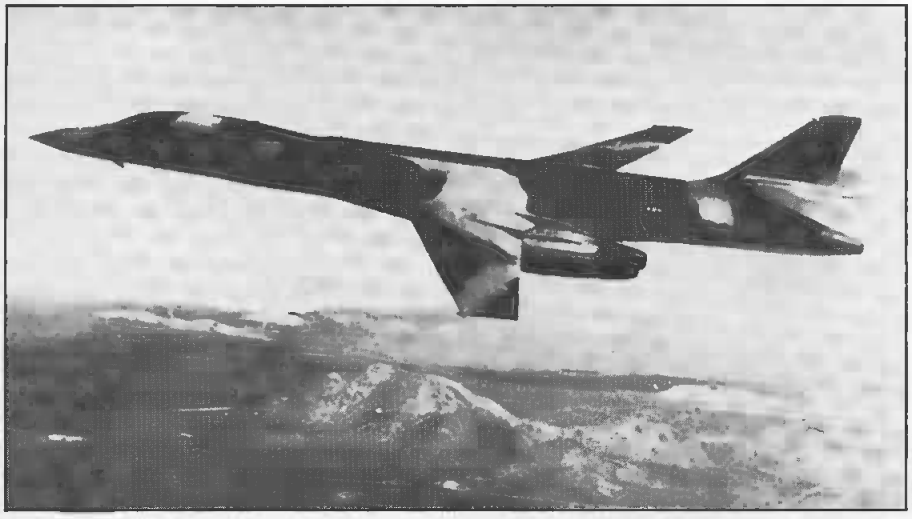
President Reagan's Commission on Strategic Forces supported the MX missile

A B-1 bomber cruises over the California desert near Edwards Air Force base



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and the chance for representatives to claim credit for new military industry jobs in their areas seems almost unbeatable, despite the growing public support for an end to nuclear weapons development. It all seems to boil down to economics. But numerous studies over the last decade have shown that any other form of government spending would create more jobs than military spending does: why can't this money go towards housing, mass transit, and hospital construction if jobs are such a key issue? The answer lies in the comfortable nature of doing business with the Pentagon and the taboo against "government interference" and "big government" which has been so successfully applied to most government spending on anything *but* weapons.

Military Spending: Reagan vs. Free Enterprise

Getting figures on the profit rates on contracts for programs like the MX missile and B-1 bomber from the Pentagon is about as easy as getting them to give you your own H-bomb. However, the few studies which have been done of defense industry profits by the General Accounting Office and industry sources have all shown doing business with the Pentagon to be highly profitable and relatively risk-free. Cost-plus contracts, high overhead charges, overcharging for parts and materials, and the frequent use of government-supplied plants and equipment all contribute toward making weapons production an easy way to make profits without risking losses. Seymour Melman, professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University and author of the recently released *Profits Without Production*, has characterized the Pentagon's approach to buying weapons as "cost maximizing." And since profit rates are often a percentage of the total award, the higher the cost, the higher the profits. An absurd application of this principle was Lockheed's receipt of over $2 billion in Pentagon contracts to fix the defective wings on the giant C-5A transport plane: the company was actually rewarded for its original incompetence.

An inspection of the annual reports of the largest nuclear weapons contractors demonstrates that without military contracts, many of them couldn't survive as profitable entities. The Aerospace Divisions of Rockwell International and Martin Marietta, the two companies most dependent on the B-1 and MX programs, both reported record earnings and sales in 1982. Martin Marietta, along with major nuclear weapons contractors McDonnell Douglas and Boeing, would not have made a profit at all last year without the earnings from Pentagon contracts. Lockheed, another major military contractor responsible for building the Trident submarine-launched ballistic missile, has retreated from its one major area of civilian production, passenger airliners. Disarmament would be a major threat to the existence of these firms. The fact that Ronald Reagan, the prophet of free enterprise, is supporting these relatively uncompetitive companies to the tune of billions of dollars per year is ironic to say the least.

And what would become of the more than 2½ million workers in military industry in the event of a nuclear freeze or other cuts in the military budget? If the military corporations and the Reagan Administration have their way, hundreds of thousands would be laid off and left to fend for themselves in a depressed economy. But it doesn't have to work out that way. Federal support for housing, mass transit, hospitals and schools would create jobs at two to three times the rate that building MX and Trident missiles does, leaving plenty of room to both cut unemployment and give laid-off military industry workers financial assistance and training.

Needless to say, Ronald Reagan is not about to fund civilian projects of this sort at the lavish rate he is funding military programs. The corporations that reap most of the benefits from nuclear weapons spending will continue to use their political contributions and other means of influence to try to make sure that their systems keep getting funded. And most of Reagan's Democratic opponents would be unlikely to cut military spending overall even if they cancelled a few nuclear weapons—Alan Cranston, the most vocally pro-freeze of the presidential candidates, was a regular supporter of the B-1 bomber throughout his years in the Senate. If the sentiment for nuclear disarmament is not linked to a strategy to confront profiteering by military corporations and build economic alternatives to weapons production, we may wake up five years from now to the news that we desperately need the *next* generation of nuclear weapons to protect us from unexpected Soviet gains. And if Rockwell International and McDonnell Douglas have their way, we'll believe it. ■

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The Ignorance Of Civil Rights

By Russell Means

The domain of struggle in the 1960s and 1970s in the United States principally has been in the area of minorities struggling for so-called human rights. Within this broad arena, the major preoccupation for most oppressed groups has been in the area of civil rights. I have defined the concept of human rights as an arrogant one, or if you will, human chauvinism, because it is based on the insistence in European tradition of elevating humans above and beyond the natural order as beings somehow uniquely privileged within nature.

The civil rights movement is based on a notion which I feel is inferior even to that of human rights, because it is based on sharing the stolen pie with the original thieves: that is, civil rights are the special interests claimed by the members of a group on the basis of membership alone and at the direct expense of members of other groups.

It may seem that I am singling out the African experience in America since 1960 as exclusively representative of certain errors. I have no wish to scapegoat a group in this fashion and have no intention of allowing matters to rest there. Civil rights preoccupations are not the peculiar domain of African activists. However, it must be said that Africans constituted the cutting edge, the vanguard of contemporary civil rights struggles, and are therefore the logical initial focus when one begins to discuss the issue of civil rights.

I might further add that I'm not saying that civil rights was not a reasonable place for Africans to begin their struggle. Given the general consciousness of the early 1960s, produced in large part by historical discontinuities generated by slavery and other forms of European genocide, civil rights struggles may well have been the *only* place to begin. And for having begun, under the conditions of the time, all Africans have reason to be proud.

The question in this connection is one of getting beyond the beginnings of a struggle, of increasing the level of consciousness beyond the initial moment of awareness and pride. It seems to me that it is entirely possible to create African Awareness out of Black Pride, to recreate Africans from blacks, to proceed from civil rights to human rights to natural rights in one long continuous motion. So I don't dismiss the historical importance of the civil rights movement, the people involved, or the motives behind struggles in the early 1960s. I simply reject that it was ever validly an end itself or that it holds a continuing relevance today. It's not the pioneers of the civil rights movement who strike me as a negative force, it's those hangers-on who build lucrative careers on the bones of that movement right now, today.

In any event, it is now 1980, not 1960, and there are other groups prominently involved in civil rights activities. Two which occur to me immediately are the so-called Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation movements. Each of these is currently engaged in ostensibly "challenging the status quo" by utilizing tactics developed in the black civil rights movement to push the interests of their respective constituents.

Now I think it's clear in each of these cases that real discrimination exists within the dominant society that is focused upon the groups at issue. In the case of homosexuals, a body of legislation exists across the nation which, in effect, makes their very existence "illegal." Things are not (yet) quite to the point they were in Nazi Germany, where gays had to wear triangular pink identification badges, but the principle is precisely the same. Women too are faced with outright legislation designed to "keep them in their place", a place which is clearly subservient to men. Beyond legislation, both groups are confronted with a broad spectrum of private practices, condoned by the law to the extent that they are not proscribed by it, which offer continuous abuse and misery. For gays, these latter include dismissal from employment, denial of housing, denial of marital preference and child adoption prerogatives, etc. For women, these include unequal workplace wages, unequal promotion opportunities on the job, denial of credit, etc. In neither case are abuses limited to those I've listed, but the point should be made.

And, of course, there are also extralegal forms of discrimination such as rape (currently up nearly 40 percent from 1975), mutilation, beatings, sexual harassment of the non-forcible variety, and murder. All of this is so blatantly prevalent within the social mainstream that it seems unquestionable that it is integral to the structure of the United States. There is absolutely no way that any right-thinking person can observe the situation and not conclude that these are critical issues, not only for the people most directly affected by for *all* relations.

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Russell Means at the AIM conference in January of 1982

But consider the general "solutions" to these problems as proposed and fought for by the activists of each group. Various tactics are employed to insure that gays and women gain equal access to employment and promotional opportunities, credit opportunities, access to housing, and general legal status. Who is the equality that is being sought measured against? White men. Or, to be more specific, white Anglo-Saxon Protestant heterosexual men—the infamous "norm" of the European mainstream. Once again, when confronted with the oppressor, entire groups opt not to eliminate him but to become like him, not to dismantle the industrial society of values and outlooks which oppress them, but to join it, to *demand* to participate in it.

As an aside, at this point, I'd like to note that I don't intend to generalize an entire sex of any culture as following only one course. My remarks are geared to the women's movement in its primary form. There are always exceptions which serve to prove the rule. If you are the exception, you will not be offended by what I say. (But if the shoe fits, wear it.)

It's rather easy to see where such demands lead. Every short-term gain garnered by women and gays in the civil rights context represents a slightly longer term loss for another oppressed group. Consider so-called Affirmative Action legislation sought by the League of Women Voters, the National Organization of Women and other primary women's civil rights lobbies. Under the guidelines that resulted from this act, both women and "Minorities" come under what are called "protected classes." Hence, they are perpetually competing, one against the other, for the same positions.

Essay

I don't know of any clearer example of divide and conquer tactics: two groups which are oppressed by the same third group are duped into constantly competing against each other rather than joining forces as natural allies to end their mutual oppression. And what does either group get if it happens to be "the winner" of a job on a given day? Well, current mythology holds that every job that goes to women or minorities undercuts the ultimate power of WASP males; cumulatively then, enough jobs awarded under Affirmative Action would serve to topple the power structure of this country. I submit that this is purely absurd. Jobs have functions within the structure. Therefore, every time a woman, a gay person, or a non-European accepts a position within the structure, they become functional *parts* of it. Rather than raising opposition to the status quo, Affirmative Action serves to reinforce the industrial society substantially.

It's appropriate to point out that, rather than reinforcing the power of their oppressors, it would be more reasonable for women and gays to seek out natural allies. Clearly the planet has traditions and alternatives to offer beyond the narrow confines of the European status quo. I will use as examples of this aspect that with which I am most familiar, the traditions of my own Lakota culture.

Consider first the situation of gays, as it seems the least complex issue. In European culture, homosexuals are discriminated against precisely because they are socially aberrant. This, in Biblical terms, is considered "abnormal" and a crime against against the Judeo-Christian god. Thus, homosexuality is irrevocably condemned as bad within the European tradition.

Now, homosexuality existed and exists within the Lakota culture, as it does in any society. But our way of viewing it was and is rather different from the European practice. Understand that this is an aberration within Lakota society in precisely the same sense as in Europe. But for exactly that reason, because homosexuality is not the norm within Lakota culture, my people have always looked to these individuals as special, as selected within the natural order as chosen to bear a different vision and add a certain balance to life.

I think you can see where this leads: in their scramble for civil rights, gays manage only to reinforce a cultural context that rejects them out of hand against cultures which have traditionally accorded them every respect as natural relations. If this makes sense, it can only be in terms of the logic of self defeat.

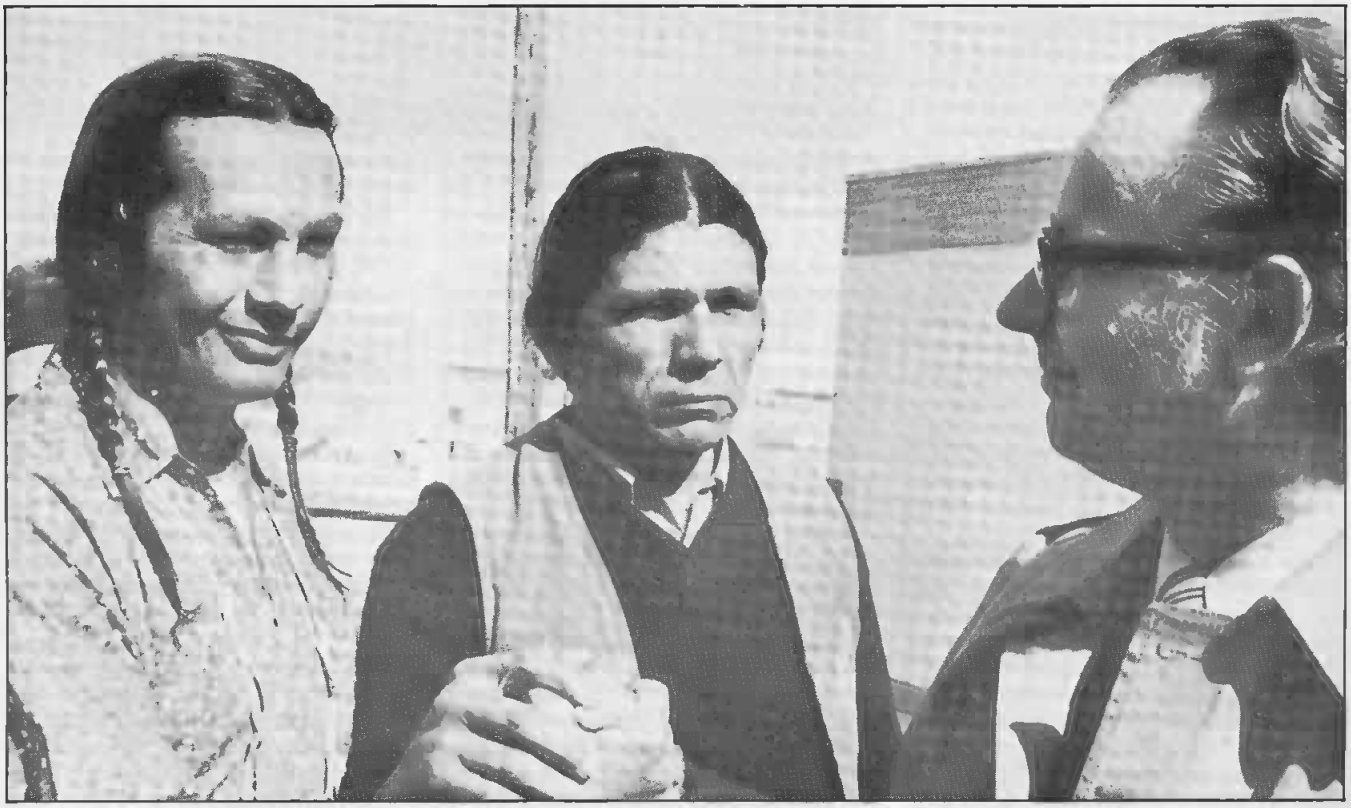
Concerning women, as I said, this is a much more complex issue. I have already addressed the status of women within European culture, so now I would like to speak to their role within Lakota culture. To do so, I'd like to begin with a story told to me by my grandfather when I was a young boy:

A long time ago, at the beginning, some Lakotas were sitting around a fire. As they sat there, the men in the group noticed the women growing with child. As they watched, they witnessed the miracle of birth. And as they continued to watch, they saw the women nurturing life at their breasts. After a time, the men began to discuss among themselves what they had seen. Much talk occurred and then the men concluded, and rightfully, that they stood for very little in the cycle of life.

After a time of wondering what they were good for, the men grew envious of the women. From there on, they began to pout and play games as a means to draw attention to an importance they could only pretend to possess.

The point of this story is that it was told to me as it is told, in one variation or another, to all Lakota males at a young age. Lakota men begin to learn very early that women are the source of life and nurturing strength of a sort which is denied to men. A traditional Lakota man grows up and goes through his entire life acting in accordance with this basic knowledge. It is wisdom central to the entire Lakota lifeway.

All of this is not empty rhetoric or gloss. It is the substance of much of day-to-day Lakota life. Let's consider some of the implications. Take, for example, the concept of a Lakota warrior. First, let me state categorically that the notion that warrior status is, was or ever will be restricted exclusively to men is false. There have been



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Russell Means, left, leader of the American Indian Movement exchanges a handshake with Bishop James Armstrong

women warriors throughout the history of the Lakota people, there are women warriors today and you may rest assured that there will be in the future. But they are the exceptions, the aberrations if you will, who prove the rule. They are special people to the Lakota.

In any event, the rule that I was referring to is *not* that warriors be men (which is a European rule), but that a Lakota treat all relations with respect. Now war is a dangerous occupation; people tend to die in wars. Lakota men recognized early on that in assuming the warrior's responsibility for defense of the people they could acknowledge a certain respect for women, for women's ability to give and nurture life. The respect occurs in the process of acknowledging the women's power by relieving them of the dangerous but relatively minor responsibility of fighting. In a real sense, Lakota men announce ultimate respect to Lakota women because we are naturally more expendable than the women.

Let's return momentarily to the existence of warrior women, because it proves to things that have to do with the respectful relations I'm speaking of. First, it demonstrates that Lakota women could and can, when there's a real need, handle the warrior's chores. Thus, it can be seen that Lakota women have *allowed* men to assume this social role.

Second, Lakota women tend to allow their men the warrior's role out of respect for the men's feelings. After all, this does provide the men with a certain social value that would otherwise be lacking. And true to form, Lakota men have traditionally developed the serious business of community defense up into a game. For the most part, that's what war was among American Indian peoples before European soldiers came with their ideas of extermination and body counts . . . a game. It took the absurdity of being faced with outright genocide to force American Indians to become serious killers in self defense.

But precontact warfare was one of the major games through which Lakota women allowed Lakota men to draw attention to their accomplishments and cultural value. Clearly, we are not talking of a system of discrimination and imbalance; we are speaking of a balanced system of respect between the sexes and the future generations. We are speaking in terms of a fundamental harmony with the natural order.

All this leads into other functional aspects of daily Lakota life. For example, the nature of the roles adopted by Lakota men determined that their lifespans were apt to be considerably shorter than those of the women. Thus, it is natural that the women were looked to as the formal lineage of social continuity. Men went to live in the villages of their wives, ancestry was determined through the mother. Contrast this

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"The civil rights movement is based on a notion inferior even to human rights because it is based on sharing the stolen pie with the original thieves . . ."

to European culture where men also live for shorter periods than women, but a paternal structure is nonetheless enforced in violation of all natural reason. To a certain extent, the colonial process undertaken by Europe has imposed a paternal veneer upon Lakota culture, but this is a skin easily shed through decolonization. Under conditions of real lifespans, maternal structure is merely acknowledgement of and respect for the obvious.

The natural strength of women has obvious effects within Lakota life beyond the transmission of cultural continuity. The obvious nurturing capacity of women, which is lacking in men, leads directly to social roles of nurturing for women; they feed the people. Men provide what is fed, but this is an act of compensation, a means of achieving balance and harmony once again. There's no question that Lakota women can, when need be, also provide the food that is eaten; they allow men this role to assist in creating balance and harmony. Once again, this is a matter of mutual respect between the sexes and between the Lakota and the natural order.

Women are the strength, the pride, and the continuation of the Lakota culture and the Lakota people. Compared to the women, Lakota men remain children all their lives. Try as they may, they can never catch up with the power that women possess naturally. Ask any old Lakota woman. She can tell you that the older men become, the more they become aware of the unevenness of the race and the more childlike they seem.

Perhaps the clearest example of the complete reversal of the status accorded women within the Lakota tradition as compared to that of Europe has to do with what theology professors like to call deities. You are aware, no doubt, that within Christian doctrine God is assumed to be male. The Christian god is referred to as "he," "man" is made in the Christian god's image, "His" son (also the "Father's" spitting image) came to earth as the Messiah, Jesus Christ, and was a strangely WASPish looking character, from the alleged portraits I've seen. In effect, European males selected what they fancied as the mirror image of themselves to serve as their god. Not realizing that "image" meant the goodness of the great mystery, i.e. respect, patience, humility, virtue, responsibility and wisdom.

Lakota people, on the other hand, see themselves as having originated through a woman, The White Buffalo Calf Woman. Two things are striking about this. First, this so-called deity is female, which acknowledges the natural *fact* that all people originate through the female. Second, this female is not like any woman you'll ever meet. She is, as a buffalo woman, totally integrated into her other relations. These twin rejections, that of male supremacy and that of human supremacy, are the twin

cornerstones upon which the Lakota spiritual tradition, the entire Lakota culture is built.

This is something that Europeans have never remotely understood. Consider that in the medieval manuscripts of the Bible which presented "the word of God" to the people of Europe, there was a passage that was translated as "man shall hold responsibility over the earth." Now this is an arrogant assumption by humans, that they are somehow in a position to be responsible for all relations. But it also implies a certain respect for the relations. Europe was relatively weak then, and this was as far as its theologians dared push matters.

A few centuries later, Christian theologians were confident enough to reword their own scriptures to justify (through God, no less) their future plans. The word "responsibility" was then changed to "dominion." This was the so-called Protestant Reformation. And it seems that by reformation, Christianity meant reforming plowshares into swords with which to establish dominion over the entire planet.

It should come as no surpriose to anyone that today's Christians and their capitalist and Marxist descendants, feeling that they have established dominion over the earth and all relations associated with it, are now busily destroying the whole world in their asinine assumption that "progress and development" are God-like, therefore limitless. If you think this is pushing the point too far, look around you at the spread of industrial "progress." Who else but self-appointed gods could take it upon themselves to create vehicles of species suicide and then define them as good?

In the old days, the troops and the commissioners would come from Washington and demand that the "headman" of the Lakota meet with them. When people who were wiser than they attempted to explain that no Lakota, least of all a man, had the power over other Lakotas they were seeking, they still insisted. They were adamant because this was how they understood social power based on their heritage as Europeans. The very notion of male supremacy was imported to this hemisphere from Europe ... along with whiskey, smallpox, scalping, and venereal disease.

Today, we are confronted by a similar phenomenon, but this time it is European women who are primarily responsible. It has been noted repeatedly over the past decade that there has been a marked lack of participation and involvement in the women's movement by non-European women. An African woman once referred to it as "the white women's movement." Such commentary has caused much consternation among these women activists, and prompted more than one of them to begin researching issues that would be relevant to "minority" women. This, of course, has meant that European women's liberationists have taken it upon themselves to analyze and "solve" the problems of sexism in other cultures, thereby "including" non-European women. I know this is absurd, but it's happening.

Now I realize that the women's movement is not necessarily Marxist in its outlook. It is after all an avowed civil rights movement rather than an avowed revolutionary one. But I submit to you that the women's movement proceeds from precisely the same assumptions when it comes to non-European cultures as does Marxism. Or capitalism and Christianity, for that matter. This means that they proceed from a very limited context which they understand (European culture) and then rather arrogantly assert that their understanding applies universally.

I am not saying the problems these European women experience in their own lives aren't real. They are, and I've already mentioned a few of them. But the problems are peculiarities of the nature of European culture, not something universally inherent to men and women. In a sense, you can't blame them for the error, never having benefitted from having lived in a context of mutual respect. This, however, fails to diminish the supreme arrogance and ignorance they exhibit when they impose their analysis outside their own arena.

Consider the following, all of which have been laid on me by one or another European feminist during the past few years. One woman observed to me that the predominantly male membership of the Lakota warrior societies was evidence of our "sexism." In European society, of course, this would be true. But, as we have seen, the exact opposite is true among the Lakota. Another presented me with the profound insight that Lakota society was and is a "patriarchy" because "all the chiefs have been men." All the chiefs, in the sense that Europeans understand the

MICHELLE VIGNES/GAMMA-LIAISON

This group photo was taken of members of the American Indian Movement at their summit conference in Jan. 82

term, were the invention of Europe. In the true Lakota sense of social power, as we have also seen, women have always held a balance.

I could go on and on, both as to the real role of women in Lakota culture and feminist misconceptions of that role, but one example has always been the most crystalline of all juxtapositions for me in this respect. Several years ago one of the papers of the women's movement—I think it was called *Off Our Backs*—published an article on the Lakota menstrual lodge. This lodge, said the author, constituted incontrovertible proof that Lakota culture was sexist. This is because the lodge, to the author's way of thinking, amounted to the location where Lakota men isolated their women during the period of their monthly menstrual cycle, a physiological process that the author felt to be so disgusting to men that they are compelled to occasionally banish their women to avoid it.

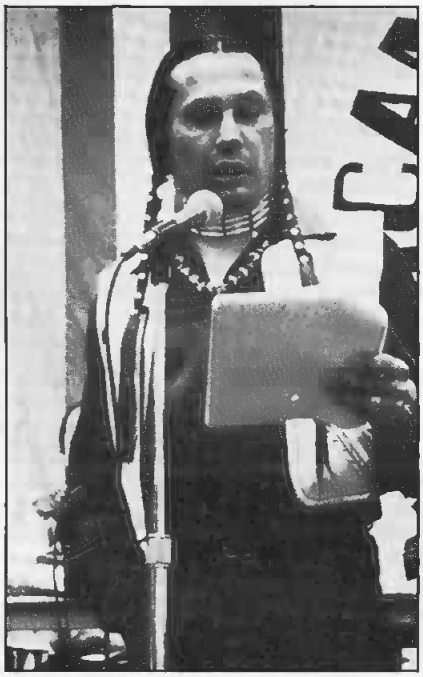
Once again, the author of this feminist analysis would probably have been on very firm ground had she been examining a situation originating in European culture. In that culture, menstruation is perceived as filthy, disgusting, as something to be hidden and avoided both in fact and in polite conversation. The monthly cycle is even referred to, in quasi-religious terms, as "women's curse." But in Lakota culture, things are very different.

To a Lakota, the fact of women's menstruation is considered as a blessing. It is a natural process through which the women are cleansed by the Great Mystery, a power obviously denied to men. One result of this may, by now, be predictable. Lakota men are engaged throughout their lives in actions designed to balance the situation, to compensate through effort for that which the women possess naturally and without effort. For example, one of our major so-called "religious rights" is the sweat lodge, a purifying place, a place of honor and cleansing. Lakota men *must* regularize their participation in the sweats as a means to balance the natural cleansing of the women's natural monthly cycle. And within the sweat, we pray our thanks to the universe for that same monthly cleansing of our women.

Other aspects of our ceremonial life, including the Sun Dance, carry the same sort of implications. Of course, in the process of offering up her "penetrating analysis of Lakota sexism," the feminist author was no doubt totally unaware of all this.

No doubt then, she would have been most surprised to discover what could have been readily accessible information, had she bothered to consult with a traditional Lakota woman rather than arrogantly assuming she was already aware of the answers *before* beginning her "study." For instance, my aunt Grace Black Elk (who is, incidentally, one of the spiritual leaders of the Lakota people), might have explained to the author that—far from being a male-imposed isolation of and discrimination against Lakota women—the menstrual lodge serves as the exact opposite. It is an *honoring* situation, selected by women for women. It is used during the special time of the moon which marks the privilege bestowed by the Great Mystery in allowing this cleansing to the women. It is not a privilege shared by men, and so men are excluded from this honoring.

As the Christian would "save our souls" by converting us to a suicidal world-view, as capitalist and Marxist alike would solve our "primitive" economic status by industrializing us and thereby destroying our habitat—so too would feminism "solve" the "problem" of our "sexism" by destroying the fundamental respect between men and women which is a core aspect of



MICHELLE VIGNES/GAMMA LIAISON

"The planet has traditions and alternatives"

our culture. It should be clear to anyone who cares to consider it that each of these European tendencies amounts to genocide, no more, no less.

This brings me to another dual point. First, while I've utilized the Lakota culture as my illustration for the points I've covered concerning women and gays, the person who considers things with open eyes will perceive that what I've said is clearly relevant to the roles and status of women and gays in all natural societies. There are, of course, vast ranges of variation in the specific social practices involved on a culture-by culture-basis, but the reality here is that I've been speaking of natural relations and you may rest assured that any natural culture or society will, by definition, conform to the order of these relations in its own fashion. And I don't care whether you are considering Bantu culture in Africa, h'Mong culture in the Laotian highlands, Moro culture in the Philippines, Ache culture in the southern part of this hemisphere, or the Inuit in the far north; you will find the natural order prevailing.

The second part of this point is that non-European women are *not* ignorant of such facts. This accounts for the extremely low participation of non-European women within the women's movement over the years. Non-European women have understood all along that non-European men were not their enemy. They *know* who their enemies really are.

And this isn't to say that sexism, real sexism, does not exist within contemporary non-European socities, the Lakota included. I've never said that it doesn't. What I've said is that it doesn't exist within Lakota *culture*. What this means is that many non-European societies, including the Lakota, have been colonized for generations by Europe. One of the costs absorbed by a colonized people is that certain of its members become "acculturated" and begin to assimilate into the society of the oppressor; this is an integral part of the process of European genocide. Those members of the colonized people who become assimilated take on the values, the world-view, and thus the behavioral characteristics of the colonizing culture. For myself, I call these people "Vichy Indians," those who sell their people out to would-be conquerors.

As this pertains to sexism in Lakota and other non-European societies today, it means that the men who are guilty of such conduct are adopting the mannerisms of Europe. To the extent that they are sexist, they are Vichy, they are European, *not* Lakota in any meaningful sense. Our women understand this and this understanding leads them to the wisdom that the conflict is between cultures, not between sexes. The solution to the problem, such as it exists, of sexism in contemporary Lakota society is the full-fledged assertion of the Lakota culture, not its abandonment. And the same holds true for all the natural peoples of the world.

I've talked about a number of different problems so far. The fact that cannot be escaped, no matter how you twist it, is that they all have the same source: the industrial society and culture of Europe. Industrialism *cannot* exist without exploiting and degrading the Earth. This is not debatable, it is a *fact*. In exploiting and degrading the Earth, industrialism *necessarily* exploits and degrades every single creature that lives upon or within it. And this obviously includes human beings. Look around you. . . .■

Russell Means is an Oglala Lakota (Sioux) and a leader of the American Indian Movement. This is part two of an essay that began in the previous issue of the Rebel.

The Dog of War

Before he died, Mitchell L. WerBell III, the master armorer of the CIA, prepared to meet his maker—armed with every weapon known to man

By Warren Hinckle

The dog of war had not been well. He walked slowly to the weapons room, leaning on his swagger stick. Outside in the Georgia dusk behind his private lake, men in red berets and combat fatigues were firing silenced submachine pistols on the testing range; crickets make more noise. He greeted his guests with an imperial nod. There was the ghost of a smile in his blood-speckled eyes. His guests were tough men, murderers many, generals some, soldiers of fortune all; they were afraid of nothing in the world except, perhaps, their host. He could see they were ill at ease, and this pleased him. He had summoned them for a Last Meeting, and only he knew the agenda. Mitchell Livingston WerBell III, the master armorer of the CIA, was getting ready to die.

The floor was carpeted in wall-to-wall white bearskin, the walls festooned with the paraphernalia of death—unsheathed swords, bayonets, daggers, throwing knives, blowpipes that spit curare-tipped darts, .45 automatics, .38 specials, accurized sniper rifles with night scopes, lightweight machine pistols that shoot 20 rounds per second of special subsonic .380 ammunition. All the guns were equipped with silencers—long black snouts like muzzles on anteaters. The silencer was Mitch WerBell's trademark; his sound-suppressed machineguns were quieter than an IBM Selectric. *Click-click-click-shhhhft!* and a man was hamburger. Prof. J. David Truby, a military historian who wrote dissertations on weaponry, called the silencer designer "a creative genius." A pulp adventure magazine once dubbed him "The Wizard of Whispering Death." Those who laughed were those who didn't know him.

A red light flashed in the weapons room, indicating the electronic main gate had opened to his 60-acre estate, which was fenced in like a military reservation. The grounds were policed by attack dogs; surveillance cameras and nasty anti-intrusion devices were secreted in the underbrush; it was no place for a Scout troop to wander off course. On WerBell's desk there was a solid silver canister of single-malt scotch from the Isle of Islay. He sipped it neat as he talked, the way other men might sip water. Above the desk an elaborate communications system plugged him directly to the Georgia Highway Patrol and the police department in nearby Powder Springs (the former home of his submachinegun factory). Intercoms connected him to the firing range, the bomb testing range, the hand-to-hand combat training area and the kitchen, where there was a ready supply of his favorite dish, steak tartare, aka raw meat.

WerBell called the meeting to order with a wave of his swagger stick. A well-known Texas millionaire smuggler and a Thai general were seated next to each other on a leopard couch. They ducked involuntarily. A swagger stick in WerBell's hands was like a sword in Merlin's. The man had created cigars that shoot a single bullet, attaché cases with built-in submachineguns, and a shoulder holster rocket pistol that shoots a miniature .50-caliber missile that can zap an entire roomful of people. WerBell cautioned his guests: if they had any open cuts on their hands they should be wary, as the darts and arrows on the coffeetables were dipped in curare. Handguns were laying all over the place like clothes at an orgy. The ones with a pink rubber band around the handle were loaded, WerBell said. Most of the guns had pink rubber bands around the handles.

The men in the room had gone a few miles with the man who owns the arsenal they were sitting in. Some used to run with him from Florida on speedboat raids against Cuba to land teams of assassins and saboteurs; Mitch would take his sons along for the ride, the way some fathers take their kids to the ballpark. Others have fought and drunk and whored with him in Manila and Saigon and Bangkok and other strange places where flying fishes play. Some knew him from the daring days of the old OSS—the WWII spooky Adam from whose rib evolved the Eve of the CIA and all the forbidden fruit that came with it. Others were clients, men in mufti wearing brassy medals, civilians in polyesters with Foster Grants hiding slow unblinking eyes. They were an uncommon lot of adventurers, ex-CIA officers who choose to remain out in the cold, experts in assassination and torture, incurable paramilitary plotters, Middle Eastern arms buyers, honchos of Latin American intelligence services, wealthy homicidal schizoids. What they had in common, besides Mitch WerBell, was a vested interest in controlled mayhem, and all felt comfortable in the company of dictators.

A combat helicopter roared low over the house, bringing in the hired guns of some degenerate industrialist to be whipped into a private army by WerBell's paramilitary instructors—at a fee of $2,000 per man for five days' training; when they left, they would be certified as qualified killers. WerBell was talking over the clatter of the chopper. He was talking about his limited tenure on this earth. Mitch announced that he had the Big C, just like his buddy John Wayne. (In one of his last flicks, *McQ*, a shoot-em-up about an ex-cop's unnatural affair with a machinegun, the Duke insisted that his friend Mitch's brand-name weapon be given star billing.) WerBell took a sip of scotch. "The docs have already been at me with the knife," he said. There was not a manjack among the assembled assassins who had the nerve to ask the most macho man in the world if the rumors were true that the doctors had cut off his balls.

This bleak news brought forth in the group a feeling of a certain nostalgia. There was the expectation of a Last Will and Testament, and of a night to be spent retelling old stories of secret wars. Among Mitch's close friends, there arose the warming thought that a sharing of wealth might be on the agenda. There was an abundance of the filthy stuff to go around—WerBell had headed half a dozen companies devoted to the clandestine sciences, raised $7 million on Wall Street to underwrite the manufacture of his deadly submachine pistols, owned a bomb testing range and private boot camp and generally deported himself like a Caliph of Baghdad, flying around the world in a private Lockheed Jetstar in the company of his pet wolfhound named Fritz, and a stunning series of blondes who were the raw stuff of Calvin Klein jeans ads.

WerBell had other ideas. He sat ramrod-straight at his desk with the spare toughness of the bad guy in a Sergio Leone Italian western and proceeded to tell each and every one of them off—about fees not split, risks not taken, women not shared, betrayals he knew they had contemplated but didn't have the guts to carry out. He had made them what they were today and they were all a bunch of worm-bellied ingrates who deserved to have tarantulas put in the cradles of their grandchildren. Just because he was going to die didn't mean they were going to get away with murder. Each person in that room owed him something.

He proceeded to call the roll—a sword cane here, several submachineguns there, a rare Beretta .38 *Espeziale* here, a disguised belt buckle-knife there, and who the hell had his samurai suicide gun—the 8mm. Nambu that some geek in the room had palmed. Each of them had a part of his precious arsenal. Before he died, he wanted everything back, even the bullets. If he was going to meet his maker, he wanted to be armed with every weapon at his command.

"Why that cheap son of a bitch," said his best friend, Andrew St. George, the Hungarian paramilitary journalist, "he actually thinks he's mean enough to take it with him."

On the week before Christmas, Mitchell Livingston WerBell III went through the narrow door through which he had previously pushed so many others. The Last Meeting at which he prevailed upon his friends to turn in their lend-lease weapons so he could be well-armed in the afterlife took place in 1980. When his guests left Powder Springs, WerBell received the last rites. He took a macho pride in beating Big Casino out of another three years. Mitch was a fatalist—he believed what Sam the Gonoph said: that "all life is 6-5 against"—and he ignored his disease and continued at the business of his father, the war god Mars. He killed the pain with shots of scotch malt and soothed his martial breast by putting on the regimental kilts and playing the pipes; he sometimes would play alone outdoors at night, like a dog braying to the moon.

Mitch WerBell was a charter member of the intelligence Old Boy network. He was a secret agent with the World War II OSS, and thereafter was always on that spot on the griddle where the Cold War was heating up. He was a player in the '50s–'60s CIA secret cross-border war against China, went to Vietnam as a weapons adviser with the simulated rank of Brigadier General, and did the prep work for the 1965 invasion of the Dominican Republic. He frequently worked with the CIA and infrequently worked against them. While the Agency was fumbling the ball on its attempts to assassinate Fidel Castro, the ever gung-ho WerBell initiated his own assassination plots. His wild nocturnal speedboat rides to Cuba were scenes out of some paramilitary Strangelove with Mitch playing the pipes under a moonless Caribbean sky and the Confederate flag flapping from the rear of the boat. (The U.S. government hypocritically indicted WerBell for his anti-Castro plots while ignoring its own.)

The indictment that pissed WerBell royal blue was a 1973 rap against Defense Services International, under which name he manufactured soundless Ingram machine guns. The feds seized 3,400 of Mitch's beloved guns and he was furious. The Nixon Administration was protecting fugitive financier Robert Vesco and Mitch felt the indictment had been arranged to keep him from testifying before the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations about Vesco's attempt to get into the illegal arms business. Vesco had made Mitch an offer he thought couldn't be refused—to set Mitch up manufacturing Ingrams in Costa Rica (where Vesco was then hiding) free from U.S license restrictions on weaponry. As attractive as he found the idea, WerBell found Vesco more unattractive. During their heated business discussion, Mitch literally spit in Vesco's face. The best that Mitch later had to say about Vesco was that he was "a fat-faced fucking crook."

Mitch beat the indictment with a "graymail" defense—that various agencies of the government were so entangled in the affairs of Mitchell WerBell that the government would have to expose itself to convict him. Mitch thereafter dropped out of the arms business. He said there were too many untrustworthy youngsters getting into government and mucking up the work of the Old Boy system. Mitch got into security and counter-terrorism, boom businesses of the late '70s and early '80s. His Sonics Inc. put corporate he-men through counter-revolutionary basic training at his Powder Springs estate. He was working right up until the end. His last assignment was directing security for Larry Flynt. The month before he died, he was arrested accompanying Flynt to a federal court hearing in Los Angeles. Mitch was of course charged with carrying a concealed weapon.

Mitch WerBell was a man with the courtly manners and geopolitical perspective of another century; he couldn't understand why everyone couldn't be a Romanov. Mitch's anti-communism was of the golden eagle variety. When he was involved in a 1973 plot to capture Abaco Island from the government of the Bahamas and turn it into a nation state where the offshore financial ethic would be king, he wanted the new Abaco coin of the realm to be called the rand—not in emulation of the South African medium of exchange, but in honor of Ayn Rand, the dowager empress of rugged egoism. He believed firmly in the forcible suppression of terror and was fond of quoting the provision of Mussolini's penal code that "terms of imprisonment are always deserved."

WerBell's life was an Errol Flynn movie with Max Steiner music in the background. The two of us were on other sides of the fence politically, and although he viewed me as some monster of attack journalism, we got along in an odd sort of way. I think both of us recognized the fact that there is nothing more exhilerating than having a drink with the enemy. Mitch wasn't beyond dusting someone with pneumonia powder, but he was so damn charming that you couldn't help but like the old devil. He was at once the most stylish and the craziest man I have ever known. Whatever he was, Mitch WerBell was a good one. He was the genuine item. He was never, what Whistler said of mauve, pink trying to be purple. ■

Mitchell WerBell was a good friend. I visited him at the U.C.L.A. Hospital in Los Angeles the day before he died. Regardless of his political convictions, I thought WerBell always told the truth. We need more people like him.—**Larry Flynt**

Warren Hinckle was the editor of* Ramparts. *He is the author of several books, most recently* The Fish Is Red: The Secret War Against Castro. *During the research for the book he met Mitch WerBell, who'd more than once tried to kill Castro.

Libelous Fiction

By allowing libel suits against novelists, the courts are creating an Official Secrets Act in America

By Walter and Miriam Schneir

Lisa Springer and Robert Tine met when they were students, he an aspiring novelist at Columbia University, she a psychology major at nearby Barnard. During the next four years they were a couple, living together. When she finally ended the affair, soon after graduation, none of their friends dreamed what the result would be: a bitter lawsuit whose outcome was awaited with bated breath by the nation's leading book publishers and literary figures.

In 1980 Viking Press published Robert's first novel, *State of Grace.* Novelist Nadine Gordimer read the book and reacted with shock. While a guest lecturer at Columbia University, Gordimer had met Lisa and Robert through her son. In a letter to her son, she wrote: "I have read Robbie's book and am absolutely amazed that he has put Lisa into it—under her own name!—as a psychology student who has become a high-class prostitute. What a childish revenge! She is described as making torridly clinical 'love' to an Italian tycoon gangster. . . .I wonder if L. [Lisa] has read it?"

Lisa Springer had, and what she found in chapter 10 was a character, Lisa Blake, who like herself "plucked her eyebrows every morning," was "small and blonde" with eyes "bright and blue" and legs "strong and well formed," spoke fluent French, shared an apartment with her boyfriend, graduated with honors in psychology, skied in Vermont; lived on 114th Street; had vacationed in the Bahamas with an Iranian businessman; and as jewelry usually wore a single diamond on a chain and a watch. It was all there. Except that *this* Lisa was a "whore" set up in an expensive apartment by the wealthy and ruthless Alessandro Bianchi.

One explicit scene described her servicing her benefactor: "He guided her to the bedroom. Bianchi was in no mood to be playful or subtle. When Lisa had tongued his penis with short, dry, catlike licks, he filled his hands with her blonde hair and forced her mouth over him. Lisa, like a dancer following her partner's lead, understood immediately and sucked him deep into her mouth. He came quickly and hard, thrusting forcefully against her mouth. She was afraid she would gag. . . ."

Lisa Springer sued for libel. At issue was her right to preserve her reputation from damage by false statements against Tine's constitutional right to freedom of expression. New York State's influential Court of Appeals recently pondered the matter. To her consternation and the relief of authors of fiction—the New York judges leaned heavily toward the First Amendment. Despite the noted similarities in the book, they held that the real Lisa, a tutor, was too different in her lifestyle from the fictional character to be identified with her. The court therefore ruled against her.

The Springer decision thus becomes part of a growing—and often contradictory—body of state and federal law concerning the depiction of real people by novelists.

The whole question of whether a novel can libel a real person was thrown open as a result of a sensational case initiated by a California psychologist, Dr. Paul Bindrim, in 1971. Bindrim was well known in Southern California as a practitioner of group therapy conducted in the nude—a technique that was all the rage at that time. A writer, Gwen Davis, attended a weekend poolside marathon led by Bindrim and subsequently wrote a novel for Doubleday entitled *Touching*, about an encounter workshop in the buff.

Nevertheless, after eight years of litigation, the California courts ordered Davis and Doubleday to pay Bindrim $75,000 in damages.

Another libel suit against a work of imagination followed on the heels of *Bindrim.* It brought a staggering $26.5 million award from a Wyoming jury—later reduced to a mere $12.5 million by the trial judge. The case involved a short story in a 1979 issue of *Penthouse* magazine that described spectacular sexual feats performed by a beauty queen, Miss Wyoming, during the Miss America pageant. The real Miss Wyoming 1978, Kim Pring (whose name was not used in the story), sued *Penthouse* and the author. She claimed the magazine piece had subjected her to ridicule and harassment.

In support of the defendants, the Authors League filed a friend-of-the-court brief explaining why the *Penthouse* story could not possibly be defamatory: ". . .even readers of less-than-average intelligence would realize that the story's three crucial episodes—the sole basis for the suit—were fictitious. . . .because none of them could occur in real life; they are physically impossible. In two of the episodes, Charlene performs the act of fellatio so adroitly that her male partner levitates, and floats ecstatically in the air. In the third episode, her simulated act of fellatio with a baton has the same effect."

The original Pring verdict was overturned in late 1982 by the U.S. Court of Appeals in Colorado in a 2 to 1 decision. The court majority pointed to the undeniable fact that the piece of writing in question was "a complete fantasy."

The Pring and Springer victories gladdened the hearts of writers who had been solemnly predicting the death of literature ever since the California Libel award to Bindrim. In her appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court, author Gwen Davis had warned that if the "unprecedented" decision against her were allowed to stand, it would harm "the dramatic arts throughout the United States and perhaps the world."

Equally dire consequences were forecast by E.L. Doctorow, author of *Ragtime,* who feared "an Official Secrets Act dominating our creative lives." So seriously was the Bindrim Crisis regarded that it spurred the formation of a Committee To Restore Artistic Freedom to Artists (CRAFTA) that united such strange artistic bedfellows as Norman Mailer, Sidney Sheldon, Erica Jong, Nancy Friday, William Styron and Irving Wallace.

Meanwhile, in whatever form American writers choose to work, the threat of libel remains ever-present. This unpleasant new reality has best been described by publisher Jim Silverman: "The editing process is now a corroboration between writer, editor and lawyer." ■

***Walter and Miriam Schneir are regular contributors to* The Rebel.**

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